

THE

Irish Protestant, AND FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

Fear God—Honour the King.

No. I.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN SMITH
FLEMING, LORD MAYOR OF THE
CITY OF DUBLIN.

My Lord,

THE first public act of your Lordship's Mayoralty, has been one of extreme hardihood—one, of which the consequences may be most momentous, and require all the sagacity of a WELLESLEY to counteract their pernicious tendency.

My Lord, it was not seemly in one, who, as public rumour will have it, had originally been a member of the Church of Rome, by force to trample upon the feelings of even a single loyalist, *at this most nervous period*, and to join his ungracious, but I trust, unavailing efforts, to the enemies of our rights, in order to obliterate those recollections, which are the strongest bulwarks of our glorious Constitution.

My Lord, the phraseology of your Lordship's ill-judged and demi-popish proclamation, affords good ground to suspect that your Lordship has studied in the *O'Connell school*. The principal feature in this manifesto, is the hackneyed perversion of our most gracious Sovereign's paternal letter. You pretend, my Lord, or if your proclamation have any meaning, it is to be inferred from it, that his Majesty had an insuperable objection to any commemoration that was calculated to keep alive the re-

membrance of our happy deliverance from civil and religious tyranny, and of the duty which we owe to ourselves and our posterity, to guard against the insidious introduction of those demoralizing principles, which so frequently led to convulsions that have deluged our unhappy island with the blood of its inhabitants. Such an interpretation of his Majesty's letter, is not only a gross libel on the Monarch himself, but absolutely disproved by other unequivocal testimonies of his Majesty's sentiments.

Have you, my Lord, so soon forgotten, that well-nigh the first proclamation of his present Majesty's reign,—almost the first emanation from his throne,—was an order for the annual commemoration “of the deliverance of our Church and Nation, from popish tyranny and arbitrary power,” by the agency of our never-to-be-forgotten Hero, WILLIAM THE THIRD, of glorious memory?

This proclamation was, my Lord dated the 21st day of February, 1820, though his Majesty had only ascended the throne on the 29th day of the preceding month. Here, my Lord, was a very plain indication of the principles that influenced our Constitutional King; here was a key to that *mysterious* letter, which has ever since been wrested by the disaffected, to their own revolutionary purposes.

My Lord, it would be unreasonable to expect from your Lordship the ken of

a statesman. You cannot, my Lord, be suspected of having possessed many facilities of acquiring that refinement of mind, so necessary to discharge the duties of a legislator;—for into such has your Lordship endeavoured to transform yourself. But, my Lord, it required but little logical deduction to comprehend the real intentions of a Sovereign, who scarcely had obtained the regal dignity, when he hastened to draw the attention of his loyal subjects to the principles which had called his ancestors to the throne of these realms, and to hold forth the immortal WILLIAM to their view. And, my Lord, is it not the grossest stupidity, nay, the grossest insult to the consistency of our beloved and invaluable monarch, to dare to insinuate, that George the Fourth, in one short year, should have swerved from his Constitutional feeling, and endeavoured to bury the memory of the immortal WILLIAM in oblivion? For shame, my Lord, rather acknowledge that your Lordship had recourse to this despicable artifice to please the leaders of a faction, *for certain reasons, that are not inscrutable*; but dare not again to tarnish the character of our Protestant King, by an insinuation that he has cringed to rebels. 'Tis false, my Lord; 'tis false: George the Fourth would view with a most suspicious eye, the man who could object to an enthusiastic commemoration of the birth-day of our great deliverer.

Your Lordship pretends to ground your most violent innovation, and unprecedented opposition to a custom, which duty, gratitude, and even policy dictated, on a wish to preserve the peace of the City. Unrivalled hypocrisy! when was the City one half so much disturbed, as on the late anniversary? Had the Statue of King William been decorated as usual, I maintain it, that ten policemen could have prevented a riot. My Lord, the effect of your Lordship's conduct was to spirit up disaffection, and to render audacity still more daring. Read the affidavits, my Lord, that have since been made by those who were assaulted by the admirers of

your Lordship's magisterial *exhibition*. A respectable woman swears, that some of those "loyal, peaceable, and well-disposed of your Lordship's fellow-citizens, whom your Lordship called upon "to concur in giving effect" to your Lordship's notable proclamation;—but whom I should rather denominate a riotous and disorderly mob,—a respectable woman, I say, has sworn, that while engaged in her lawful avocation, attending her shop, she was seized by one of your Lordship's pet blood-hounds, who cried out,— "I'll send your Orange soul to hell's flames!" But this was not all,—several disorderly mobs paraded the streets, exclaiming,— "Down with the bloody Orangemen, we'll send them to hell's flames,—*they have no law at their side now!*"

Such, my Lord, are the *gratifying* fruits of your Lordship's most gallant exploit! Hundreds of the police of the métropolis were unnecessarily exposed to the inclemency of the weather, parading round the Statue for eight-and-forty hours, instead of guarding the loyal inhabitants from insult; the whole city was kept in a ferment; disaffection got a new stimulus, by an impression that the Government had a leaning towards the anti-loyal side, or that such efforts to put down a custom associated with so much constitutional feeling would never have been had recourse to. And what was the time your Lordship chose thus to shew forth an ultra-zeal for the feelings of the disaffected? The very moment when it appeared in open court, that thousands of the *loyal* "Sons of the Shamrock" held meetings every Sabbath day, to discourse concerning prophecies of the destruction of the Protestant religion, and the British Government—that they seem to be waiting for a day when the destruction is to come—that they speak of their prophecies being ended in 1825, for the destruction of the Protestant religion—that *all Connaught, a great part of Leinster and Ulster*, (and surely we may add *Munster* also,) were incorporated in this society—that the object of this society was to *cut off heresy*,

and recover those rights which they had lost at the Reformation!" This, my Lord, was the *auspicious* time which your Lordship chose to trample upon Protestant feeling, and to hold up the drooping heads of the *loyal* members of the Ribbon Association!!! My Lord, you are a marvellously sagacious man!— Such conduct as this is well-calculated to strengthen the hands of the Government! No doubt, the true way to render the Protestant population ardently attached to their rulers, at this awful crisis, when their services perhaps might be hourly required, is to disgust them by a violent prevention of an innocent, nay, praiseworthy commemoration, and for the chief Magistrate of the city of Dublin indirectly to encourage the already unconquerable audacity of their foes!

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My Lord, have you ever taken the trouble to analyze the sentiments which are opposed to a due commemoration of the establishment of our Constitution? It does not, my Lord, require a very great degree of abstract reasoning to divine the spirit that dictates a discontinuance of the custom which your Lordship has sought to put down by the strong hand of power. We never object to the commemoration of that for which we entertain an affection; therefore, the strong aversion which some of your Lordship's favourites manifest to the anniversary of the great Prince, who, under God, put us in possession of that Constitution, of which we have good reason to boast; can only proceed from actual disaffection to our laws, our religion, our Government—in short, to all the component parts of that incomparable system. In plain language, they declare themselves rebels in heart, and hostile to that very code which you, my Lord, as a magistrate are sworn to maintain. Now, will your Lordship venture to say, that the seditious feelings and treasonable desires of such people are to be attended to, and that their efforts to stifle the voice of loyalty should be seconded, at the expense of disgusting those who are ready to shed their heart's blood in defence of their King and Constitution? Your

Lordship will scarcely hazard the assertion that the brazen front of disloyalty is thus to be encouraged; or that it is prudent or seemly to suffer the disaffected to boast, as they have done, that the Government is favourable to their Jacobinical intentions.

But your Lordship will perhaps plead in justification of the line of conduct you have pursued, that on the late 12th of July a serious riot occurred, which your Lordship will readily impute to the decoration of the Statue. But I must tell your Lordship, this mighty riot was systematically *got up* for the occasion by certain demagogues, one of whom, a very noted character, made his appearance in the evening of that day, in College-Green, and, by his discourse, *as well as the distribution of money*, stimulated his disaffected agents to acts of violence. But, my Lord, the slightest precautions, even the placing of a few police-men in the vicinity of the Statue, would effectually have prevented any unpleasantness on that occasion. Now, my Lord, the blunder which that evening was committed need not have been repeated; yet its having occurred was no justification of the strong and unprecedented measures which your Lordship thought proper to adopt on the 4th and 5th inst.

Much censure has been heaped upon Sir Abram Bradley King, for his conduct on a former occasion: But, my Lord, there is no parallel between the measures of Sir Abraham, and those of John Smith Fleming. Sir Abraham, besides, could perhaps say that disaffection was not then known to exist, and therefore the farce of "conciliation" had a more reasonable pretext than at the present moment. However, neither Sir Abraham, nor any of your Lordship's predecessors, had the indelicacy to prevent the decoration of the Statue *by actual force*. Had the custom been voluntarily relinquished, the whole business would have worn quite a different complexion. But in reality the great error on the part of those in authority was ever to have interfered in the slightest degree, except to apprehend violators of the peace, and to punish

them according to the nature and degree of their offence. My Lord, are you not convinced that if some of those who were apprehended on the last 12th of July, had received a suitable punishment for their brutal violence and disloyal acts, no recurrence of those scenes of riot would have been witnessed? But, my Lord, the magistracy were nearly passive on that occasion; and I myself was present when one of the rioters, who had trampled in the mire the banner which displayed these highly irritating words, "FEAR GOD; HONOUR THE KING," &c, ON THE LORD'S DAY THE DEBTOR SHALL BE FREE," (to which your Lordship, I imagine, has no objection,) was dismissed without even a night's imprisonment! Where such impunity is the reward of lawless violence, is it to be wondered at, my Lord, that the "*Sons of the Shamrock*" become more and more vociferous, and more and more daring, on every seasonable opportunity?

Your Lordship will perhaps enquire, what is the use of those commemorations? My Lord, if our Island were entirely peopled with philosophers, who could reason on the abstract merit of our Constitution, such annual commemorations would be of little worth. But, unfortunately, the generality of mankind are the creatures of their passions, rather than of reason, and need those *momentos* to keep alive the recollection of their duty. The wisest of legislators have seen the propriety of countenancing, and often joining in similar commemorations; and, my Lord, it was a fatal error, and perhaps of incalculable injury, the day that the Duke of Bedford discontinued the state processions round the Statue.— From that hour the insolence of the disaffected has been every day increasing; and that temporizing *policy* has laid the foundation for a system of innovation, which sooner or later must be stopped by the point of the bayonet. The rebel demagogues, my Lord, who are not inferior to your Lordship in discernment and knowledge of human nature, seem to be well aware of the important accession of strength which their cause would be likely

to receive from the extinction of these commemorations; and you, my Lord, have been exactly playing that game which they so ardently desired. My Lord, their motive was, in the first place, to break down the spirit of the loyalists, by making it appear that the Government was not favourable to them, and by these means to induce an apathy amongst them from disgust; and, secondly, to obliterate every recollection that might operate as a reproof to their revolutionary projects—and thus to render loyalty unfashionable.

Your Lordship will probably reply, "Are we to perpetuate feuds amongst our fellow subjects—are we never to suffer union and unanimity to take root in this country? My Lord, I am as anxious as your Lordship, or any man can be, to see concord and harmony prevail: not indeed, as our foes are striving to have it,—by the loyalist becoming disaffected; but, by the disaffected becoming loyal. If this latter object cannot be accomplished, (which I very much fear it cannot by the present system of policy,) the only wise alternative is to encourage loyalty—to win the hearts, and strengthen the hands, of those who are now ready and willing to counteract the widely organized system of treason that unquestionably prevails. My Lord, you ought not to forget that while you damp the zeal of the loyalist by your equivocal acts, you in reality feed the disaffected with false hopes (I trust I may call them so) of your Lordship being favourable to them: in proportion as you depress the one, you actually stimulate the other.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR—The Prospectus of your intended Publication, must be hailed as an auspicious omen to the loyal Protestants of Ireland, as a bulwark against the sanguinary and jesuitical machinations of "The Hereditary Bondsmen," and

professed "Friends to conciliation," and ultimately an "*Antidote*" to every evil that would threaten the Constitution and the State.

It is the earnest and unfeigned wish of the Writer that you may succeed ; and there is no doubt of your doing so, if you be (as he feels assured you will) faithful to the truth reposed in you, and indefatigable and undaunted in giving a public *exposé* to the now secret designs, and murderous, unchristian, preparations of those who are your enemies, your persecutors, and the enemies and persecutors of every Protestant, professed, as well as *real*, now resident in Ireland.

There is a period in which inactivity is culpable, and indifference a crime—this period has arrived. The lowering clouds of persecution and revenge that have so long hovered over the head of the Protestants in Ireland, have already burst with the fulness of their insatiable fury—every one who bears the name, stands in the utmost danger. They have long been wheedled into a lethargic stupor of indifference, and neglect of the captivating measures, and duplicity of the beings who have most eagerly waited for their destruction. The question now, and the only one left, to be put forward, is, are Protestants to suffer these enemies to overcome them and carelessly to smile at, and wait for the execution of their intentions ? Surely not. Let every Protestant seriously and deliberately reflect upon his present situation, as he stands with respect to these threatening dangers—Let him ask, what is the danger dreaded—In the trials at the late Commission he will find his answer—“The total destruction of Protestants, and overthrow of Church and State.”—Afterwards let him enquire, how this answer affects him—Has he such interest with his persecutors as to obtain exemption from their fury ? Has he made any compromise with them to continue to him his existence ?—If so, let him look into the pages that record the history of our country ; in them he will be able to

find precedents for their doings, and the effect of their simplicity ! !

The following original lines, if possessed of no other merit, are suitable to this article, and form a poetical comment on its subject.

A PROTESTANT, H. C.

TRUTH UNDENIABLE.

The Romanists swear 'mancipation they'll have,
Ev'ry one who denies it's a bigoted slave ;
But if e'er it should pass, you will find to our cost,
That their hopes of an *Auto de Fe* are not lost ;
You'll soon find the Nation once more all in
flames,
And the same laws held up as with MARY and
JAMES.

H. C.

Essays on the Doctrines of the Church
of Rome.

TO THE ROMANISTS OF IRELAND.

Fellow Countrymen,

There is nothing more indicative of a brutal and senseless disposition, than a violent hostility against those who differ from us on subjects, which we, notwithstanding, absolutely refuse to investigate. Now, the Romanist is, perhaps, the most intolerant being that ever existed ; and yet no human being ever gave himself less trouble than the Romanist does, to examine impartially the accuracy of those doctrines on which he differs from other Christians, though he is ever ready to spill the blood of his fellow-creatures, if they do not, to the fullest degree, come up to his notions of orthodoxy.—Here, then, is a gross violation of justice, which requires that no rash or precipitate judgment should be formed of a fellow-creature,—for, how can we pretend to render strict and impartial justice to those to whom we deny a patient hearing ? But as we are emphatically told, that God is a just God, and as it is an acknowledged principle, even in the Church of Rome, that the only end of religion, is to teach us, in our humble degree, to imitate the attributes of the Deity ; it inevitably follows, that while

we indulge in an opposite disposition, we are the children, or imitators of the devil, not the children of God. I hope this consideration, this unavoidable conclusion, will induce my Romanist brother to hear me, with more than ordinary patience, in my enquiries into the truth of those dogmas, which he insists upon as necessary to salvation.

From my intercourse with respectable members of the Church of Rome, I find their *ultimatum* to be this, viz. 'that they have enquired into the authority of the Church, and that having satisfied themselves, that its claim in this respect is well-founded, they have resolved to submit to the mandates of this, their sovereign mistress, and dictatoress, without the slightest subsequent exertion of the understanding.' This is what they term "faith!" It is manifest, therefore, that the Romanist actually rests his salvation on this isolated point; and that if we succeed to prove this imaginary infallibility of his Church, to be a gross deception, every pretext for his refusing to lend an ear to an examination of the particular items of his creed must be effectually removed.

Let us then enquire on what these towering pretensions of your Church are built; for, if it be found, after due examination, that the whole fabric is built upon a sandy foundation, you will not, surely, have the insanity to hear its mandates, though in decided opposition to reason, and even *the word of God*.

The texts of Scripture, on which the Church of Rome chiefly rests her pretensions to universal dominion, are the following,—Matt. xvi. 18, 19. "*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.*" Again, Matt. vii. 24,—"*The wise man buildeth his house upon a rock.*" On these texts, together with Matt. xviii. 17.—"*But if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as*

an heathen man and a publican." All Roman Catholic divines freely acknowledge, that the above texts constitute the commission which their Church boasts to direct and control the faith of all human beings.

The purport and meaning of the foregoing passages will not be difficult to ascertain by referring to the context. As to the first, "*Upon this Rock I will build my Church,*" it is manifest, both from the original Greek, and likewise from the tenor of the conversation out of which this expression arose, that it was not Peter himself, but the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, which Peter had just declared his belief in, that our Saviour denominated the *Rock* on which his Church was to be founded. The Greek text runs thus: "*Σὺ εἶ Πέτρος καὶ επί τοι οὐ Πέτρα.*" In the Latin Vulgate the same distinction is plainly observed between Peter himself, and the confession he had made: "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc Petram.*" Now every person who has the slightest knowledge of either the Greek or Latin must perceive at a glance, that the foundation here mentioned is not Peter; for there is in both languages a change of gender which at once dismisses the idea of Peter being the *Rock* alluded to. If our Redeemer had in reality meant to pronounce Peter to be the foundation of his Church, he would have said: "*Εύ εἶ Πέτρος καὶ επί τοι τοῦ Πέτρον.*" "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc Petrum.*" Hence, the original points out in the most unequivocal manner, that it is on the *doctrine* which Peter had just avowed his belief in—"*Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,*" and not on Peter himself, that the Church of Christ is built.

A most convincing proof of the truth of this interpretation is given in the same chapter, where our Saviour says, "*Get thee behind me Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.*" Here, it must be admitted, is a death-blow to Peter's infallibility! Now if Peter himself had not the privilege of being an unerring guide, how could he communicate such a privi-

lege to his successors? And surely if Christ had meant by the words which we have examined, to constitute Peter the foundation on which the safety of his Church should be built in all ages, we should not have found him afterwards so ready to compare him and his *doctrine* to the enemies of our souls. This would have been but an indifferent way to inspire us with confidence in that *infallible* guide; and on such an implicit confidence in the pretended successors of St. Peter, do the Doctors of the Romish Church make the salvation of all mankind depend! Therefore I maintain it, that those words communicate no title whatever to infallibility; and hence that all claims of the Church of Rome, in virtue of them, are quite nugatory. Now observe, the sharp rebuke which our Saviour gave to Peter, was for his gross and worldly ideas as to the plan of our salvation!

If, as we have incontestibly proved, Jesus Christ did not communicate the privilege of infallibility to St. Peter, when he said, "Thou art Peter," &c. at what time did he acquire it? You will say, perhaps, at the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost formally descended upon the congregated Apostles. But we find that long after this, St. Paul accused him of erroneous discipline, and of dissimulation, and declares (Gal. ii. 2.) that "When Peter was come to Antioch, he (Paul) withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." Where was St. Peter's infallibility then—where his supremacy—when this contest arose? Beyond a doubt St. Paul had no knowledge whatever of Peter's possessing a claim to either one or the other, else he would have bowed in submission to his sovereign authority.

You will enquire, if such be the case, what authority did the Apostles obtain of their divine Master? I reply, merely that of being faithful ministers of that which they had received of Jesus; they had no discretionary power to new-model those doctrines which he before taught; they were faithful witnesses of what they saw and heard:—infallible.

indeed, while they bore testimony to those doctrines which the Saviour of the world had already preached; but weak and fallible, if, perchance, they for a moment trusted to their own understanding, or departed from the unerring standard which their blessed master fixed, never more to be altered. Their credentials were specific—"Teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And on these conditions, alone, did he promise to accompany them with his power and his grace. They had no commission to fabricate another Gospel; they had no commission to absolve the people from their sins, unless the conditions so clearly pointed out by Jesus Christ himself were complied with—they were ordered to preach "repentance and remission of sins *in his name* among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem," *the real Mother Church*. They were merely "*witnesses* of these things," as our Saviour expressly declares—Luke xxiv. 48. Not a single item could they add to, or take from, the fixed and unvarying principles which Jesus had previously preached. Here was the Gospel—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." Now this very doctrine had before been announced to Nicodemus—John iii. 16. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth *in him* should not perish, but have everlasting life." Hear also what the "*condemnation*" is, as the divine Author of our religion declares it:—"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil." Now if your Popes and Councils had adhered to this doctrine, without increase or diminution, they would have been, (so far,) quite as infallible as the Apostles themselves; but because they have presumed "*to be wise above what is written*," and dared to introduce doctrines of an opposite and most pernicious tendency, as I shall hereafter demonstrate,—because they dared to point out other objects of

faith and salvation than “Jesus Christ, and him crucified,”—because they have introduced other mediators than Jesus Christ, because they have revived heathenish and absurd doctrines, which the holy Apostles strove with all their might to eradicate from the world—they become directly liable to the anathema of St. Paul, who most positively declares—“Though *we*, (*the Apostles themselves!*) or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel to you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” But your Popes are declared to have the privilege of putting evil for good, and good for evil; darkness for light, and light for darkness: and in reality, that they have more than once assumed this power, the history of your Church makes manifest. How such an exercise of authority agrees with the Apostle’s rule of conduct, I leave you to judge.

But though the Apostles dared not exercise a discretionary power in altering the doctrines of Christianity, because the covenant of God with his creatures was left perfect by Jesus Christ; yet had they pretensions which no succeeding ministers of the Gospel can lay claim to.—For example, from the faculty which the Holy Ghost confided to them, they could pronounce, (sometimes at least,) with an absolute certainty, whether the convert were possessed of genuine repentance and faith—Whether he complied in reality with the terms of salvation pointed out in the Gospel, or were a hypocrite. This power of discerning the thoughts they appear to have had, even when at a distance from the object of their investigation. Thus St. Paul [Corinthians v. 3.] says, “For I verily, as absent in body, *but present in spirit*, have judged already, *as though I were present.*” &c. This superhuman faculty enabled them to declare with the greatest confidence, when the terms of salvation as appointed by Christ were complied with; accordingly, by virtue of this power, they could safely pronounce a perfect unconditional absolution. Independant of this, our Saviour

himself appointed certain signs by which they should know the true believers, in the first ages of the Church—[Mark xvi. 16, 17.] “And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” This was meant for the Apostolical age, as every one knows. Well might Christ say to them, after so effectually guarding against the possibility of being deceived,—“Whose soever sins you remit, they are remitted,” &c. But can your priests, or even your Pope himself, pretend to a perfect knowledge of the thoughts of the heart? Will they have the hardihood to say, that a dissembler may not impose himself upon them for a genuine penitent? Great as their effrontery is, they have not gone quite so far as this; therefore the absolution which they pronounce, can only be a *conditional one*,—such as we every day hear repeated in the Church of England, viz.—“God pardoneth and absolveth all them who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel.” Here we find all the vaunted fabric of infallibility crumble into dust, at the first approach of reason.

Even what we have above stated, is amply sufficient to shew, first, that the Apostles themselves had no power to new-model the faith, as your Church has endeavoured to do; and secondly, that the Apostles having pronounced an unconditional absolution, was no precedent for your Clergy to do the same.

[To be continued.]

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No. II.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1822.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN SMITH
FLEMING, LORD MAYOR OF THE
CITY OF DUBLIN.

[Concluded from Page 4.]

THE measures which you have adopted, my Lord, have no sort of justification, that I can discover. No one, whose suggestions were entitled to the least respect, could think of objecting to the commemoration in question, on the ground of its being offensive. Where was the insult, my Lord, to any loyal subject? You will say, the Romanists were conquered by King WILLIAM, and the dynasty changed contrary to their wishes. But, my Lord, mark what a crowd of reflections this will let in.—Consult the history of that period which immediately preceded the coming of our deliverer, and your Lordship will not be so ready to stretch forth the hand of fellowship to the man who ventures to express his dissatisfaction at the discomfiture of a most diabolical system of tyranny and fanaticism. I maintain it, my Lord, that every person who is vociferous against the due commemoration of the happy events which demolished the bloody fabric of superstition and tyranny in this country, openly declares himself identified, *in sentiment and projects*, with the rebels and horrible persecutors of that day; and, by parity of reasoning, represents himself willing, if

not ready, to renew those scenes, when opportunity shall offer. Such an individual, my Lord, it was your Lordship's duty to mark, as a suspected person, and to put him under the surveillance of the police, as one disaffected to the existing Constitution; rather than, (as your Lordship positively has done,) hold out a species of approval to that innovating system, which, like a dark and stormy cloud, is fast stealing over the sunshine of our splendid Constitution.

My Lord, I fear you have not yet seen your error; though the only reasonable pretext which your Lordship could seize upon,—the preserving the peace of the City, has been entirely defeated. My Lord, how much wiser would it have been for your Lordship, to have guarded against the wanton insult of such a character as his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and the breaking of his windows; as well as those of many others; by suffering the police, as is usual on such occasions, to disperse themselves through the streets, and apprehend all violators of the peace, than to keep them, like fixtures, surrounding the Statue? But this would not have been "*Conciliation!*" And, I suppose, the next step which your Lordship will take, towards *conciliating* the "*Intolerants*," will be the calling a meeting, for the purpose of adopting such measures as shall be found necessary, in order to give due effect and

splendour to a procession of the *Host* through the City of Dublin.—This, my Lord, would make you a vastly popular man!

After that most sublime farce of “*Conciliation*,” was first got up, in 1821, the Statue of King WILLIAM, which has stood more than a century on the bridge of Boyle, County of Roscommon, was, night after night, daubed over with dirt, to insult the Protestants of that town; and those who washed off the dirt, were branded as truce-breakers, and despisers of the King’s conciliatory letter! This is a fact, and plainly indicates the unreasonableness of that party, of whose feelings your Lordship seems to be so squeamishly tender.

Now, my Lord, I have every reason to believe, that your Lordship’s innovation, will give rise to a procession of the greater part of the Corporation and of the Protestants of Dublin, as formerly, around the Statue, on the next 12th of July; and that your Lordship will be no gainer, in any sense of the word, by your ultra zeal to second the wishes of those, who have never yet tolerated, where they had power to do, an injury to Protestants. My Lord, your efforts are impotent, and will never break down the sturdy spirit of the loyalists of Ireland. They owe it as a duty to posterity, not to suffer the land marks to be removed; and the recollections of what their ancestors have suffered, from the horrible cruelty of our mortal foes, will not, cannot be, defaced, but must ever make them watchful of those rights, which, thank God, they still possess; and of that Constitution, which saves us from the Satanic operations of an Inquisition already established in this country.

You have, my Lord, offered your pygmy efforts to put down Protestant feeling, and to flatter the revolutionary passions of their opponents. My Lord, I appeal to your Lordship’s candour, has this advance on your part, been met by a corresponding feeling on theirs? Quite the reverse, my Lord—Your

Lordship must acknowledge, that the return they have made, is the publication of one of the most daring and malignant pamphlets, that ever made its appearance in this or any other country. I allude to *A Letter to his Grace the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin—By a Dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church.* Here, my Lord, are the first-fruits of your Lordship’s “*Conciliation!*” This, I hope, will operate as a seasonable check on your Lordship, and your successors.

My Lord, before I conclude, I would make a few observations which have struck me on reviewing the politics of the last and preceding years. It appeared to me, that a certain Statesman, whose disordered mind has robbed us of his services, and of his life, had made a fruitless attempt, by a system of *finess*, to turn aside the current of popular odium, which, from the anti-loyalists, bore exceedingly against him. To him, my Lord, the farce, which your Lordship has now endeavoured to prolong, owed its origin. This lamented Nobleman, whose intellect, in all probability, was long tottering, relied too much on his own talents for intrigue, and, forgetting the salutary admonitions of history, completely lost sight of the crafty and hypocritical character of those whom he was endeavouring to manage. His game, as we all know, completely failed; and it has entailed a most perplexing task on his successors, who hardly know whether to retreat or advance. Your Lordship, has not a little increased the awkwardness of their situation. But it is all for the better; the encouragement which your Lordship has held out, will ripen the temerity of the enemies of the Constitution, cause them the sooner to throw off the mask, and probably, bring matters the sooner to a crisis. This, in my opinion, is more desirable than to have our resources wasted, and our lives in hourly jeopardy.

To conclude, my Lord, we have had the experience of ages to assure us, that the party which your Lordship appears

so extremely anxious to conciliate, have invariably grown in audacity in proportion as we have shewn a disposition to yield to their demands. The reason is obvious: they look upon us as an abomination which ought to be swept from off the face of the earth, whenever this, their darling object, can be accomplished *with safety to themselves.* My Lord, I can prove, to a perfect demonstration, that such is the inevitable tendency of those principles, which, from infancy, they are taught to look upon as indispensable to salvation. Now, my Lord, under such an impression, they leave no means untried to throw us off our guard; and as Judas betrayed his master with a kiss, they have repeatedly attempted,—awkwardly, indeed; because their malignity ever discovers itself,—they have endeavoured, I say, to impose upon us by a false shew of friendship, in order to make us lay aside the armour of our Constitution, and thus become the unsuspecting victims of their delusion and duplicity. This is the very essence of that farce of “Conciliation,” in which they have made your Lordship one of the principal actors. You, my Lord, are merely a tool in their hands. Their grand object, at present, is,—as I have before stated,—to disgust the Loyalists with the Government, in the hope that they, will, like Achilles, lie by, in sullen inactivity, while they themselves are maturing their designs against the state. Will you, my Lord, lend yourself to so foul a purpose? I sincerely hope your Lordship will not. And as the only mode which ever proved effectual to keep them in their proper sphere, is the preservation of a manly and dignified attitude on our part; let us never be ashamed or afraid to avow our principles, and to declare to all the world, that we glory in the memory of that Prince, who gave us a birth-right such as no nation before ever possessed. Your Lordship has now discovered, that the Loyalists have the spirit of freemen. Tempt them no further my Lord!

With every wish that your Lordship may not disgrace the robes, or the me-

dal, with which you have been entrusted; and that, *when stript of your borrowed plumes, you may return respected to the bosom of society;*

I have the honour to be,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's very humble servant,
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

Essays on the Doctrines of the Church of Rome.

TO THE ROMANISTS OF IRELAND.

(Continued from Page 8.)

In support of the foregoing conclusions we can bring the declaration of St. Peter himself. Read both his Epistles, from end to end, and not a single expression will you find to countenance the idea of his supremacy—of his being the *Rock* on which the Church of Christ was to have been built: On the contrary, he says expressly, that the *Stone* or *Rock* of its foundation was Christ himself: “Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth in him shall not be confounded.” 1st Peter, i. 6. In verse viii. of the same Chapter, he calls him a *Rock*. In Chapter iv. he declares that ministers of the Gospel must take the Scriptures as their guide; and, in Chap. i. he speaks of their having been redeemed from their vain conversation received by *Tradition* from their fathers—“Not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, (*nothing of the purchasing of indulgences, or of the purgatorial fire here!*) but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”—Observe, there is no mention here of the merits or mediation of saints or angels.—Christ is the only foundation—the dependance held out to us.

Again in chap. v. St. Peter merely calls himself “An *Elder* and a witness of the sufferings of Christ;” and he particularly cautions his fellow labourers, “The *Elders*,” that they were not to be “As lords over God’s heritage,”

(not Peter's heritage) but being ensamples to the flock." He also calls CHRIST—not himself—"The chief Shepherd." How unlike this to the language and pretensions of your Popes! And you must recollect that, if ever Peter were the chief Shepherd, he was so then: for Christ had then ascended into heaven.

Enough this, surely, to show that Peter was utterly ignorant of his boasted supremacy—of his being "VICE GOD," as you are pleased to term his pretended successor.

Now what says Christ himself? "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Here we have not a single word of Peter or his successors; not a single word of their power of decreeing whatever new doctrines they please: it is *the voice of Christ*—the Gospel—that his Church is to hear, it is the example of Christ they are to follow, and not "Cunningly devised fables."

But let us go back for a moment to one of the very texts on which you pretend to build the supremacy of your Church. What is the condition on which Jesus Christ promises permanency and stability to his Church? There is no proviso of their having Popes and Councils, as often as they should think proper to new-model the faith; but a clear and unequivocal covenant is laid down.—"Whosoever heareth *these sayings of mine*, (those contained in the sermon on the Mount, Mat: 5th, 6th, and 7th Chapters,) and doeth them, I will liken him to a wise man, who built his house upon a Rock." Here is the *rock*, obedience to the voice of Christ, as stated in the Chapters just named, from a firm conviction that "He is the Christ, the Son of the living God." Search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse, and you will find this great and important truth set forth. Follow this infallible doctrine, and you need not seek for any other guide.

Although what has been already stated should dismiss the absurd notion of Peter having obtained any supremacy over the other Apostles, and of consequence show every Romanist that the foundation which he claims for his fabric of superstition, never had any existence whatever; yet, as such stress has been laid on this imaginary superiority, I will add, though it be a work of supererogation, a few more proofs from the sacred Scriptures. St. Paul is quite conclusive on this subject, and his testimony alone must set the question at rest: in 2 Corin. xi. 6, he declares that "He was not a whit behind the very chiefest of the Apostles." Need ye further proof? If so, hear what Jesus Christ himself ordained: "But be not ye called Rabbi (*master*:) for one is your Master, even *Christ*; and all ye are brethren: And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, who is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even *Christ*." Here we find this grand principle of spiritual equality insisted upon twice in the same breath! Compare this doctrine with the language of your Popes, and if ye be not dead to reason it will silence you for ever. Hear what Pope Innocent III. says, *Mihi dicitur in propheta, constitui te super gentes et regna, ut evellas et destruis, et edifices et plantes.*—To me it is said in the prophets, "I constitute thee over the nations and kingdoms, that thou shouldst pluck up and destroy, and build and plant." But lest this might not be sufficiently explicit, he adds—"I am, then, placed between God and man; below God, but above man. Yes, greater than man, *who am to judge all men*, but can be judged by none." Urban VIII. asserts, "that it is, then *necessary to salvation*, for every human creature to be in subjection to the Roman Pontiff."

Pope Sixtus V. in his Bull against Queen Elizabeth, has given us so striking a comment on the above doctrine of supremacy, that I cannot forbear inserting it.—"He who reigneth on high, to

whom all power is given, in heaven and earth, hath committed the one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation; to be governed, with plenitude of power, **BY ONE ONLY ON EARTH.** This *one* he hath constituted a **PRINCE OVER ALL NATIONS AND ALL KINGDOMS**, to pluck up, waste, destroy, plant and build. Supported by his authority, who hath seen fit to place *me*, however unequal to such charge, in this supreme throne of justice, I pronounce and declare, in the plenitude of my Apostolic authority, the said Elizabeth laid under a sentence of anathema: *deprived of all right and title to her kingdom; her subjects absolved from all oaths of allegiance to her; and those who obey her, in like sentence of anathema.*"

How unlike this language to what we should expect from one who professes himself to be a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus, who expressly declared that "His kingdom was not of this world!" Can any candid Romanist deny, that such pretensions are decidedly Antichristian, and consequently that a Church which countenances them must have widely departed from the true faith and discipline of the Apostles? Or will Protestants, be charged with illiberality, because they refuse to give to those who profess, and have ever, *when they had power*, acted up to such a monstrous and hell-born system, the means of putting their threats into execution?

(To be continued.)

the scurrilous epithets they have heaped on our Order, and their vain attempts at the suppression of our Loyal manifestations, are amongst the exertions of these our active competitors. Nor are they by themselves: the illiberality of the conductors of the Party Press, is manifest by their inveighing against Orangeism, in terms which truly evince themselves the "genuine offspring of a malevolent heart." To make a few remarks on this subject, is the intent of the following lines.

Without entering into an enumeration of the various opprobriums cast on us, I shall merely glance at a single paragraph in a Provincial Paper, which under the mask of impartiality, vents the most daring aspersions, and palpable lies: I mean the *Southern Reporter*. The passage I allude to, is contained in the number, dated 9th inst. After professing to war with the ultras of both sides, and arraigning the *Advertiser* in language which I challenge the literati of the age to prove perspicuous, and which for that, and another reason, viz. my non-acquaintance with the *Advertiser*, as referred to, I must consequently pass unnoticed, proceeds to say, "Believing that he (GEORGE IV.) has not worse Subjects, (than Orangemen) or those in his Dominions who would sooner plunge him in difficulty, and the country in confusion, we are glad to know that they are in numbers too few, and in station too contemptible, to render it possible that they could effect more than those wretched menders of the State, whose trials are now proceeding at the Dublin Commission. THE PARTIES ARE A KIN IN EVERY THING; their pursuits and objects are similar, and it is likely they will soon be placed in similar situations. The Country will have a happy riddance of them both." Can any reasonable man read these gross calumniations, without feeling indignant at their demonstrable fallacy; a fallacy so notorious that I am persuaded no individual, of any party or faction whatsoever, who is in the least degree acquainted with Orangeism, will agree: so far from being

TO THE EDITOR OF

THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR—Whilst the enemies of our Religion and Liberty, are levelling the artillery of their malignity at the system which forms a galaxy in British Society; it becomes the duty of the Members of that Loyal and Patriotic Body, to concentrate their efforts, and avert the meditated stroke. That the annihilation of Orangeism is contemplated, appears too obvious to admit denial;

the *worst* subjects of his Majesty, they are, I presume, the only class of the community embodied as a society in the United Kingdom, who profess by their Oaths, their Obligations, and their Rules, to protect the Royal Ascendancy; and I defy the Editor of the *Southern Reporter* or any of his colleagues to deny the above statement.

To say our "pursuits and objects are *similar* to those wretched menders of the State, whose trials are now proceeding in the Dublin Commission," is equally and notoriously false, with what precedes it, and can only be exceeded by what follows, that "The parties are a *akin* in every thing." A contradiction of these glaring lies is unnecessary; I only point them out and leave them for the candid world to examine, who cannot fail to detect their vileness; since every school-boy can explain the opposite principles of Orangemen and Ribbonmen; and no man of common sense will class them together.

Orangemen! let not the false accusations of wicked men seduce you, or shake your firmness in that sublime and holy order, by which your religion and loyalty are steadfastly united; never let an unguarded hour give your enemies cause to speak ill of you; as it is only by a blind, extravagant, enthusiasm in your cause, that you expose yourselves to those designing wretches, who are waiting every opportunity to rail at your association, and misrepresent your loyal celebrations. I would recommend to you, that you pay a sober, judicious respect to these commemorations, in order to avoid any such remarks as the party publishers industriously circulate on such occasions. I could bring forward several unfair statements made by these *ultras*, on the celebration of the 4th and 5th of November, but I decline, on the grounds, that it is a subject unworthy the employment of my pen; and if I consider myself already to have done wrong, it is only by noticing the mean subterfuges, and weak sophisms of such a contemptible writer. In conclusion, I

would address a few words to Orange-men:

"Brethren, I know that I speak the effusions of every Orange heart, when I say, (and I speak with confidence,) that whilst there exists an Orange Lodge, or an Orangeman, the British Islands will never want an arm to wield a sword in defence of her King and Legislature. If ever the rebels of this Empire should so mature their designs, as to endanger the person or dominion of his Sacred Majesty, (which God forbid, although from its likelihood, we know not how soon it may take place;) then shall the secret watchers of their nations rights, unfurl the Orange standard, and the assembled brotherhood shall prove an additional source of assistance, and yield a legion of fresh supply of faithful soldiers, to fight the battles, and prove the safeguard of their ROYAL MASTER."

"My heart warms whilst I write on such a subject; there is not a title on earth would make me prouder, than that I possess the appellation of AN ORANGEMAN. I trust, Brethren, that since we know that "there is no power but of God," we shall arm our minds with fortitude, ready to meet in any shape, those miscreants, who contemplate the abolition of Protestant loyalty, which is to be effected, according to the hypothesis of their Prophet, in the year 1825! We know not what poison lurks under their false-coloured machinations, but we may readily imagine the usage Protestants would meet with, under papal dominion. Let us then shew our adversaries how wretchedly they are deceived; that our "numbers" are neither "*too few*," or our "*station too contemptible*," to effect what, as a loyal fraternity, is our utmost ambition; and that we "*fear the Lord and the King*, and mind not them that are given to change, for their calamity shall rise suddenly."

"I could discuss on a larger scale, the latter-named subjects, but I refrain at present: I may resume my pen at another, and a better opportunity. In the

mean time, I assure you, Sir, that I am not ashamed to subscribe myself,

THOS. P. HASSALL,
Killarney, 12th Nov. 1822.

MURDER OF A PROTESTANT.

We are very sorry to find that occurrences of a similar nature to those which have already disgraced our island, and which in a great measure are to be attributed to the temporising system now in such general use, have again occurred. It affords another convincing proof of the truth of the Attorney General's statement on the trial of the Ribbonmen, in Dublin, that a Conspiracy, exclusively Popish, exists in this Country; the avowed purpose is, to exterminate Protestants, and "regain those rights which they lost at the Reformation."

The following extracts place this matter in too clear a light to permit the greatest sceptic to entertain a doubt as to the character of the present conspiracy, and its unabated malignity; and we trust that the good sense of the Government, and the Loyalists in general, is ere now, perfectly awakened to the danger which threatens us,

Had the late chief Secretary been better acquainted with the progress of disaffection in this country, and calculated the *value* of the unremitting exertions of the Jacobinical press to stimulate the bad passions of a sanguine and infatuated peasantry, he might, and probably would, have opposed a barrier to the horrible system which has made such an inroad on our peace and prosperity, and which it will now require a tenfold vigilance to guard against.

Extract of a letter from Clones.

"We are informed that a party of at least one thousand strong, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion, assembled on the course, and in compliance with the rules of the test of the "*Friendly Association*," commenced the work of destruction. One man of peaceable and religious habits was pointed out, and a commanding voice called out "earth him," which was obeyed by a blow of a heavily

loaded whip, which fractured his skull and caused his death. Numerous other unoffending Protestants were felled, and considerable injury sustained by numbers of those of that persuasion. If, however, the outrage stopped there, we may be disposed to attribute it to some sudden and unpremeditated fracas on the course; but we are told that the assailants, bold in their designs, seized the horses of Col. Madden's carriage, opened the doors, and with threats of taking his life obliged this gentleman, a most respectable, influential, and popular Magistrate of this country, to shout and huzza for them and "liberty for ever," after this it was allowed to leave the course; the carriage of another Gentleman was seized, in which the won cup was deposited: the cup (as the winning of a Protestant) was obliged to be given up, and was actually buried in the ground. For the outrage on Colonel Madden one man was apprehended, sent to the sessions at Monaghan, then sitting, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be whipt in the town of Clones last Thursday, and imprisoned twelve months; this man is brother to a Popish Clergyman.

"For the murder, another man is now in Monaghan gaol, the nephew of another Popish Clergyman. Is this the conciliation his Majesty's parting admonition enjoins? From some unexplained cause the punishment of whipping has been deferred by Government until the 21st instant, and a meeting of the Magistracy was held in Clones by directions from the Executive; but the result of that meeting was not heard. We confess we consider it a most lamentable circumstance that the Roman Catholic Clergymen do not exert that influence over their flocks which they unquestionably possess, to prevent the recurrence of those disgraceful scenes of outrage, justly calculated to stigmatise the religion they profess. Of the accomplishment of their efforts to subvert the Government and Religion of the country, very little fears can be entertained: and, though these chimerical ideas are possibly confined to the most ignorant and besotted of their communion, it is much to be lamented

that those who really do possess the influence to prevent them, do not successfully exert that influence. We have heard some strong expressions of disapproval of the conduct of the Magistracy in that vicinity, and of pusillanimity on their part, as if from fear; but we are disposed to think that the Gentlemen who hold the commission of the peace in that quarter are too firm and upright in the performance of their duties to be deterred by any such despicable motives."

Extract of a letter from Clonmel, Nov. 9, 1822.

"A few days since (we believe last Tuesday) a party of men undisguised, came in the middle of the day to a field near Cloran, at the foot of Slievenaman, where some of the survivors of the family of the Sheas, whose unexampled murder is full fresh in the horror and memory of our readers, were ploughing, and proceeded deliberately to untackle the horses, and to break the ploughs, at the same time cautioning the unfortunate people, by the example of their massacred relatives, never to put a plough in that ground again. And on Thursday morning last, Mr. Con. O'Neill, an opulent and respectable farmer near Lisronagh, found nailed to his door, a letter, signed *Captain Rock*, who is still in being, warned him not to keep an acre of Lisronagh, which he had, a few days previous, taken from Edward Briscoe, Esq. advancing to that Gentleman a considerable fine, telling him that they would not come by night, but by day, as they did at Cloran, and that if that kind of visit should not answer, they would then burn him and his family as they had burned the Sheas; that they would do all this in the face of the "Peelers"—that no police should hinder them, &c. &c. The matter was not generally ill-spelt, ill-grammared, or ill-written.

"Late last night three men were surprised in the act of cutting timber on the demesne of Newtown, within two miles of Clonmel, by a patrol of our active Police.—They were of course brought

into Clonmel gaol, as well as the implements with which they had been effecting their object."

Extract of a letter from Cork, Nov. 9.

"On Tuesday se'might the house of G. F. Glover, Esq. of Currimount, was attacked, and arms demanded. Not having obtained any, the miscreants broke all the windows, destroyed the furniture, and also took away some property. The frequency of those nocturnal visitations will lead to a demand of something besides arms, and the consequence will ultimately be, that property of every description will fall a prey to those incendiaries."

"On Sunday night last, a party of armed men surrounded the cottage of Mr. Richard Young, near Bantry, and having broken the doors, presented a gun, and threatened to shoot the men who were in care of the place. Having in this manner secured the inmates, more of the party proceeded to an out-house, and took a cow, the property of J. M. Cooke, Esq. which was taken by that Gentleman in payment of a heavy arrear of rent due by a tenant of his."

ANECDOTE.

The first time that Thomas Aquinas visited Rome, Innocent the fourth, who then filled the Pontifical chair, said to him, "You see we cannot say with St. Peter, silver and gold have I none." "No," said Aquinas, "neither can you command as he did, the lame man to arise and walk."

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Many valuable favours from our Correspondents are under consideration, and shall be respectfully attended to in the future Numbers.

THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. III.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1822.

Vol. I.

PRIEST QUINN OF BLESSINGTON.

THOSE of our readers who were in the habit of seeing the *ANTIDOTE*, OR *CONSTITUTIONAL SENTINEL*, have not, we suppose, forgotten the memorable story of Priest Quinn and the Widow Mooney. A certificate intended to counteract the statement which appeared in that Protestant Journal, was handed to the Editor, and a copy of it is in our possession. It is signed by Priest Quinn, and contains a solemn declaration, that he (Mr. Quinn) had not baptized any Protestants, whether infants, or adults. Now we cannot deny that, the Reverend *Gentleman's certificate* appeared to us, on the very first perusal, to be altogether a piece of Jesuitical cunning. The correspondent of the *ANTIDOTE*, who has since favoured us with a communication, did not charge Priest Quinn with having himself baptized Protestants: he merely related the fact, that, in the parish of Blessington, of which Mr. Quinn is R. C. Curate or Coadjutor, a considerable number of Protestants had lately been baptized by a Priest of the Romish Church. It was a matter of little moment whether Mr. Quinn, or any other Reverend of his persuasion, were the *operator*—the sole intention of the Protestant Gentleman who gave the information, was to call the attention of the Established Clergy to the practices that were going forward, and the horrid

system of intimidation that was employed to terrify Protestants into an abjuration of their Faith.

Our correspondent, finding that an attempt was made to throw a shade of doubt over the whole transaction, by giving a species of equivocal contradiction to a part of it, immediately traced the matter to its source. In consequence, an investigation of the business has since taken place; and we can without hesitation add, that the statements which appeared in the *ANTIDOTE*, so far from having over-rated the evil, were actually considerably under the mark. It is quite notorious that every method, whether of priestcraft or intimidation, is now made use of to detach Protestants from their pure and unsophisticated religion. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider that *the year 1825* draws near, and all the lower orders of the Romish persuasion are firmly convinced, that, by that time, the Land will be cleared of what they are pleased to term “*Heretics*.” Such denunciations cannot fail to be urged in the hearing of their Protestant neighbours; and in fact, we know that they are constantly, and most strenuously urged. Now, as these threats are frequently seconded by very decided proofs that they are not meant as an idle jest (witness Fanny Mooney) it is not at all a matter of astonishment if the poor defenceless Protestants in many instances endeavoured to shelter them-

selves from the gathering storm. But we have the gratification to find, that one of the most enlightened of our Prelates, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, is alive to the danger that threatens the Established Church. His Grace, in his last Visitation discourse, expatiated on the necessity of the most sleepless vigilance on the part of the Clergy to oppose the inroads of their foes. Nor do we entertain the slightest doubt, that his Grace will direct such precautions as will screen the sheepfold from those "ravelling wolves," which, with a diabolical avidity, are incessantly labouring to spread horror and destruction among us. The barbarous treatment that the widow Mooney has received did not escape the observation of his Grace; and we are well satisfied that due measures will be taken to shield her from any further ebullition of lawless violence. Her conduct, and inflexible adherence to the faith which she professes, are not unworthy the imitation of many who move in a higher circle of society; and it will be an indelible disgrace to the Protestants of Ireland if she be not immediately placed in a state of independance.

At all events, the exposé of the Blessington affair has caused a terrible explosion among the Holy fraternity of that parish. Priest * * * * it would appear, was laid under some species of censure, or temporary suspension, *to save appearances*, and obviate the evil consequences that it was probable might result to the cause of Popery were his violent conduct suffered to escape the animadversion of his superiors. Had the ANTIDOTE been silent on the occasion, we imagine that his Reverence might have continued to manifest his zeal without any rebuke. However, whatever the degree of his punishment, his partizans, it is said, declared that they would not permit his clerical functions for a moment to be interrupted; accordingly they assembled, as we have been informed, to the number of two or three hundred, and repaired, with Priest * * * *, as his body guard, to the

house of the parish priest. From thence they adjourned to one of the chapels, in which Priest * * * * celebrated Mass for them. They concluded the entertainment by nailing up the Chapel door, and threatening vengeance against any one who would attempt to open it. Whether the parish priest had the *audacity* to violate the peremptory mandate of the ferocious gang, or merely rendered himself obnoxious to them by reprimanding the Champion of intolerance, we cannot take upon us to say; but certain it is that his reverence's haggard was given to the flames, and other injuries offered to his property. This, to be sure, only falls *nominally* on his reverence, and *actually* on the Parish or Barony; unless the pious man may chance to have so tender a conscience as to underrate the loss sustained—a fault for which a P. P. should scarcely hope to obtain absolution.

How this farce will terminate, we do not pretend to divine; but if all the parties be in downright earnest, and not playing off a game of humbug, as a sedative to the Government, it will probably take the usual turn,—to wit: Doctor Troy will whirl a few ecclesiastical thunderbolts at the unruly *Rockites* of Blessington, and level them with the dust. But, if the *exhibition* be merely *got up*, to throw the entire onus on *blunt* Mr. * * * *, and his zealous *illuminators*, all will speedily be hushed, and the parish or barony, will have to remunerate the P. P. for any real or supposed loss he might have endured.

One result we look upon, as very likely to spring out of that spirit of insubordination which the Romish priests of Ireland, have permitted to take root among their misguided flocks,—the lawless and diabolical audacity, which was intended as a scourge to the Protestants, *in due time*; and which so great pains were taken to preserve in undiminished vigour will, in all human probability, become the means of destroying the *imperium in imperio*, the moment any judicious management takes place; or

the ferocious and unbridled desires of those tools of ecclesiastical ambition and tyranny, shall be improvidently thwarted. In like manner, the bloody scenes in which the Romanists of France were trained up by their *holy* pastors, during the persecution of the Protestants, under the Bourbons, prepared the population for the thorough-going work of the Revolution, and led to the almost complete extirpation of the pious blood-suckers themselves. The fickle mob, however ductile in some instances, not unfrequently turn on their keepers, if the accustomed aliment for their murderous and ever-growing appetites, be not regularly provided. Now, we think the grand *finale* is even *now* getting up in this country. The "worshippers of the beast" are in *high-training* for the expected day of slaughter.—They, nearly, to a man, rely upon the lying and most malignant predictions of "PASTORINI," and entertain no doubt whatever, that Protestantism will be annihilated in Ireland by the year 1825. When disappointed in this expectation, and disappointed they surely will be, the spell will be broken, they will begin to question the infallibility of their spiritual task-masters, and to discover that they have been all along most cruelly deceived, and the unsuspecting dupes of clerical avarice, and sanctified hypocrisy. The result is easily foreseen.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT.

INDIA.

Government Order respecting Suttees.

Presidency of Fort William, Feb. 1822.—The Commander of the Forces desires that a copy of these instructions be circulated from the Brigade Office, to the posts and stations dependent upon your command.

(Signed) G. H. FAGAN, Adj.-Gen.

"Whereas it has appeared, that at the ceremony denominated Suttee, (at which Hindoo women burn themselves,) certain acts have been occasionally com-

mitted, in direct opposition to the rule laid down in the religious institutes of the Hindoos, by which that practice is authorized and forbidden, in particular cases; as, for instance, at several places, pregnant women, and girls not yet arrived at their full age, have been burnt alive, and people, after having intoxicated women, by administering intoxicating substances, have burnt them, without their assent, whilst insensible; and inasmuch as this conduct is contrary to the Shasters, and perfectly inconsistent with every principle of humanity, (it appearing from the expositions of the Hindoo law, delivered by Pundits, that the burning a woman pregnant, or one having a child of tender years, or a girl not yet arrived at full age, is expressly forbidden in the Shasters; and also, that the intoxicating a woman, for the purpose of burning her, and the burning one without her assent, is highly illegal, and contrary to established usage,) the Police Darogahs are hereby accordingly, under the sanction of Government, strictly enjoined to use the utmost care, and make every effort to prevent the forbidden practices above-mentioned, from taking place within the limits of their thannahs; and they are further required, on all occasions, immediately on receiving intelligence that this ceremony is likely to occur, either themselves to proceed to the spot, or send their Mohor or Jemedar, accompanied by a Burkundaz of the Hindoo religion, to learn of the woman who is to be burnt, whether she has given her assent, and ascertain the other particulars above-mentioned, relative to her age, &c. &c. In the event of the female who is going to be burnt, being less than sixteen years of age, or there being signs of her pregnancy, or on her declaring herself in that situation, or should the people be preparing to burn her, after having intoxicated her, without her consent, or against her will, (the burning of a woman under any of these circumstances, being in direct opposition to what is enjoined in the Shasters, and manifestly an act of illegal violence,) it will be

then their duty to prevent the ceremony, thus forbidden, and contrary to established usage, from taking place, and require those prepared to perform it, to refrain from so doing; also to explain to them, that, in the event of their persisting to commit an act forbidden, they would involve themselves in a crime, and become subject to retribution and punishment; but in the case of the woman being of full age, and no other impediment existing, they will nevertheless remain on the spot, and not allow the most minute particular to escape observation; and in the case of people preparing to burn a woman by compulsion, or after having made her insensible, by administering spirituous liquors, or narcotic drugs, it will be then their duty to exert themselves in restraining them, and, at the same time, to let them know that it is not the intention of the Government to check or forbid any act authorized by the tenets of the religion of the inhabitants of their dominions, or even to require any express leave or permission being required previously to the performance of the act of Suttee; and the Police Officers are not to interfere and prevent any such act from taking place. And, lastly, it will be their duty to transmit immediately, for the information of the Magistrates, a full detail of any measures which they may have adopted on this subject; and also, on every occasion, when, within the limits of their thannahs, this ceremony of Suttee may take place, the same being lawfully conducted, they will insert in the Monthly Report.

(Signed) G. H. FAGAN, Adj.-Gen,

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c,

SIR,

I cannot imagine a situation more decidedly annoying, than yours, at the late Commission at Green-street. It is

extremely embarrassing, even to be compelled to hear one's opinions refuted; but how much more awkward and tantalizing, to be made the instrument of our own degradation, and forced to elicit facts, which effectually prove, that, either in discrimination or veracity, we had been sadly deficient!

From these considerations, Sir, I really felt for you; and as one of the greatest proofs of a skilful General, is to make a safe retreat, when the enemy displays a force which would render a contest quite hopeless, my curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, to discover how Mr. Attorney General's often-recorded opinions, could escape annihilation, from the unfortunate disclosures which I well knew were about to take place.

"I cannot really congratulate you, Sir, on your "happy issue out of this affliction." You said, Sir, and I believe with much truth, that "It was a *very painful duty* which devolved upon you, as public prosecutor, to call the attention of the country to this conspiracy!! I have no doubt, Sir, that much as you dislike foregoing the fruits of your labours, you still would have given up one-half the emoluments of your office, for the year 1822, to have clapt an extinguisher on the whole business.

Now, Sir, I did expect, and hope, *for the honour of human nature*, that you would have had the manliness, boldly to avow the palpable error into which you had previously fallen. This would have raised you in the estimation of every honest man. Whether the line of conduct, which you, Sir, have pursued, be calculated to produce such an effect, will be best discovered by an impartial examination of your address to the Jury, on the late trials of the Ribonites.

It is, I suppose, scarcely necessary to remind you, Sir, that both in and out of Parliament, you, have frequently congratulated the country on "a fact, for which you pledged yourself," viz.—"that there was nothing, either religi-

ous or political in the disturbances."—Now, Sir, if I understand the purport of words, this means, that no design whatever existed, to overturn either the laws or religion of the State;—no hostility, no disaffection to them. If this were not Mr. Plunkett's meaning, I conceive that his words could not have had any meaning whatever! This, Sir, was re-echoed by the Ministers of the Crown, at the other side of the water, and seemed to lull the suspicions of many people, who previously were beginning to surmise, that the Church of Rome was merely playing some of her accustomed pranks, in due conformity to the oath of her prelates, and the tenor of her creed. It was natural for the Government to look to you, Sir, for information on this subject: if matters be conducted with that system which we have a right to expect, the Attorney General, as conductor of all state prosecutions, is the first to become acquainted with all evidence or information that could be elicited—the first to whom a spy or approver would be referred; and the person with whom every, the most minute circumstance, must rest until the day of trial. Consequently, Sir, it is not an unfair inference for me to draw, that Lord Londonderry, and my Lord Liverpool, when they gave similar assurances in their places in Parliament, as Mr. Plunkett had before given at the Special Commission in Cork, did so *on the faith of your assurances*. I know not any other source of information they could then have had recourse to, without giving a very decided insult to their Attorney General. Now, Sir, **ALL THIS WAS SUBSEQUENT TO MICHAEL COFFEY TURNING APPROVER!!!** Was Mr. Plunkett unacquainted with the nature of Coffey's evidence? Or was it so unimportant as to leave no impression on your memory? If you credited the information of Coffey, could you, with a safe conscience, put your hand upon your heart, and say "that Religion or Polities had no connexion with the disturbances, which then prevailed? You acknowledge that the Insurrection was chiefly

got up by itinerant incendiaries. Did it ever enter into Mr. Plunkett's *reflecting mind* to enquire whether those "incendiaries" had any connexion with the system developed by Coffey? Or did you, Sir, suppose that those "itinerants" had undertaken such an embassy without any thing like system or co-operation? You said, "that you could not imagine that the disaffected had any definite object in view." I again ask you, Sir, did you credit the information of Coffey? If you did not, you should have turned him from you, as a pestiferous wretch, and not have induced him to act as a spy. But if you did in reality attach *any degree whatever of credit to his testimony*, how could you bring your lips to form such an *assurance* as you sent forth to the Country?

Sir, as a plain unsophisticated man, I should feel happy to have this problem solved. It would, according to my notion of the legitimate operations of the human mind, have been impossible for the learned Mr. Plunkett to have avoided the obvious conclusion, that the "Itinerant Incendiaries," of whom you spoke, had *a most intimate connexion, with, and actually had derived their diplomatic character from, the system which Coffey explained*. We find, from his evidence that, so early, at least, as September 1821, "*the Society in Dublin was divided into Lodges of forty men, each lodge, under one Master, three Committee-men, and under them thirty-six Members*," or "*PRIMES*," as I can inform you they are *technically* called. It was further stated by him, that they not only had a connexion and correspondence with the disaffected in the different parts of the Country; but that they had even concerted a plan of co-operation with the "Radicals" of England!!! and that they were to effect a rising in Ireland, in order to draw off the troops from London, that the "Radicals," should have a better chance of playing their part with effect, when the late *unfortunate Queen* was employed as a pretext to produce Revolution and anarchy. Now, Sir, all

this was divulged in 1821; and, unless Mr. Plunkett had been at that time better employed than in attending to such a silly and unimportant object as the safety of the state, could not, I should be apt to imagine, have entirely escaped his attention. And yet, in 1822, the Attorney-General of Ireland, was as much at a loss to divine what could have given rise to the insurrection in Munster as if he had that moment come into existence!!! You are a very extraordinary character, Mr. Plunket—far beyond the ken of ordinary men. To be sure the operations of our minds do not seem all to be conducted according to the same principles: therefore Mr. Plunket is not answerable to any one for the inferences which he draws: I merely institute this inquiry for information sake, in the hope of being made acquainted with the system of *Logic* which Mr. Attorney-General Plunkett is in the habit of employing.

In confirmation of the evidence of Coffey, I would call the attention of the country to a circumstance which seems to have escaped notice; as it has never, that I could perceive, been referred to by any person since those trials took place:—It is one proof, among many, that some superior minds are guiding the helm of disaffection in these countries. I allude to the manner in which the *diversion* was attempted to be got up. The object we perceive was to draw the king's troops to a distance from London.

Now, in conformity with this plan, we do not find the insurrection of that day to have been commenced on the eastern coast of Ireland; but the *extreme West* was the scene chosen!—It was in Connaught that it broke out to the great surprise of most people, who had no notion whatever of disaffection existing in that quarter. However, the plan of the Rebels in both countries was to keep the army at as great a distance as possible from London; and accordingly they contrived to light the flame so effectually, and so remote from the re-

sources of the British Government, that almost all the disposable Troops of Ireland were divided from London by no less an extent than the whole breadth of Ireland, as well as that of England! Was this, Sir, like the uncalculating fury of "*Coal Porters*," and unreflecting minds? A *PITT* could not have made a more prudent arrangement to accomplish the purpose.

Now, Sir, another *trifling circumstance* has recurred to my memory, which I mention merely to spin out this article, as I do not mean to draw any inference whatever from it.—But you know we unfortunate scribblers are often compelled, by dearth of intellect, to make use of what is technically called "*filling stuff*." It has now struck me as a *curious coincidence*, that a certain learned Barrister, who has rendered himself very conspicuous by his *patriotic* effusions, as well as by the wonderous interest which he took in the cause of "*His persecuted Queen*," should have *accidentally* advised, just before the period at which it was proposed to get up the the above-mentioned masterly diversion, "*That the Catholics of Ireland should instantly JOIN THE SWELLING CHORUS OF REFORM*:" that is to say, when stript of the sublime and poetic imagery, in which the *Patriotic* Barrister is so fond of dabbling—*THAT THE ROMANISTS OF IRELAND SHOULD MAKE COMMON CAUSE WITH THE "RADICALS,"* (or, as they have since been described by Coffey, the *Rebels*) *OF ENGLAND*. I do not here allude to the learned Gentleman's Address to the "*Hereditary Bondsmen*:" it seems that the plan of operations had been completely changed before this far-famed manifesto made its appearance. As the Radicals were chiefly composed of "*heretics*," who were not to be trusted with the sublime secret, they were only to be kept on hands 'till the holy sons of the Church were strong enough to fight their own battles; and the unsuspecting *kindness* of our late Chief Secretary was considered to be a host in itself, as he was, as quickly as possible, getting those

abominable creatures, the Soldiers, out of this "Island of Saints," where all was to be unanimity and love, as soon as that odious thing called loyalty, was completely eradicated.

(To be continued.)

LORD BYRON.

(FROM A NEW-YORK PAPER.)

Extract of a letter from an American Gentleman residing in Italy, to his friend in Philadelphia:—

Leghorn, June 30.

That great luminary in the literary world, Lord Byron, is now in this city. I have been introduced to him by Major Stith, of Virginia, our Consul at Tunis, for whom the Noble Poet appears to entertain a very high esteem. It is pleasing to see the deference and respect with which he treats us Americans. Indeed we are fortunate in having our countrymen and women, so happily represented in a place where that most discerning Englishman resides. He has formed in consequence, and very justly too, a high idea of the American character and attainments. Do not think I mean to insinuate that it is from your humble servant he draws this flattering conclusion. No; it is from Consul Stith that he may form an estimate of our men; from his accomplished wife, whom I believe, is a native of your city of Baltimore, a proud illustration of what materials American ladies are formed.

His Lordship has invariably avoided English society for the pleasure of American; and there is not one of us residing in this port to whom he has not presented some token of esteem, to one a picture, to another a poem, to a third a sword, &c. To Mrs. Stith he has presented a splendid volume of plates, with which she proposes, I am told, enriching your City library. In short, he seizes every opportunity to testify his respect for the United States of America.

ANECDOTES.

ALI PACHA.

The following anecdote of this extraordinary man, is remarkably descriptive of his firmness of character and self-command.

"In 1813, whilst he was observing the repairs which his old seraglio of the Castron, at Janina, was undergoing, a large stone fell from the scaffold upon his shoulder, and struck him down. He was thought to be dead, and the report was spread immediately; but Ali, although severely wounded, mounted his horse almost the next moment, and rode through the town, attended by only a single Albanian; nor did he permit the least symptom of pain to escape him; he was, however, obliged to keep his bed for several weeks after. Upon his recovery he said that he had acted thus to shew his people, that he was in no danger, as well as to deprive his enemies of the gratification of thinking that he was dying."

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LITERATURE.

The Moniteur of the 1st October contained a curious article on the several literary discoveries of M. Champollion, Jun., known to the Savans by his Work entitled "*L'Egypte sous les Pharaons.*" It distinguishes, as the most important, the discovery, that the Egyptians had three modes of writing; the *hieroglyphique* or sacred, the *hieraticque* or sacerdotal, and the *demotic* or popular,—but all three painting ideas directly, and not indicating sounds or vocal signs. The second, however, was, in some modification, susceptible of expressing sounds.

The signs which he has submitted to the Academy of Inscriptions, &c. are said to be equivalent to the vowels and consonants in the Greek language, and applicable to the interpretation of the hieroglyphic Inscriptions found on the Egyptian monuments. It is added, that Mr. C. has made out the names of

Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, Berenice, and others; and, what is more remarkable still, that he has read the titles, the names and surnames, of the Roman Emperors, Tiberius, Nero, Trajan, Adrian; that of the Empress Sabina; the titles Imperator, Cæsar, Augustus; the surnames Germanius, Dacius, &c. on the monuments of Philæ, Ombus, Thebes, Esnè, and Denderah.

The discovery of the alphabet of Phœnix hieroglyphics will, it is affirmed, be one of the most important in modern times, and the most fertile in its application to ancient learning. A chronology of the monuments of Egypt, from the era of Cambyses is promised.

GOD !

[This is the poem of which Golovin says in his narrative, that it has been rendered into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddah. An honour somewhat similar has been done in China to the same poem. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial palace at Pekin.]

O thou eternal One ! whose presence bright, All space doth occupy, all motion guide ; Unchang'd through Time's all devastating flight ; Thou only God ; There is no God beside ! Being above all beings ! Three in One ! Whom none can comprehend, and none explore : Who fillest existence with *Thyself* alone : Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,— Being whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, Philosophy May measure out the ocean deep—may count The sands, or the sun's ray--but, "God ! for Thee There is no weight nor measure : none can mount Up to Thy mysteries ; Reason's brightest spark, Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try To trace Thy counsels infinite and dark : And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high, Lost, like past moments, in eternity.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround ; Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath ! Thou the beginning with the end hast bound, And beautifully mingled life and death ! As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays, Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise. A million torches, lighted by thy hand, Wander unwearyed through the blue abyss : They own Thy power, accomplish thy command ! All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss. What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—. A glorious company of golden streams— Lamps of celestial ether burning bright— Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ? But Thou to these art as the noon to night !

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost : What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ? And what am I then ? Heaven's unnumber'd host, Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd In all the glory of sublimest thought, Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd Against Thy greatness ! is a cypher brought Against infinity ! What am I ? Nought.

Nought ! but the effluence of Thy light divine, Pervading worlds bath reach'd my bosom too ; Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew. Nought ! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly Eager, towards Thy presence ; for in Thee I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high Even to the Throne of Thy divinity, I am, O God ! and surely Thou must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all. Thou art ! Direct my understandidg th'in to thee ; Controul my spirit, guide my wandering heart ; Though but an atom 'midst immensity, Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand ! I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth ; On the last verge of mortal being stand, Close to the realms where angels have their birth Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and thy word Created me ! Thou source of life and good ! Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord ! Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear The garments of eternal day, and wing Its heavenly flight beyond its little sphere, Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. IV.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c.

[Continued from Page 23.]

Now, Sir, I most earnestly entreat you, not for a moment to imagine, that I in the least suspect the learned and patriotic Barrister of participating in the real intentions of those naughty Radicals, or those “raggamuffin” Ribbonites; poor, dear, honest, loyal innocent Gentleman! from having, like his friend and co-adjutor, Mr. Plunkett, possessed a superabundance of good nature and *charitable* feeling, he could not bring his *pious* soul to indulge so harsh an idea, as that the noble-minded followers of Hunt, Hone, Carlile, & Co., had any but the purest and most philanthropic objects in view! What though his harmless ambition led him to regard with complacency the projected change of his “*stuff gown*” for a silken robe; and his generous heart bounded with joy at the delicious prospect of gracing the same bench as his bosom friend Mr. Plunkett; it surely does not hence follow that the hero of “Emancipation,” had fixed an anxious and revolutionary glance at the principality of Kerry! It is true his tender sympathy for the sufferings of his “Injured Queen” wrung from him some *strong* expressions of a very *equivocal* signification; and his *well-known gallantry* might have

rendered him more than usually *descriptive* when expatiating on the *merits* of his Sovereign. But, without doubt, all this was more than counterbalanced by his enthusiastic reception of his Prince; and far be it from me to think that a particle of hypocrisy exists in the breast of one whom Mr. Plunkett has honoured with his confidence; and to whom no less a personage than the Attorney General of Ireland has confined the important secret, *that he was resolved to carry their darling object, “MAKING AS FEW SACRIFICES TO THE PREJUDICES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND AS HE POSSIBLY COULD.”*

Now, Sir, it would be almost as *naughty* for me to suspect your learned friend and co-adjutor of a certain non-descript feeling, as to attribute Mr. Plunkett's *imperfect vision* of the real cause of the insurrection to the Romanists of Ireland having dashed *gold-dust* in his eyes! God forbid, Sir, that I should suffer so illiberal a suspicion to enter my mind! I am sure, positively convinced, that, for all the labour you have had in advocating their cause, no other recompence has been tendered you, than the reward of your own exalted mind, from a consciousness of your having performed your duty with integrity and uprightness! Well do I know that Mr. Plunkett would cast from him, with disgust, even a Roman Catholic Emancipation Petition; if some three or four thousand

pounds accompanied it as a *douceur*! If, Sir, you were slow to discover the main-spring of that *southern frolic*, I cannot attribute it to any other cause than your over-flowing charity, which instantly made you dismiss the revolting thought, that those very Roman Catholics, for whose principles you entertain so high a veneration, that, if "*the prejudices*" of JOHN BULL would permit, you would forthwith entrust them with all the power which their *ardent* souls could covet, should have indulged in so *fanciful & whim* as the murder of all the Protestants of Ireland!

I am troubled with a very tenacious memory, Sir; and, therefore, I entreat you to bear with me, while I mention another striking coincidence, which I likewise attribute to the *merest accident* imaginable: is it not strange, Sir, that a Journal of this City—the *Weekly Register*, which that many-tongued monster, FAME, has actually denominated "*The mouthpiece*" of your learned friend and co-adjutor, should have *stumbled upon* a course so admirably calculated to advance the objects of those Gallant Radicals? It is quite fresh in my recollection, that at the time to which COFFEY alluded, when the unhappy Queen was to be made a stalking-horse for treason, this reputed "*Mouth-piece*" of your *amiable* friend, scarce ever suffered a single opportunity to pass by without making the most *animated* appeals to every Irishman to "*assert the rights of his Queen*;" and so far did his enthusiastic *goodness of heart* carry the *loyal* Editor of the "*Mouth-piece*" of your "*Second Daniel*," that I have known the dear kind soul to burst forth into the bitterest reproaches against all his countrymen, because they were not armed Cap-a-pee at the first blast of his shrill clarion; and the good hearted creature could not avoid attributing the backwardness of Irishmen to embark in so *glorious* a cause, to "*their having been so long slaves, that they had now lost all the feelings of freemen!*"

How singular that your learned co-adjutor, and his most loyal "*Mouth-*

piece," without the slightest apprehension that they were forwarding the projects of very *naughty* characters, should have accidentally hit upon the most likely method of doing so!

But to return from this digression:—In your speech to the jury, on the trial of KEENAN, you are reported to have said, that, "*For some years back, more than two or three years*, a plan was formed for associating the members of the community into an organized body, *for the purpose of overthrowing the Government of the Country.*" Alas, good Sir, what a sad thing it is to want learning! I, poor unlettered being that I am, would have immediately pronounced this the very essence of a political conspiracy! But it appears that Mr. Plunkett's *learning* enabled him to discover, and pronounce too with the most confident tone imaginable, "*that there was nothing of politics in the conspiracy.*!!!!

But further; you state, that "*Their plan was first to have Lodges formed of thirty or forty persons each; these took an oath to conform to the rules of the Society, and to obey the orders of their leaders and superiors*, and also to keep, in the most inviolable manner, the secrets of the Society. They had also Baronial Assemblies, County Assemblies, Provincial Assemblies, and *National Assemblies*."

Now, Sir, for a touch of the exquisite:—You say that "*It gave you great pleasure to state, that no person of any consideration whatever belonged to that Society.*" I have only to remark, Sir, that you on a former occasion congratulated the Country, in terms equally glowing and decisive, on the happy circumstance of there being nothing *political* in the business! However COFFEY's evidence has taught us what value to set on Mr. Plunkett's confident assertions and congratulations!! Who, Sir, are those *Superiors* and *Leaders* whom the members of Lodges are sworn to obey? You know, Sir, that it is not customary for *Superiors* and *Leaders* to take an oath of fidelity to *themselves*.

Even in the British Army an officer never is attested. How then do you, Sir, take upon you so confidently to assert, that no one above the rank of a coal-porter is concerned in the conspiracy? You have been mistaken once before, Sir, and your *opinion* has greatly tended to blindfold the Country. What, Sir, if we find you in an error quite as gross, with respect to the rank of those who have got up this hellish plot? Even your own speech, Sir, prepares us for such a discovery. You say, for instance, that “*the whole system of the machinery on which they acted, (I cannot here compliment you, Sir, on the felicity of your expression,) was framed in 97, 98, and 1803; and that the model of it was taken from another country.*” Is such the fruit of a *coal-porter’s* speculations? For shame, Mr. Plunkett! your *elaborate* attempts to turn the eye of scrutiny from this business, can only excite a suspicion that your former opinions were lame and unsound. “What their precise object is, which they have in view, it would,” you add, “be difficult to say.” Really, Sir, this is the most prepsterous *flight of fancy* ever I have been witness to! You find the *greatest difficulty* in ascertaining “the precise object which they have in view,” although it is as minutely described by the several witnesses, *and even by yourself*, as ever was the object of any conspiracy!—What, Sir! are we not told that their first object was, “*To overthrow the Government of the Country;*” that, “*Another object of the Society, was, that of extirpating all the Protestants of the Country!*” Another object, as declared by the witnesses, *on oath*, was, “*To recover the rights which they lost at the Reformation?*”—that is to say, the Supremacy, and absolute power of Popery; and likewise, the confiscated estates, Abbey lands, and Church property in general.

Here, Sir, I beg to offer you my humble assistance, in this most “*difficult*” enquiry. You appear to be a little *nervous* on the occasion; I suppose from

your excessive *good-nature*, and tenderness for the reputation of those gentle, open-hearted, *undissimulating* Roman Catholics, whose avowed champion you are!

(*To be continued.*)

ARTICLES OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC FAITH, FOUND IN THE BOX OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, AFTER THE BATTLE OF WEXFORD, 1798.

FIRST—When we assemble we cross ourselves, saying, “*We acknowledge these OUR ARTICLES, in the presence of CHRIST’s VICAR, OUR LORD GOD THE POPE, and in the presence of the Holy Primates, Monks, Friars, and Priests.*”

Second—We acknowledge they can make *Vice Virtue*, and *Virtue Vice*, according to their pleasure. (Falling flat on their faces, they proceed in this manner speaking to the Host, and saying,) “*Holy, Glorious, and Admirable Host, we acknowledge it according to our good FATHER THE POPE we must all fall down before the great Effigy of our LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.*”

Third—We acknowledge the Supremacy of the Holy Father the LORD GOD THE POPE, and that he is *Peter’s* successor in the Chair.

Fourth—We acknowledge that *Peter* has the Keys of Heaven, and that he will receive those only who acknowledge his supremacy.

Fifth—We are bound to believe that there can be no Salvation out of our Holy Church.

Sixth—We are bound to believe that the late HOLY MASSACRE* was lawful, and justly put into execution against *Protestants*, and that we should continue the same as long as we can do it with safety to ourselves.

Seventh—We are bound to Curse, Ring the Bells, and put out the Candles, four times in each year on Heretics.

Eighth—We are bound to believe that Heretics can never be saved, unless they partake of that holy sacrament, Extreme Unction.

* That of 1641.

Ninth—We are bound to believe, that those who elope from our Holy Religion, are under the power of the Devil, whom Heretics follow.

Tenth—No Faith is to be kept with Heretics though bound by the most sacred Oath, for says our *Holy Father*, they have followed Damnation, Luther and Calvin.

Eleventh—We are not to believe their Oaths, for their principles are Damnation.

Twelfth—We are bound to drive Heretics out of the land with Fire, Sword, Faggot, and Confusion, as our Holy Fathers say, if their Heresy prevails we are still to become their Slaves—“Oh dear Holy Father keep us from that.” (*Here the Holy Water is shaken, and they say the Hail Mary three times.*)

Thirteenth—We are bound to absolve without any reward, all those who embrue their hands in the blood of Heretics.

Fourteenth—We are bound to believe that CHRIST’S VICAR, our Lord God the Pope, can absolve all men, Heretics excepted, and has given the like power to all his inferior Clergy.

Fifteenth—We are bound to believe all the Articles commanded by our Holy Church.

Sixteenth—We are bound to believe the Virgin Mary has more honour in Heaven than any of the Angels.

Seventhly—We are bound to pray to the help Angels that *they* may pray for us.

Eighteenth—We are bound to believe in the HOLY CROSS, HOLY WATER, HOLY SPITTLE, HOLY EARTH, HOLY BONES, HOLY PEOPLE and BEADS, and that they are to be used on certain occasions.

Nineteenth—We are bound to celebrate the Holy Mass in *Latin*, having ourselves cloathed in a Holy Vestment and Shirt, bearing the HOLY CROSS on OUR Shoulders, signifying *We are the VERY CHRIST.*

Twentieth—We are bound to believe every time Mass is celebrated, there is

an expiator for the living and the dead.

Twenty-first—We are bound to believe there are four places of Purgatory, viz. Limbus Infantum, Limbus Patrum, Meadows of Ease, and Purgatory.

Twenty-second—We are bound to believe that Christ was three days in Limbus Infantum, where the souls of Holy Fathers go, 'till they get the pass with them to the Holy Peter.

Twenty-third—We are bound to believe that the Souls of Children unbaptized, go to the Limbus Infantum, until original sin is well paid away, by the help of Holy Masses said to them.

Twenty-fourth—We acknowledge the Souls of Christians go to Purgatory, and remain there 'till we pray them out of it, that they may have the power to walk the Meadows of Ease with safety, 'till it pleases Holy Peter to open the Gates of Glory for them, where no Heretic shall ever enter.

Twenty-fifth—We are bound to keep Lent according to our Clergy’s pleasure, and to maintain the work of Supererogation.

Twenty-sixth—We are bound to acknowledge the Lake in the North to be Holy, called Lough Derragh.

Twenty-seventh—We are bound to Pray to no other Saint on that day, only them to whom it is dedicated.

Twenty-eighth—We must Baptize Bells, and consecrate Chapels, and no Man to enter into the Holy Office of a Priest, only *he who is known to be a Man*, after the Harlot JOAN.

Twenty-ninth—We maintain seven Sacraments essential to Salvation, viz. Baptism, Ucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, and Matrimony.

Thirtieth—We maintain that we can Transubstantiate the Bread and Wine, *into the Real Body and Blood of Christ.*

Thirty-first—We believe that the Heretics eat their kind of Sacrament to their ETERNAL DAMNATION.

Thirty-second—We believe that Christ is every where, but especially in our Church.

Thirty-third—We maintain we can-

not know any thing without being in danger of Judgment.

Thirty-fourth—We maintain that Heretics have neither the will of the Prophets or of Christ.

Thirty-fifth—We acknowledge that the Rosary of St. Bridget is to be said once a week, and lastly, that our Holy Church can never ERR."

FALSE PROPHECIES OF THE IRISH ROMANISTS.

PERHAPS, on the face of the earth, a more bigotted and deluded set of beings than the lower orders of the Irish Romanists is not to be found: though they have been duped, times without number, yet, so absolute is the sway which their deceivers hold over them, that they are still ready, at their call, to expose themselves to almost inevitable destruction, and never seem to profit by experience.

Many Protestants are utterly ignorant of the artifices that are made use of, to keep up a spirit of delusion and blood-thirsty fanaticism among the popish peasantry, and are inclined to look upon all who call their attention to the subject, as incendiaries, and disturbers of our national repose. But this mistake is as gross as it is dangerous. There is no question, whatever, that the expectation of Romanists has been long directed towards this period, and that the destruction of what they term "Heresy," is believed to be fast approaching. The year 1825 is now the era fixed upon, and all their hopes are directed to that year. In 1816, and 1817, however, they had an idea that Protestantism could not outlive the year 1818. A prophecy to this effect was in general circulation among the peasantry, and was attributed to St. COLUMB KILL; we need not add, that he was as much the author of it, as the child yet unborn.

We shall give the particulars of this pretended prophecy, merely to shew the murderous propensity of those sons of

delusion, and to point out what we, Protestants, are to expect, if their unbribled fury be let loose upon us.

"The extirpation of Protestants in Ireland, was to have been preceded by the landing of the *French* in one part of the island, and the landing of the *Americans* in another part. Both of these were to have been brought hither, "by an invisible power," and neither to have the slightest notion of the other's arrival or intentions. Their object, however, was one—the massacre of all Protestants, high and low, great and small, old and young.

"This Massacre was to begin at *Lanesborough* in the County of Longford, and immediately to extend to a place called *Horse-leap*; and a mill in that neighbourhood was to be kept turning forty-eight hours, merely with the streaming blood of heretics!!! One singular circumstance was to take place on this occasion—a man with five thumbs on each hand, would hold the reins of three King's horses, on the boundary line, or junction of the three Provinces, namely, Connaught, Leinster, and Ulster, "while Ireland would be won and lost: but lost it would be." The Irish Militia were to be called out at the same time, and reviewed, in the *Phoenix* Park, before his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and there would be present on the occasion, the king of Sardinia, the king of Spain, and the king of England. His Royal Highness, was to ask the Irish Militia, to volunteer their services to England. This they were one and all to refuse. On this, his Royal Highness, would command them instantly to lay down their arms, and at the same time ride through the ranks with a white hankerchief in his hand, as a token for the other soldiers then present to fire on the Irish Militia. In consequence, a great number of them was to be killed. The kings of Sardinia and Spain were now to act their part. These monarchs would forthwith call for the treaty that was made between the English and the Irish after the battle of Aughrim.

"This treaty, if we may believe the Prophet, now lies in Limerick, in an iron box with three locks to it, one of the keys of which is in the possession of the king of Sardinia, another in the hands of the king of Spain, and the third his Majesty of England has been condescendingly permitted to keep. The king of England not finding it convenient to repair to Limerick, in *propria persona*, in order to be present at the opening of the far-famed Iron-chest, which was never to disgorge its precious treasure without the unanimous consent of the three Monarchs, would depute the Lord Lieutenant to act as his proxy on the occasion. To Limerick they go, with all their attendants, and arrive in that City without any thing material occurring on the road. While they were waiting in the house where the iron-box is deposited, the Lord Lieutenant was to become very much agitated, walking about the room with his hat off: but, under some pretext or other, neglecting to open the box.

"His Excellency was then to watch his opportunity, slip out of the door, dart into a carriage which was to be in waiting, and dash away towards Dublin, with all possible velocity. On his Excellency's departure being discovered, the two Roman Catholic Princes were to mount their horses, and pursue the runaway. They overtake him at "Cursis Stream," and without any further ceremony, shoot him through the head. This was to be the signal for the regular *set-to*—the holy sons of "Mother Church" were now to rise on the "cursed Heretics," and obtain ample revenge for all their past sufferings. Not a single Protestant was to escape; and so great and so rapid was the massacre to be, that by the year 1821, even the name of a "heretic," would not be heard of! Nay, what is more, the Papists, to shew their abhorrence of the very remembrance of their annihilated oppressors, would take the greatest delight in turning up their contaminating bones, and rooting them from out the earth where they had been buried!"

It is a positive fact that this absurd prophecy obtained considerable credit among the vulgar in this country; and to this hour thousands of them imagine that the completion of it is only put off until the year 1825. Their seducers have art enough to persuade them that there was merely an error in the calculation of the time; but that Pastorini has set all this matter to rights!

HORRORS OF THE VENETIAN CELLS,

The following Article is extracted from the last number of THE ALBUM, It is given with a great many other interesting articles under the head of "SCRAPS":—

"When I was in Venice, I descended into the cells of the Prigioni Pubbliche, or Great Common Prison.—Here—even here—the soul of man clings to his body; and shows no more symptoms, or prescience of immortality than if that body were on a bed of down, canopied in a gorgeous palace.

In the morning, when I set out on this gloomy expedition, Dominico Zaccchi, my Venetian servant, who had attended Lord St. Asaph, Sir George Beaumont, and several other English travellers, during their residence at Venice, took his leave of me. This was on the 16th of September, 1787.—Dominico thought that I would never return, or if I did I might a 'tale unfold' that would endanger my safety at Venice. But he said, from what he had heard, he did not think it possible for me to survive the foul and pestilential air I had to encounter.

"My design was to see the perfection—the far-famed ultimatum of policy—the immured for life *in solitary cells*.

"The late Mr. John Howard, F. R. S. was in the prison when he was in Venice; but he only heard something and saw nothing of this prison of prisons.

"He had not bodily strength to bear the exertion required in such an undertaking. Neither do I believe he would

have been suffered to enter them. It was with some difficulty that I obtained permission from the inquisitors, which was granted me merely on account of my being an English physician; a character much respected at that time in Venice. I wished to have seen the Sotto Piembi, where the State Prisoners were kept, but that was refused. Here, under the roof of the public buildings, they are confined; exposed to the rigour of winter's cold, and summer's heat, and the vicissitude's of scorching days, and chilling nights.

"I was conducted through the Prison, with one of its inferior dependents. We had a torch with us. We crept along narrow passages, as dark as pitch. In some of them two people could scarcely pass each other. The cells are made of massy marble; the architecture of the celebrated Sansovino.

"The cells are not only dark and black as ink, but being surrounded and confined with huge walls, the smallest breath of air can scarcely find circulation in them. They are about nine feet square on the floor, arched at the top, and between six and seven high in the highest part. There is to each cell a round hole of eight inches in diameter, through which the prisoner's daily allowance of twelve ounces of bread and a pot of water is delivered. There is a small iron door to the cell. The furniture of the cell is a little straw; and a small tub: nothing else. The straw is renewed and the tub emptied, through the iron door, occasionally.

"The diet is ingeniously contrived for the perduration of punishment. Animal food, or a cordial nutricious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venetian justice. Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest, from the admonition of her sad existence, by the Gaoler's daily return.

"I saw one man, who had been in a cell thirty years, ; two, who had been twelve years; and several who had been

eight years and nine years in their respective cells.

"By my taper's light I could discover the Prisoners' horrid countenances. They were all naked. The man who had been there thirty years, in face and body, was covered with long hair. He had lost the arrangement of words and order of language. When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise, and expressed fear and surprise; and like some wild animals in deserts, which have suffered by treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning from me if he could.

"One, whose faculties were not so obliterated, who still recollects the difference between day and night—whose eyes and ears, though long closed with a silent blank, still languished to perform their natural functions, implored in the most piercing manner, that I would prevail on the gaoler to murder him; or to give him some instrument to destroy himself. I told him I had no power to serve him in this request. He then entreated I would use my endeavours with the Inquisitors to get him hanged, or drowned in the canal d'Orfano. But even in this I could not serve him. Death was a favour I had not interest enough to procure for him. This kindness of death, however, was, during my stay in Venice, granted to one man, who had been, "from the cheerful ways of man cut off" thirteen years.

"Before he left his dungeon, I had some conversation with him; this was six days previous to his execution.—His transport at the prospect of death was surprising. He longed for the happy moment. No Saint ever exhibited more fervour in anticipating the joys of a future state, than this man did at the thoughts of being released from life, during four days, mockery of his trial.

"It is in the canal d'Orfano, where vessels from Turkey and the Levant perform quarantine. This place is the watery grave of many who have committed political or personal offences

against the State or Senate; and of many who have committed no offences at all. They are carried through the city only in the middle of the night, tied up in a sack, with a large stone fastened to it, and thrown into the water.—Fishermen are prohibited, on forfeiture of their lives, against fishing in this district. The pteence is the plague.—This is the secret history of the people being lost in Venice.

“ What I now unfold in regard to the Prison in Venice, is known but to a few people. I have reason to believe that no Foreigner besides myself, ever witnessed the scene I have related—the exploring of which nearly cost me my life. The heat and want of air in the passages, so oppressed my strength and respiration, that I could scarcely walk or breathe when I left the Prison.—Sweat ran through every pore of my body—my clothes were, to my coat sleeves, wet through,—I staid too long there. I went to St. Mark’s Place, as soon as I could, and, by the assistance of the trembling Dominico, waiting for my return—the blessed light of day—fresh air, and a few glasses of Maraschino, I was enabled to get to my lodgings at the Scudo di Francia, on the side of the great canal, near the Rialto, where I was for several hours extremely ill, and for several days much indisposed.”—MOSELEY.—*Prisons.*

ANECDOTES.

Anecdote of Natural History.—Thomas Graham, of Scattergate, Appleby, has at this time, a cow and a pig so strongly attached to each other, that they are never separated; the former will not suffer herself to be driven to any place without the company of her little attendant, to whom she acts as a careful safeguard; for in her way to grass, she has every day to pass through the town, when the grunter is frequently assailed by dogs, who pay dear for their temerity in attacking it. After a conflict of this kind, the cow and the pig never fail to congratulate each other on

their victory, by stopping and rubbing their noses together, in a most loving manner; and when they again begin their march, the pig will take its posse close by the side of its protector, wagging its short tail with the greatest contentment.

Ascertaining the Longitude.—An ingenious instrument has been invented by Mr. Harley, of the Chain Pier, at Trinity, for ascertaining the longitude. It has been submitted, we understand, to six naval officers, who concur in opinion, that it will completely answer its intended purpose on land, or at sea in calm weather; but they are decided in opinion of the impracticability of using it at sea in stormy weather, owing to the violent motion to which it will be subjected: this objection, however, if it cannot be obviated, must apply to all other instruments of a similar description. Mr. Harley has taken his instrument to London, to be there inspected. The reward offered for the discovery of a complete instrument for ascertaining the longitude is, we believe, 20,000l.

The name of Henry unlucky to the Kings of France.

The name of Henry has proved so fatal to the kings of France, that there seems to be some hidden mystery in it. Thus Henry the Second was killed by a shiver of a lance, which burst his eye when he jested with Count Montgomery, at a tournament.

Henry the Third was assassinated by Tagus Clement, a Jacobin.

And Henry the Fourth was stabbed in his chariot by Francis Ravaillac.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. V.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c.

TO ITS CENTER?” Oh, Sir! there is a sadly mysterious aspect over this affair!

But, Sir, I was present at the trial alluded to, and listened with breathless attention. I can therefore form an estimate of the *management*, with far more confidence than if I were entirely dependant on a newspaper report. Then, to be candid, Sir, I should have felt more gratification if COFFEY had not been kept so much in *leading strings*. Perhaps, Sir, you comprehend my meaning. But, even as it was, enough has come out to answer my purpose, and to shew that *a drag had been put on the wheel!*

[Continued from Page 27.]
One expression, Sir, struck me as very inconsistent with the ordinary tenor of your speeches: it is where you acknowledge that the “ *illegality and danger of this Association were stamped*—by what? *By a resolution exclusively its own*, and which was, *that no person, except those professing the Roman Catholic religion, should be admissible into this Society!*” What! is it out at last? The danger of it *stamped* by its being exclusively Popish!!! So we have this confession from Mr. Plunkett's lips!!!! Bless my stars! I thought the *innocent* Papists were utterly incapable of “ hatching” any thing against the Government! Why, Mr. Plunkett, you hissed, and you coughed down, and you ridiculed, and you scouted, that really honest man, Thomas Ellis Esq. M. P. for making a similar assertion to this of yours! Now, Mr. Plunkett, I ask you again, had not COFFEY put you into full possession of their plans before the last Session of Parliament? Did you not then know, as you have stated in the speech under consideration, *that an Association exclusively composed of Papists, “ WERE HATCHING THEIR PLOTS, UNTIL ONE GENERAL CONVULSION SHOULD SHAKE THE CONSTITUTION*

Will you allow me to ask you, Sir, how did it happen that when COFFEY was *permitted* to inform the court, “ *That the Whole of Connaught, together with the greater part of Leinster and Ulster were concerned in this conspiracy*,” and partook of the organization, not one word was suffered to transpire respecting *Munster*? Was this, Sir, out of compliment to the Attorney General, to avoid a certain clashing of opinions? You, Sir, had given it as *your opinion*, even in your speech to the Jury, that this conspiracy was not “ *by any means connected with the outrages which lately took place throughout the country*.” This *opinion* was delivered, I imagine, Sir, to preserve Mr. Plunkett's *consistency*! You had, Sir, at the Special Commission at Cork, as well

as in the House of Commons, represented the Insurrection in *Munster* as merely a wild and malicious *frivolity*, which had not "any definite object in view;" but this *coal-porter* conspiracy had a definite object in view: therefore, Sir, it would have been admitting your former want of — discrimination to have acknowledged that they had "any connexion whatever!" Ah, Mr. Plunkett! was this, or was it not a petty subterfuge?

But again,—you say, Sir, in your speech, that those Associations, or Lodges, "Were spreading beyond the City and the County." "Spreading," Sir! Why, Sir, your witness, *COFFEY*, swears positively that *they had already spread through three Provinces*; and it is most probable that, *if out of leading strings*, he would have added the *fourth Province* also. *COFFEY* likewise said, "That he *heard the names* of some *respectable persons*, who, it was stated, *were members*." This, Sir, he *let out* when examined by Mr. *TOWNSEND*; and I am inclined to attach quite as much credit to the positive testimony of one whom I firmly believe to be an honest, intelligent, and strictly conscientious man,—as to the *congratulations* of Mr. Plunkett, and his *charitable conclusions* from non-descript premises.

Sir, the more this wound is probed, the more dangerous will it be found. It is in vain, Sir, to conceal it.—You have been *awkwardly* situated. Now, Sir, did you not, during the whole of the last year, feel yourself almost like the *Ass*, between two bundles of hay? If Mr. Plunkett had been *indiscreet* in his manner of *handling* the conspiracy, how could he hope to be *honored* with a *Roman Catholic brief* at the next Session of Parliament? We all know, Sir, that no emolument whatever is attached to the office: and still it is wonderful, Sir, where all the *Po-pish Exchequer* of this country empties itself! It is a fact which I should find but little difficulty in substantiating, that regular collectors go round every week to receive the forced contributions

of all classes of the votaries of *Popery*; even a labouring man pays **TEN PENCE** per week!! Now, Sir, if we add the produce of these weekly collections, to *Ribbonmen's "DUES,"* and the other methods which our learned and patriotic Barrister has prescribed to his "**DEAR FELLOW CHRISTIANS**," in order to advance the interests of their cause, it will appear, beyond all question, that five or six thousand pounds to defray the expences attending each petition to Parliament, would not be ever missed! And really, Sir, as the first pretext for commencing these forced contributions, was "*to defray the expences of petitioning the Imperial Parliament in favor of the Catholic Claims*,"—I here quote from the *Pious Daniel's* circular,—I am almost in admiration at Mr. PLUNKETT's disinterestedness, in not suffering the ignoble motive of filthy lucre for a moment to enter into his mind! Ah, Sir! how delightful it is to see a Statesman thus devoting his time, and his talents to the good of his countrymen, and refusing to sully his fair reputation by giving the slightest ground for suspicion of a selfish feeling; even where a liberal pecuniary reward would seem to be within his reach!

However, Sir, this *unpolluted honor* of advocating the "*Rights*" of those injured *innocents*, who are merely "*Hatching their plots until one general convulsion should shake the CONSTITUTION to its centre*," would probably, have been *capriciously* torn from Mr. PLUNKETT, if he had displayed the unfashionable *illiberality* of some of his predecessors: or had he been as eagle-eyed as the upright *SAURIN* to discover the secret designs of those "*Hatchers*" of treason. It is to be hoped now, Sir, that you have *saved your distance*, and have not bolted too far from the prescribed course. It is to be hoped, that your admissions have been sufficiently *qualified*, not to *gag* you when you next bring the "*Rights*" of the Romanists before Parliament.

You say, Mr. Attorney General, that "*There is no danger to be apprehend-*

ed from such a Society." I trust not, Sir. Providence will watch over us, whether you do or not. But, Sir, if your honest efforts had been availing, *they* might, ere this, have possessed the means of rendering their conspiracy far more formidable to us. Suppose, for instance, Mr. Attorney General, you had succeeded in making it fashionable to bring Romanists into power, and that some Gentlemen of that persuasion chanced to occupy most important stations of trust in this Country, just at the moment when they considered themselves strong enough to produce that "*One general convulsion that should shake the CONSTITUTION to its center;*" suppose one of them to be a Chief Secretary, another to be an Attorney General—alas! the very possibility of our losing our present *invaluable* one (*yourself* I mean, Sir,) makes me quite nervous!—Suppose that, by a little *mâneuvering*, Protestant magistrates were supplanted by Popish—the Ordnance Stores incautiously kept; arms and ammunition,—at a moment of "*Conciliation*,"—suffered to find their way among "**THE SONS OF THE SHAMROCK.**" Suppose, Sir, that the present system of discouraging Loyalty were increased a hundred fold, and the only sworn friends of the Constitution driven into *obscenity* and *disgust*:—what, under such circumstances, should you think of having fanatics sworn to murder all the Protestants in Ireland, and most judiciously formed into *Companies*, of forty men each, with leaders appointed to them, to whom they are bound, by the most solemn engagements, most implicitly to obey? Is nothing, Sir, to be apprehended from "*Such a Society?*" Ah, Mr. PLUNKETT! beware how you throw Protestants off their guard while such danger threatens them!

You wish, Sir, to persuade the Country, that the "*outrages*" in the South of Ireland, had no connexion whatever with the associations which COFFEY swore to have extended over Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught. Is such your conviction, Sir? If so, I really consider

it the most extraordinary conclusion that ever was drawn! Have you, Sir, attended to the reports of those trials held under the Insurrection Act? If you have, Sir, you will see that several of the Witnesses, even in those petty cases, gave, *as far as they were questioned*, a description of the *System*, perfectly agreeing with that of the Witnesses at Green-street. You will find, Sir, the fact of inflammatory notices being served by order of the "*Committee Men*," sworn to in several instances; and you will also discover that a regular organization, oaths of secrecy, implicit obedience to the commands of their "*Leaders*," &c. constituted the grand features of the Southern Insurrection, as well as of the Conspiracy which has been developed by Michael COFFEY. It also appears that *not a single Protestant was concerned in the Munster outrages*; But, Sir, have we not another striking proof of the exclusively Popish nature of the Kerry Insurrection? Two men, BRERETON a Protestant, and another who was a Romanist, are sent on the same expedition; the Protestant is inhumanly murdered by a large body of the Insurgents; but the Romanist is permitted to escape!!! Whence this difference, Sir? I shall likewise demand of you, Sir, have you perused the document which was found on the person of Mr. DENIS EGAN, on last Good Friday? This, you know, Sir, unfortunately for Mr. PLUNKETT's hypothesis, belonged to an inhabitant of *Munster*, and one somewhat above the rank of a "*Coal-porter*," as his father is a man, to my certain knowledge, reputed to be worth at least £1000, a year!!! I know the family, Sir, and can vouch for their holding a respectable rank in society. What is the reason, Sir, that we have never heard any thing concerning this said Mr. DENIS EGAN, since his apprehension? Would the investigation of *his* case likewise militate against Mr. PLUNKETT's *infallibility*? Now, Sir, on a review of the *Catechism* and *Obligations* found on the person of this young Gentleman,

I perceive a close connexion between it and the documents produced at Green-street, both as to *spirit* and *letter*: as close a connexion as could at all be expected,—as you are well aware, Mr. Attorney General, that a partial change takes place, at certain stated periods, in the Catechism, Pass-words, &c. ... This change, formerly, was made on the first Sunday in every Quarter of a year, yiz. in January, April, &c. Accordingly we find that Mr. EGAN was apprehended on the 5th of April, two days preceding the first Sunday of that Quarter; and he was, in all probability, repairing to his Committee, in order to have the "*New System*" ready for dissemination, on the following Sunday. You are not ignorant, I imagine, Sir, that this change in the *System* is made at one and the same moment all over Ireland; and that the *Metamorphis* is effected after *Mass* at the several Popish Chapels throughout the Country, before "*The Boys*" Separate.

(To be continued.)

Letter of CATHOLICUS HIBERNICUS to the Roman Primate of Ireland, in answer to his Calf's head Complaint and his Strictures on Doctor Magee.

RIGHT REV. SIR,

I have this day read a letter of your's to the PARISH PRIEST of ARDEE, prefaced by another to the people of Ireland under the assumed name of MARCIUS, but which has been at once attributed, with what truth I know not to a noisy BARRISTER. Now that so short a letter should require so long a preface, unless it were meant to serve as a key to the more guarded expressions of your's, and thus to shew, that if you thought it seemly in so high a dignitary of the Church to use the inflammatory words it contains, they are those you would have adopted; or that there might be some part of it suited to the taste of every class of your readers, and thus mature the business now hatching in the country—was what seemed to

puzzle a few friends in whose company I chanced to read your epistle.

Let it however have what effect it may upon others, its contents have given to me more mixed reflections, than I consider it prudent at the present to lay before the public. Still some of those reflections must come forth and form the subject of the present letter.

It has always appeared to me a strange circumstance, that men are so generally found to look for and require in others what they by no means possess or wish to possess themselves, as also to vituperate and decry, in others, those traits which appear as it were, to form their own characteristics and essence. This reflection has been forced to take a wider roam from the perusal of your letter; for it appears (as far as what bears your own name is concerned) to breath a spirit of moderation totally different from that which marks the periods of your fellow-labourers in the Roman Catholic vineyard; I allude to the writings—not only of your base and scurilous and malevolent cotemporary an IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC DIGNITARY, who has conveyed his ill-bred and vulgar ribaldry, through the offensive channel of the Evening Post, which stills to disgust the wader through its columns, by the pestilential effluvia which this vile cant of the lowest order of Popery has left behind it; but even those of the more moderate and gentlemanly Romanists of our day. All the vile Billingsgate of this wretched scribbler, I shall only say, I feel much astonished, that although you may not disavow his sentiments, you have not, in justice to yourself, to your people, to the order to which you belong, and to which a foreign nomination has so unfortunately attached him, at least, protested against the manner in which these sentiments have been conveyed before the Irish public. You may rest assured this would do more service to your misguided flock at the present day, than all the letters you can write complaining of insults whether *imaginary* or *real*; offered at the Altar of Ardee.

I say *imaginary* or *real*; for you must remember it has not yet appeared, that the placing a calf's head on the aforesaid Altar has been the act of a Protestant; and I am greatly disposed to think that the Ribbonmen of your flock, have not disdained to adopt, from a politician, whose name they cordially detest, the lame and crooked practice of first *creating* and then sounding the alarm against an offence offered to religion. This is my opinion, and I heartily wish, that, detesting, as I do, any irreverence offered to the Altar, the perpetrators may be quickly discovered; feeling a full confidence that the detection will lead to a clearer manifestation, that not only *toleration*, but *protection* is afforded to the free exercise of every form of Christian worship, under the British Government in Europe, or even with regard to that Government from which every thing Romish emanates.

Now, in agreeing as I do with you, in a wish to see any wanton insulter of the Altar meet his deserved punishment, you will give me leave widely to differ from you as to the *manner* of expressing your feelings on the subject, and the high wrought tone of that expression.

One would really imagine, by reading your *Lachrymæ Patriarchales* on the business, that it had been an offence similar to that committed in the Church of BALLYMORE EUSTACE in 1798,— *ubi suggestum in foricam conversum est*, and the leaves of the Bible and Prayer book were applied to uses, which, while it is remembered, should cause even the bigotry of Popery itself to blush, for having given birth to such atrocious monsters; or to that committed in the church of Saunderscourt, in the County of Wexford, where a similar, or if possible, a worse profanation of the holy temple of religion was committed: a profanation which was immediately followed in an adjoining parish by an outrage no less heinous than the forcing an aged Protestant to read the prayers of the Church of England service to

the horses of the rebels, and piking him when this abominable service was ended: and all this, under the eye of monsters who celebrated Mass, and administered the rites of the Romish religion to those deluded miscreants, on that very day, *absolving them from all their sins*, but who shortly after fell a sacrifice to the offended laws of their country.

These crimes, however had, I thought, long since passed by, and should never be mentioned by me, although from some of my own relatives having fallen victims to the demoniac ferocity of these more than barbarous times, I have but too strong reasons for recollecting them; did I not see, at the present day, the same spirit abroad that caused this demoralized state of the country.

Yes, Sir, this spirit is abroad; and no wonder, when we can see those who are appointed to be their teachers, and to whose oracular nod they bend with more submission than to the word of the Omnipotent himself, by their discourses in some instances, their dissemination of seditious tracts in others, and their connivance in all, support it in the minds of the old, instil it into those of the young, and encourage it in every rank of their followers. This spirit, educated as I have been in a Roman Catholic country, and mixing at all times with both the lower and higher orders of their persuasion, I know to exist among them; and that it requires but the slightest puff of pontifical wind to fan into flame the latent spark, and excite a general explosion; and this spirit you are well aware is but too deeply rooted in the breasts of your flock, as appears from your cloaked and extenuated description of them, where you say, you “know the natural warmth and precipitation of your countrymen, and “how easily they are sometimes moved “to violent measures, that *besides* being “criminal would injure themselves more “than all their enemies can do.” From this admission of practical religion in the members of your Church (for you

ought to remember that deeds of valour, and sentiments of honor, not cowardice and midnight assassination, had once been the *national* characteristics of Irishmen, and even still are attendant on such as have courage enough to emancipate themselves from their spiritual bondage) you must *know* that for their spiritual Pastors to say they have been insulted, is, when they have the opportunity to pronounce *the destruction of the offender*; for a DIGNITARY of their Church to complain of an insult offered to that Church, is *to sound to arms throughout his diocese*: to tell them that though grieved, slandered and insulted, they should endure patiently, is *to spur them on to take signal vengeance* on those new PLANNERS OF EDUCATION, members of "BIBLE SOCIETIES," "PROSLEYTING TEACHERS," their merciless oppressors; or, as the learned and far-famed ADVOCATE who writes the preface to your letter styles them "**THOSE RUFFIANS OF THE REFORMATION.**" Indeed, Sir, your gentle remonstrances, with a people accustomed to be deterred from crime, in cases where their pastors choose to be in earnest, (as in the case of their going to hear the word of God preached in a Protestant place of worship, their refusing to force Protestant wives to renounce heresy, and various other matters of such weighty moment) by no less formidable an instrument than BELL, BOOK and CANDLE; whilst at the same time you whet their feelings, by pointing to their lost riches and splendor, appear to me something like as if you offered a sword to a man bent on murder; saying "my good friend, don't use it;" and thus your *pacific* exhortation forcibly calls to my mind the story of the **SORBONNE PROFESSOR**, who being in debt and pursued by Bailiffs into the College-square, with the most composed gravity of countenance, said to the students rushing out to prevent his being taken "Gentlemen, if you attempt to nail this Bailiff's ear to the great door, I shall fine you all three sous."

The intended expulsion of the Bailiff

was soon relinquished, and an honourable post in the university, where he might listen to the lectures with as much ease as he could, was assigned him. *Quid rides? de te fabula narratur; me multum ab epistola tua abudit imago.* The cases are so plainly alike that I shall not, for fear of widening a breach which I had thought was coming to a close, and which, I am prouder to say, has not been first rendered more wide by PROTESTANTS, add another word, but merely to request that before you be further instrumental in so doing; you consider well, have you the means of extricating out of the difficulties and dangers into which, *the teamings of a disaffected Press*, which seeks only the more extended sale of its productions; *the frothy vituperation of a rude half excommunicated Priest*, who, by a display of ultra-zeal seeks to re-establish himself in his lost place in the prejudices (for I shall not call them affections) of an enthusiastic and jealous mob; and *the vile loathsome and disgusting calumny of a BISHOP* once similarly situated; *tantum mutare valet tempus!* aided and supported, as they all seem to be, by the EX-CATHEDRA-MANIFESTO of the ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIMATE;— are likely to throw the peasantry of your unhappy country; a peasantry, who, year after year, have been made the dupes of designing knavery; and, when led into the field of battle, have always been deserted by their deceivers, and at the sight of the regular forces of the country, have been given up to the fury of a soldiery, enraged for the violation of their property, often for the murder of their parents, brothers, sisters, relations, or friends, who had fallen victims to the midnight assassination of some lawless banditti. Believe me, Sir, you would be much better employed, if, instead of magnifying an insult, which, to make the most of it, was but a coarse and vulgar attempt at ridicule, but which appears to have been *got up* through Romish agency, as there has not been the slightest proof that any Protestant has had any hand in it; were

you to reason with those of your community, who are sworn to the extirpation of HERETICS, and have fixed on 1825 for a celebration of ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE, with a magnificence of murder, designed to outstrip any thing before experienced:—*hoc operum tuorum est*; and in doing this, you might readily shew them, that to be deserted by the long-winded orators, who *speak, and write, and look* sedition, is all they have to expect, when the hour of danger is arrived: for that, the experience of the past, of the present,—and, without requiring you to have a FASTERINI's spirit, you might say, of the future, enables you to pronounce this, their INVARIABLE MOTTO, *Dictius est igitur fictis contendere verbis quam pugnare manu.*

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

O! quam turpe.—PLAUTUS.

MR. EDITOR—At length I have been gratified by the sight of a work that promises to be conducted with the coolness of candour, and the honesty of impartiality; though, at the same time, the firm, unswerving advocate of those principles which are the life and soul of our Religion. Allow me to congratulate you, on the success that has hitherto attended your admirable production, and to assure you, that you have friends, able and most willing to patronize your laudable efforts.

“ I am astonished you have not taken more notice of that scandalous Pamphlet, entitled “ A Letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, &c. by a Dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church;” which to me, and indeed to every unprejudiced mind, appears to be one of the most impudent, gross, uncalled-for, unwarrantable attacks upon an unoffending character, I ever yet saw. I say *unoffending*; for what has his Grace done, that he should be sorry for, or that he should not have done?—

Shall a Bishop of the Established Church not be permitted to address his Clergy, according as he thinks proper, or as the voice of his conscience dictates; because, forsooth, the delicate ears of a Roman Catholic Parson are offended at what he says? Out upon such insolence! Allow me to assure you, Mr. Dignitary, whoever you may be, that when the Bishops of our Church, may, in future, be disposed to advise their Clergy, and direct them in the paths of their duty, they have no idea whatever, of going to you, or any other P. P. for instructions how to proceed.

“ So voluminous is the tissue of ignorance and nonsense now before me, that I shall be obliged to pass over the almost innumerable instances of each, which are so evident, even to the most casual observer, and content myself, for the present, with adverting to one or two of the most glaring. I would direct your attention, Mr. Editor, to the 10th page of this erudite production, 12th line, when the enlightened Author, in a furious attack upon the Archbiscop, for, (as he says,) assuming the title of Apostolic, and alluding to the irregularities of New-Light Sectarians, makes the following beautiful and eloquent assertion, viz.—“ Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley, and Coverdale, and Peter Martyr, and Bucer, and Zuinglius, and Henry, and Somerset, and Elizabeth, &c. &c. &c. &c.—These, my Lord, are the apostles and *fathers* of your Church;—these are the *men*, with a host of apostates, in whom your Grace glories!!” Now, my Right Rev. Dr. Blunder, is not this a happy sentence, proceeding from the pen of a man, *doubtless*, of high birth and education, as your rank bespeaks; but, probably your Right Reverence made use of this *new* figure of rhetoric, in order to prove yourself, beyond all controversy, truly and legitimately, a suffering “ Irishman.”

“ The next passage I shall advert to, is in page 7, last paragraph; when his Right Reverence bursts out into a vast profusion of queries, to the following

effect:—As an Archbishop of the Established Church, I would beg leave to ask you, my Lord, *who are you, and where did you come from, &c.*” Now, in the name of wonder, was ever such unparalleled audacity heard of before, from any illiterate quack, or dogmatic pretender to theological, or any other species of knowledge whatever! But just let us reverse matters for a moment, and allow me, in return, who have as good a right to ask such questions as you,—to ask you, as a High Priest in the temple of idolatry, who, (in the name of God,) *you are, and where you came from, who have the daring hardihood to propose such questions to such a person as Dr. Magee,—the mention of whose very name, throughout the three kingdoms, never fails to call forth testimonies of the highest admiration and respect?* And this is the man who has been reviled and found fault with,—by whom?—*Some uninformed mass of proud superstition*, not long issued forth from the corrupt thresholds of Maynooth, and puffed forward by arrogance and impudence into ephemeral notice, and imaginary consequence;—some name 'till now unheard of. I should not say name, for the cowardly assailant had not the courage to affix his name to his composition, but rather chose, like the mean assassin behind the ditch, to shoot from his protecting ambush. Take care, Mr. Dignitary, make no further efforts, for impotent they must ever be, to puff yourself out of your present obscurity, lest, like the frog in the fable, you should unhappily burst in the attempt.

“ I shall trespass on your time no further, Mr. Editor, than while I quote one passage more from this same ribaldrous effusion, and this is from the last page, where the impudent man has presumed to hold up the present Pope, as a model for imitation, to the Archbishop, and where he *kindly* advises his Grace to pray to the God of the Temple to make him resemble the pattern!!!

Now, did ever any one, since the enormities of Popery commenced their

baneful æra, and since ignorant fools have attempted to claim the palm of wisdom, did ever any one, I say, hear from any of the crew, such a preposterous dictate!

“ Really, Mr. Editor, I must have done; my feelings will not allow me to reason calmly on the subject, and language does not supply words sufficiently strong to express my indignation.

“ If you will give this an early place in your interesting columns, you will much oblige, Sir,

Your's, &c.

“ AN IRISH PROTESTANT.”
College, 21st Nov. 1822.

Anecdote of Superstition.

The monks in Spain have introduced a custom which is very useful to them. It is, that the money to pay the masses which a dying man orders to be said for him, must be paid out of the estate he leaves, in preference to all his debts. The Spaniards who seem to have a terrible dread of his Satanic Majesty, order frequently so great a number of masses, that too often there remains little or nothing for their unfortunate heirs and creditors. On these occasions they say, in their humorous way—*Mr. Such-a-one has left his soul his heir.* A Spanish monarch ordered 100,000 masses to be said for him. If masses will stand in lieu of so many virtues, the worst kings will certainly have the best seats in heaven.

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Many valuable favors from our Correspondents are under consideration, and shall be respectfully attended to in the future Numbers.

THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. VI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c.

[Continued from Page 36.]

Let me now, Sir, lay before you a few extracts from this charming document; and I am sure the Protestants of Ireland will render you many thanks for your *forbearance* in not even bringing the business forward!—Observe, Sir, *it is signed by a Delegate to CAPTAIN ROCK*, whose wonder-working name, as Mr. PLUNKETT will at least acknowledge, was not an empty sound in promoting the Southern “Outrages.”

The first clause in the *Egan* obligation, was as follows:—

“ I do voluntarily swear to keep secret the test of my oath, which I made, &c.

“ Second—Never to come as evidence against my Committee, or the man who brought me in, (See Michael Coffey's evidence,) or any of my brothers united men, on any account whatever,” &c.

In the eighth clause we find a prohibition against “ committing any action concerning United Business, without Liberty;” that is, without “ getting proper notice, as by letter, or word of mouth, from the Committee.” “ Whenever this “ proper notice” was given, they were sworn, “ to rise out.”

Need I, Sir, call your attention to the uniform manner in which this part of

the “Test” has been obeyed. In fact the *puppets* have been as much under the influence of the *wire-movers*, as could be wished. You have, I suppose, been sufficiently attentive to the progress of affairs in this country, to have perceived, that, when any debate was going forward that seemed to interest the Popish community; or when any expectation existed of their being benefitted by humbugging the Government; every spark of disturbance was extinguished, as if by magic! Likewise you cannot be ignorant, Sir, that the “Boys” have on every occasion taken the *wink* from their “Leaders:”—When the grand object was to avail themselves of the *good natured forbearance* of another *kind-hearted Gentleman*, Mr. CHARLES GRANT,—nothing was thought of but disarming Protestants, and preparing for the 9th clause of the *EGAN* Document: “ *To fight knee-deep in Orange blood—the crying of children, the moaning of women, or the groaning of men, not to daunt me, for the restoration and continuation of the long-promised liberty to the Catholic church.*” But now that their “Leaders” think it more adviseable to commence a holy Crusade against the property of our Clergy, destruction of *Tithe-corn*, &c. is all the *Mode!* Pray, Sir, can you not discern “ *The signs of the Times?*”

What think you, Mr. Attorney Ge-

neral, is there any resemblance between the EGAN manuscript, and some of those *Dublin* documents, which you at this moment have in your possession? I know that there is, Sir: I am well aware that the *system was general throughout Ireland*. Why, Sir, I again enquire, was EGAN's business hushed? Why were the *Armagh* Delegates (who, as we know from MICHAEL COFFEY's testimony, were sworn, not only to overthrow the Government of the Country, but even to **EXTIRPATE PROTESTANTS**; why were these wretches suffered to go at large on society,—why have these **WOLVES** been let loose? Ah, Sir, these are strange times!

Mr. PLUNKETT, have you perused the two most insolent letters addressed—the one by Dr. CURTIS, the Popish Primate, and the other anonymous, but supposed to be from the pen of Dr. DOYLE, another Popish Prelate? Have you, Sir, taken notice of the tone and temper of these productions? Can you perceive any symptom of the spirit of Captain Rock therein? In the anonymous Pamphlet, a very perspicuous hint is given to an **ARCHBISHOP OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH**, that his "*Usurpation*" is about to cease!—that "*the Term of his possession*" is WELL KNOWN. Pray, Sir, as you are a learned Man, will you have the kindness to inform me, whether this phrase, "*The term of his possession*," refers to "*Pastorini's* prophesy, that Protestantism is to be extinguished in the year 1825? We find this opinion to prevail among the "*Coal porters*"; and now the same matter is too plainly hinted,—when coupled with the general tendency of this *Epistle* of of "**A DIGNITARY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME**,"—to let us doubt the real meaning of it!

Mr. Attorney General, as one of the chief guardians of the Constitution in *Church* and *State*, and one who, by virtue of his office, is bound—in a *very solemn manner*, to protect those rights guaranteed by the laws,—Can you pass over this gross libel on the **Established Church**, without any notice whatsoever?

You cannot, Sir, require me to point out to you the insidious manner in which the outrages of those miscreants, who are now directing their infernal, but impotent efforts against the destruction of our Church, are palliated, or, I should say, actually justified! I need not explain to you, Sir, how the title of our Church to her possessions is absolutely declared to be null and void: and of consequence, that it is not only perfectly blameless, but even praiseworthy to plunder her Parson! Is not this, Sir, as unequivocally of the *Captain-Rock*-school, as possibly can be conceived? Is not the whole pamphlet, Sir,—so far from an allayer of outrage, as you represent the Popish clergy,—a complete firebrand? Is it, I ask you, Sir, as a man of candour, any other than a vile tissue of falsehood, of a most malignant and daring character, *got up* for the obvious purpose of lighting the flame of Insurrection? Mr. PLUNKETT, will this libel on the **Established Church** be permitted to escape with impunity?

But, Sir, a more insidious, more hypocritical, and vastly more dangerous production is that, said to be from the pen of the Popish Primate. Dr. Curtis, in the two letters which he has sent forth, has, in my humble opinion, done all that in him lay, to excite an immediate war of fanaticism. When we take into account the almost idolatrous veneration which the Romanists of Ireland have for their Primate, and the effect of such an appeal as has been sent afloat by the Most Rev. Doctor; how, Sir, can we look upon it in any other light, than as the tocsin of Insurrection—the unfurling of the bloody banner of that Church, which the Apostle beheld "*Drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus?*" Oh, Sir! those who have brought the Country to this dilemma, by their vacillating and selfish polities, have incurred an awful responsibility! Torrents of blood will surely stream for this: And though it will terminate in the utter destruction of that persecuting and idolatrous Church: yet, rest assured,

Sir, that the scourge of an avenging God will fall tremendously heavy on those who, *for the purpose of advancing their own sordid ends, have pampered the "MOTHER OF INTOLERANCE" to such unusual audacity,* and laid the materials for an explosion which will shake this island to its centre!

Thank God! we do not want for arguments, both from Scripture and reason, to shew forth the Apostolic and inestimable character of the Established Church, and the horrid degeneracy of her malignant and Anti-Christian rival: And these arguments, Sir, we mean, please God, to develope in due time. But, Sir, I entreat you, as you value the safety of your Country, no longer to adhere to a temporizing policy; with such rank enthusiasts as the Romanists, every concession is immediately construed into a symptom of weakness. The reason is obvious, Sir,—they know nothing of the spirit of toleration, except when forced to it by absolute necessity; and, judging of other men's motives by their own, they instantly attribute every act of generosity on our part, to an ignoble dread of their power and vengeance; and conceive every approach to political privileges, as an encouragement to them from Heaven, to proceed in their darling object *the re-establishment of their Supremacy, and the utter annihilation of what they term heresy.*

Consult history, Sir; nay, even examine into the lessons which *your own experience will furnish*: peruse the insulting letters of the two popish Prelates, without extending your researches farther, and you will find ample corroboration of what I here advance. I tell you, Sir, that no time should be lost, on the part of our Government, in resuming a firm and dignified attitude. No compromise, farther than *toleration*, can be held with doctrines, which ever have been, and ever must be destructive, not only of pure and undefiled religion, but of civilization. Sir, the Government over-rates the strength of these impudent and ungrateful beings: they are nothing, except from our indecision. Your own

injudicious declarations in Parliament, have puffed them up into a self-importance, to which they have no well-founded claim. They are not, Sir, by any means so numerous as they have craftily led you to think. In the late census they jesuitically contrived to play off all sorts of deceptions. The Protestants, Sir, both in physical and moral strength, are considerably more than a match for them,—**IF THEY BE NOT BETRAYED.** And, Sir, let the Government, as they ought to do, instantly frown those impudent presurers into silence; nor suffer them to insult our Archbishop, for having, in a mild and conscientious manner, discharged their duty to their God and their country. Remind them, Sir, of the daring outrage committed on the religion of the State, in the attack on FANNY MOONEY, of Blessington. If they trump up any more of their *calf's-head* impositions, tell them of all the Churches, they have, *even lately*, burned; and of the infamous use which they have made of the Bibles and Prayer-books of those of our Churches, which they have grossly endeavoured to pollute. Put them in mind, Sir, of their oaths to extirpate Protestants—of *Scullabogue Barn*—of *Wexford Bridge*—of their hypocritical pledges of loyalty to his present Majesty,—of the manner in which they have cajoled *yourself*, Sir, even while they were plotting the destruction of the State!

Sir, little do you know the overwhelming resources which Government might call into action, in this country. Nay, Sir, perhaps *we* suffer disaffection to acquire a preponderance by impunity, and disgust the loyal Protestants by a cold and dubious treatment. But few of the better orders of the Romanists will now venture to embark in the *Crusade*; but if they see the scale by any means likely to turn, then will all their weight be instantly thrown into it. Beware, therefore, Mr. Plunkett! the times are extremely critical! Beware, Sir, lest, in grasping at a shadow, you lose the substance! Retrace your steps before it is too late. The last fortnight has re-

moved the veil; and the good sense of the nation will be no longer imposed upon. My Lord Liverpool and Mr. Peel can surely now judge for themselves, without *confidential reports*; and I am convinced that they will no longer "*halt between two opinions*." You cannot now deny, that the question is not, whether we should tolerate the Church of Rome, even with all her errors and idolatries,—for more than toleration she already enjoys; but whether we shall defend our rights, our religion, our *lives*, from the desolating hand of her spiritual tyranny; or like cowards, submit to her galling yoke. The words of Elijah must now echo through the land: "**IF THE LORD BE GOD, FOLLOW HIM: BUT IF BAAL, FOLLOW HIM.**" Sir, the question is easily decided: a Church which can not only countenance, but encourage, a plot for the extirpation of all who will not bow down to their idolatries, cannot be of Christ, but is the Synagogue of Satan. You know, Sir, that though this infernal plot has for years been no secret to the Popish Clergy, *for nothing of the kind could be concealed a single week from them*,—still they have never divulged it. I need not, Sir, draw the inferences!

But, Mr. Attorney-General, since I have at all touched upon the virulent letter of Doctor Curtis, which I consider to be the most wicked and treasonable production I ever read, when we take into account the character of the writer; I cannot forego the opportunity of making a few remarks on certain passages of it, which strike me as decisive, (if we wanted now any additional proof) of the conspiracy which you have at length opened to the country, being actually the work of the popish Ecclesiastics, if not of the Court of Rome itself. For what purpose, Sir, unless that of preparing his votaries for *immediate rebellion*, could the Popish Primate of all Ireland order a "*Pastoral Letter*" from him to be "*read aloud from the Altar*," the which contained such a monstrous and diabolical asser-

tion, as, that the late Visitation Discourse of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin had an actual tendency to encourage the *extermination* of Romanists? Nay, Sir, Doctor Curtis even has the disgusting malice to extract this inference by an attempt at reasoning, which, I must admit, would be tolerably conclusive, if *our Church* entertained the Satanic and persecuting spirit of *his*. But, thank God, the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus has inspired the compilers of the Doctrines and discipline of *our Church*; and however we may hold it our duty to rebuke and expose error from the paths of true religion, we repel with horror the idea of persecuting any human being for his theological opinions, how gross soever they may be. Yes, Sir, we repel the calumny with indignation; and well does Doctor Curtis know that it was unfounded and malicious. But, Sir, has it so soon come to this, that an Archbishop, of the only religion which the State acknowledges, should not dare, even to his own Clergy, to explain his reasons for being a Protestant?—Why Sir, what must Doctor Curtis think you, when you subscribed to, and made the declaration against Transubstantiation, and the other errors of Popery? Was not this an insult far more glaring than the mild truisms which our invaluable Archbishop uttered; and which were not "*unseasonable*," though they might have been "*unexpected*?" See, Sir, how even that most elastic "*Parting Injunction*" is now stretched to an actual prohibition of a Protestant Archbishop's preaching the Gospel of his Lord and Saviour, and pointing out those "*Plants which are not of his Heavenly Father's right hand planting*."—Mr. Attorney General, I maintain it, we Protestants can hardly now be said to enjoy *toleration*: The head of the "*Intolerants*" virtually threatens to "*Let slip the dogs of war*," if our Clergy venture to preach the truth as it is found in the Gospel! What think you now, Sir,—does not *your system* work admirably? What an exquisite amalgamation may we not

expect from the projected union between the Churches of England and Rome!!! Inimitably, indeed, would they pull in harness together! For shame, Mr. Plunkett! awake from your slumber! prove yourself a man, and a genuine Christian! I conjure you, Sir, by all that is sacred—by all that is valuable in this life or in the next—by the oaths you have taken, and the awful declarations you have made against the soul-degrading errors of Popery—do not misapply that power which by divine Providence you have been entrusted with; do not, by a *double-eyed* policy, expose the Church of Christ to persecution, and your native land to scenes of carnage! Remember the words of your Redeemer—“*If thine eye be single, thine whole body shall be full of light.*” Have but one object in view, the good of your Country, and the promotion of genuine Christianity—and I will answer for it that you will never again make any of those awkward blunders, which must cause such *heart-scaldings* to any mind that possesses sensibility.

(To be continued.)

Letter of CATHOLICUS HIBERNICUS to the Roman Primate of Ireland, in answer to his Calf's head Complaint and his Strictures on Doctor Magee.
(Concluded from Page 39.)

Having thus disposed of that “unheard of crime,” which, in such “heart-burthening grief,” you so bitterly deplore. *Ut finis coronet opus*, that you may set a mark, as it were, upon your great foe; you scandalously, (but I shall not so far imitate you, and forget myself, as, without a knowledge of the heart, to say, maliciously assert that it was in consequence of the Archbishop’s Charge, at his Primary Visitation, that this “sacrilege,” (well-chosen expression !!!) was committed; nay, farther, in another place you roundly charge him with foreseeing and intending this, and worse consequences from it; such as, an “augmentation of the penal laws against Ca-

tholics,” and their “expulsion from society.”

Now, if you knew that such intentions were in contemplation against the professors of your creed, I ask you, as an honest man, what would be your advice to people so proscribed? Do I not hear you tell them, as a faithful watchman for their safety,—“*Rise in arms, and defend the miserable remains of your former greatness; and if you have no other means of escaping the intended ruin, be before-hand with your foes.*” * * * * Something like this, would be the language of an honest man, writing to a sensible people, if he were truly convinced of the truth of what you have written. But before I charge you with what might well be called such treasonable intentions, such seditious motives, I shall be contented to admit, that, galled and wincing under the consciousness, that your flocks are indeed marked, and strongly marked by a want of religion, yet unwilling to admit so home a truth, you saw not the palpable inconsistency of this representation of your *heretic sons*, with the pacific measures you in another place recommend. Your not seeing it, however, will not prevent the mischief which must ultimately fall upon your deluded votaries, who may be led to acts of lawless violence under the notion, that, seconding the views of their Primate, by shedding Protestant blood, they may be doing God a service; I say, will ultimately fall upon your own votaries; for, in defiance of Pastorini, I tell you, as I often told some of *them*, and as you, or their priests might do, with better effect, that if they even had succeeded in murdering all the Protestants of Ireland, and were in actual possession of all its arms, stores, and ammunition, they would not hold it three weeks against an English army. What effect, your at least, equivocal letter will have upon their frenzied minds, may be seen from their lawless attack in the heart of the metropolis, upon the Archbishop’s house, the windows of which they dared to break with stones. Had such an

attack been made on your house, or the house of any Romish Bishop or Priest, every corner in the island would ring with the news of the *sacrilegious* outrage; nor would it ever cease to be made the pretext for violence and atrocities, 'till the strong hand of the law would quell the insubordination. You, and all of your creed, know well this picture is not overdrawn, and yet we have every day ringing in our ears, the deafening cry of Protestant oppression, Protestant illiberality, intolerance, bigotry, and persecution; a want of the free-exercise of the Romish religion!—

Now, in the name of honesty, let me ask you, what is the intolerance? what the oppression? what the persecution? why this, and no more? Protestants will not *voluntarily* submit to give to Romanists *greater* privileges than they possess themselves. I say *greater*; for, if the Romanists get *Emancipation* on the terms *they* seek it, i.e. *without giving any security to the State for their privileges*, they unquestionably are set above the Protestants, of whom such security is required; but of this more at another time. Let me now come to the unreasonableness of you and your brethren of the Romish persuasion, in requiring from others what you refuse to possess yourselves, and *vice versa*. And having arrived at this ground, be kind enough to tell me what exclusive right you and your's have to be the sole possessors, the undisputed MONOPOLISTS of BIGOTRY, INTOLERANCE and PERSECUTION, that even in your present humbled situation (compared to your once tyrannical and autocratical sway,) you feel it necessary to raise your crests and shoot your quills at every one who dares to take the forbidden commodity without your license? By whose patent do you hold this exclusive privilege? Is it by one from his Holiness? If, indeed, *prescription*, or a long and undisputed possession can give a just title; I confess both that *he* has the best right to dispense; and *you* to forestall these precious articles, as for Protestants, they long since, see-

ing it was vain to contend, generally speaking, relinquished all claim to a share in the concern; and long may they continue to be above such mean and vulgar traffic! Let such be left for the "crowd of Tuscan street;" you know the elliptical adjective. But let me tell you, Sir, that if your covetous and envious disposition prompts you to mistake "brass for lupins," the Vender of the former must assert his right, and not allow you a monopoly of that, for which your *Great Head* has no power to issue his *literæ patentes*, viz. *the publication of truth*.

A word to the conscious speaks volumes; and I am therefore disposed to think, the next sentence you expect from me, is that of a better writer than either you or I can ever boast of being; sentence, which, until you purge your flocks of the patches of Paganism, superinduced upon the practice of Christianity, will stick in their stomachs, in despite of all the digestives made use of oil and vinegar, and the mustard of your dignified contemporaries and coadjutors in the cause of Irish mutiny:

"We, my reverend brethren, are placed in a station in which we are hemmed in by, two opposite descriptions of professing Christians; one possessing a Church, without what we, (viz. Protestants of the Church of England) can call a religion; and the other possessing a religion, without what we can call a Church: the one, so *blindly* enslaved to a *supposed* infallible ecclesiastical authority, as not to seek in the WORD OF GOD, a reason for the faith they profess; the other so confident in the infallibility of *THEIR individual judgment*, as to the *REASONS* of their faith, that they deem it their duty to resist all authority in matters of religion. We, my brethren, are to keep clear of both extremes; and holding the *SCRIPTURES*, as our Great Charter, whilst we maintain the liberty with which Christ has made us free, we are to submit ourselves to the authority to which Christ hath made us subject."

This sentence, speaking for itself, I quote from a paper which, unlike that *you* support, and which by the *manus manum fricat* system supports *you*,— does not wilfully misrepresent, and may serve as an excellent comment on your epistle: fully demonstrating, that your claim to a monopoly of bigotry is as much a part of your Creed, (although, however, I admit, better grounded) as your claim to infallibility: for even this glorious confession of a Protestant's faith could not be mentioned by an Archbishop to his own *Clergy*, assembled at a visitation, without the Romanists thundering forth their envy and complaints, that *their forbidden* ground had been trespassed on? What, Sir, will you, with bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, which we freely resign to you, dare to deny our right to conscience? Are *you* by means of the Press, the Pulpit and the confessional-box, to dare to publish to the world whatever sentiments you please? Shall *your Clergy*, send forth their low and scurrilous calumnies at the *station-dinners*, and in the *ale-house*; and shall a Protestant bishop be branded by *you* as illiberal and seditious, because in the sober dignity of rational argument, he gives a reason for his ancestors separating from your Church, and his own reasons for approving of that separation?

Quid Domini facerent isti cum talia audent? What might we not expect from such men in power, when, their horn of persecution being broken, they, nevertheless, thus mutilated threaten? Will you grant, that any Protestant holds the tenets of his religion from a principle of conscience? If liberality does not, shame at least, will force you, after what you have written, to answer in the affirmative. With what conscience then, do you suppose, that Protestants (acknowledging that you have an Apostolic Church,) could separate from you, if you possessed what *they* could call religion? Would not this be schism not reform? And believing this, this being their thorough conviction, are they not to dare to express it even in

their own houses of worship? Remember, good Sir, “you do not now thunder in the *Vatican*, with all the mouths of Rome to second you.” You are on British ground, the land of liberty, the veneration for which is so great, that, as you well know, even licentiousness, covered with her mantle, often escapes deserved punishment; and whilst on that ground, do not hope to gag the mouths of those whom you denominate *Heretics*. Let us now come to your description of the *slough*, which Protestants have cast off; and let me ask *you* are you really a *Roman Catholic*? Have *you* cast off every other tenet, but those which you enumerate, “hoping that your Church will, through divine assistance, ever faithfully maintain them?” Or have you cast off every article, which militates against those tenets. If you have, your recantation is already more than half read; and I doubt not but before it is long, your Priests will raise their voices against you, as they did against the Pope, for allowing any concession to his Majesty in the appointment of your Bishops. We must henceforward consider you as a Protestant of some denomination or other. We shall no more expect to hear from the Romish Primate of Ireland, that piety of life, or the practice of good works consists in an adherence to the traditions of men, which “make the law of God of non-effect;” for by your definition, it is “keeping the commandments of God, which Christ our Lord has declared to be necessary for entering into life;” and thus at once, fall to the ground mortifications and penances, indulgences and abstinence from meat, invocations, and worshiping of saints and angels, masses for the dead, works of supererrogation, *et exercitus omnis*, the whole host of Romish doctrines, not supported by the word of God; and consequently as “throughout all, we must place our *humble and only* hope of salvation, grace, and mercy in the merits and death of our Lord Jesus Christ *alone*,” we need have no fear but you will soon order your

priests, to give up the plan of preaching the efficacy of *certain rites* not to be found in the Bible; but insisted on by them, with more zeal than if they really were.

I shall now close this letter by requesting that when next you think of writing on subjects involving religion and politics, you may consider that there are numbers even of those tame Protestants, who, have been in the habit of passing on their calm and unruffled way through life; listening without deigning to reply either in public or in private, to the slander and calumny of brawling orators or newspaper editors, nay, who were ready and willing to merge in a feeling of philanthropy, all the insults which daily they had to experience, until they saw the Priests and Prelates of the Romish religion, furiously marshal themselves against them; at which time they considered that neutrality were culpable; and will now be found as slow to relinquish the posture of *defence* which they have assumed, as they were before to credit that any thing hostile was meditated against them.

It would therefore be wise in you speedily to repair, as far as in you lies, that breach which you have contributed to widen; and as all who value the truth of Christianity, may find, in the present age of infidelity, sufficient to employ their most active zeal against a common enemy, why not think, (if you must be heard outside your chapel doors,) of this, rather than venture on such an unwarrantable attack, on the discharge of an imperative duty of a Christian Bishop, the manner of which, met with the most unqualified approbation of those to whom it was addressed; and, I challenge you, to support (or, as an honest man, to confess your fault) your assertion "that the Archbishop's charge was not supported, but rather highly blamed by many distinguished members of the Established Church, and even of its most eminent Dignitaries." This is an assertion, which I will venture to say, you have made

without consideration, or asking, yourself had any one such person ever expressed his disapprobation; had you been present, you would have been taught another lesson; and, if you thought yourself not below his notice, you would have dreaded to make use of the expression *unauthorized* domination, when speaking of the exercise of his Episcopal functions.—With earnest desire that you may be *willing*, and *able*, to undo the mischief you have done to your blind and untaught flocks,

I remain

CATHOLICUS HIBERNICUS.

** The following errors having occurred from the difficulty of reading the MSS. of this letter, the Reader is requested to correct them thus: Page 36, 2nd col. line 31, for *stills* read *chills*. Ib. l. 37, for *all* read *as to*. Page 37, 1st col. l. 21, place a full stop after *government*, and insert, "An assertion which, from my soul, I wish you could make with regard to most of the Romish governments." Ib. 2nd col. l. 2, for *service* read *ceremony*. Ib. l. 31, for *their* read *this*. Page 38, 1st col. l. 42, for *thus* read *this*. Page 39, 1st col. l. 18, for *Dictius* read *Tutius*.

Parental Affection.—A messenger arrived one day, and informed Racine that he must on that day dine with his prince; to which the affectionate father replied,—I cannot have that honour. It is seven days since I have seen my children; they are rejoiced at my return: I must dine with them: they will break their hearts to lose me the moment I am returned. Pray be so kind to mention my excuse to his Highness."

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Many valuable favors from our Correspondents are under consideration, and shall be respectfully attended to in the future Numbers.

THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. VII.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c.

[Continued from Page 45.]

Let us for a moment examine those expressions of the Archbishop of Dublin, which has given rise to such a war-hoop among the Intolerants, and for which their PRIMATE charges his Grace with “*having meant to recommend*” nothing less than the EXTERMINATION of the Romanists of Ireland!!!

His Grace has declared that the Romanists possess a Church, without what we (*Protestants*) can call a religion.—Indeed! and does Dr. Curtis learn now for the first time, that *Protestants* refuse to receive the absurdities of the Church of Rome as a *Religion*? I thought, Sir, that a Popish Primate could not be ignorant that we countenance no system of Theology but that which the Redeemer of the world came upon Earth to inculcate. But, Mr. Attorney General, when the Angelic Heralds announced *his* Religion and its character, we find its Motto to be “**GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE—GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN.**” Here, Sir, are the characteristics of the blessed system which we, *Protestants*, call “*Religion*”—here is its lovely banner unfurled, in order that Christians should at once know the ranks of the “*Captain of their*

Salvation.” But, Sir, you have lately proved to the world, that the Church of Rome has, for some years back, formed a plan, “*for associating the members of the Community into an organized body, for the purpose of overthrowing the Government of the Country, and also of extirpating the Protestants of the County!*” That this horrid act, is unequivocally inculcated by the Papal creed, I shall not take long to prove.—In Lesson IV. of the Council of Lateran, Cap. 3. we have the following statute, which, as you well know, Sir, all *good* Papists are bound to obey, (*when they can,*) under pain of eternal damnation:—“*Pro defensione fidei præstast juramentum quod de terris suæ jurisdictionis, subjectos universos hæreticos ab Ecclesia denegatos, bona fide pro viribus exterminari studebunt,*” &c. “All princes, magistrates, and civil authorities, shall swear to *extirpate faithfully*, and with all their might, *all their subjects marked by the Church as heretics*, from every part of their territories; which should they neglect to fulfil, *their subjects are absolved from their allegiance.*” Now, Sir, this was confirmed by the Council of Constance, and likewise by the *infallible* Bull of his “*Holiness*” Pope Martin V. What is more, I defy Mr. Plunkett, Dr. Curtis, or all the doctors in the universe, to shew that it does not to *this hour* constitute an essential part of

the *Religion!!!* of the *Church* of Rome. Need you a confirmation of this? Read the Oaths on every consecration taken by the Popish Prelates; and which the Most Reverend Doctor himself has Assuredly taken—*Heretics, Schismatics, and rebels to our said Lord the Pope, and his successors, I will, to the utmost of my power, PERSECUTE AND DESTROY.*”

Must I inform you, Sir, that this decree has not been a dead letter? Sir, if you doubt the certainty of the Papal Church having “*faithfully*” acted upon it, I must refer you to the writings of Mr. Mede, who, from incontestable authority shews that, in about thirty years, above 150,000, Protestants were destroyed by the Inquisition, 30,000 by the Jesuits, and that the Duke of Alva, boasted of having dispatched, in his own territories alone, 36,000 “*Heretics*” by the common Executioner!!!

And, Sir, does Dr. Curtis wonder that we cannot call this “*a Religion?*” Oh, Sir! I am almost petrified with horror, at the bare thought of attributing such “*A doctrine of Devils,*” to the meek and lowly Jesus! No, Sir, I thank my God we have an Archbishop, a learned Archbishop, who will not blaspheme his Redeemer so grossly as to call this terrible refinement on impiety “*A Religion?*”

But farther, Sir,—the Divine Author of our Religion, directs us thus to pray: “*When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to THY FATHER which is in secret; and THY FATHER who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.*” The form of prayer I need not subjoin. In this, Sir, it is evident that we have not one word about the mediation of Saints and Angels,—we are to come *directly* to our FATHER, our Creator, our GOD:—Yes, Sir, we are to “*Come boldly to the throne of Grace,*” as saint Paul tells us, through the merits and mediation of our great High Priest, *and of him only:* for the Holy Apostle informs us that there is *no other name* given by which we can approach to God. Yet, hear

what the Church of Rome saith:—

“ *Ave Maris stella!* ”

“ *Funda nos, in pace:* ”

“ *Solve vincula reis,* ”

“ *Profer lumen cœcis,* ”

“ *Mala nostra pelle.* ”

“ *Nos culpis solutos mites fac et custos, vitam præsta puram, iter paratum.* ”

And again:—

“ *Maria Mater gratiæ, duleis patens elementiæ, tu nos ab hoste protege, et horâ mortis suscipe.* ”

Again:—

“ *A periculis cunctis libera nos virgo gloriosa!* ”

Here, Sir, we have all the peculiar honors of the *Deity*—of him who declares himself to be “*a jealous God,*” transferred to a created being, the Virgin Mary. In fact she is, almost throughout the whole of the Romish Ritual, actually confounded with God himself! She is called upon “*To establish us in rest and peace,—to forgive us our sins, to bring us the light of faith— to heal up all our wounds, and to deliver us from evil—to receive us at the hour of death:*”—in short, she is the Goddess of the Romaanists. And all this in direct opposition to the spirit and the letter of the holy Gospel! I need not take up time in proving that all who have been canonized by a Pope, are also entitled to be worshipped and prayed to, and that they, in their respective degrees, are made to usurp the sole prerogatives of the *Father of Light:*” this is so clearly demonstrated by all Popish works on what *they* call devotion, that it is evident to every one who knows any thing of their doctrines. Shall we then, Sir, call *their's* “*a religion,*” in opposition to what God himself says, “*That he will not give his honor to another?*” You will answer, certainly not—it is not what a Christian “*can call a religion.*”

Again, Sir:—The Almighty wrote, “*with his own finger,*” the *whole* of the *Ten Commandments;* and yet the Church of Rome, “*Exalting itself above God himself,*” has had the im-

pious and unparalleled presumption to expunge the *second commandment* out of the Decalogue:—though it is expressly forbidden either to “Add unto the word, or to *diminish* ought from it.” Deuter. iv. 2. and Jesus Christ himself says—“If ye will enter into life, *keep the commandments.*” For he adds that he is not come to destroy “one jot or tittle of the Law.” Are we not therefore justified in saying that a Church which has mutilated, and even *obliterated*, the commandments of God, “*has not what we can call a Religion?*” And, Sir, not only have they expunged this commandment, “Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image,” &c. but they have put *their own Commandment* in direct opposition to that of God. In proof of what I here assert, I shall only say that it is commanded by the very last General Council, that of Trent:—“To have pictures, or images of gold, silver, stone, or wood, of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints, in the Churches, *bow down before them*, and duly venerate and *worship them*, that *by these* we might be helped to worship God.” Now, Sir, as the word of God absolutely prohibits this, dare we suffer our lips to pronounce that a Church which is annihilating the word of truth has “*what we can call a religion?*” Oh, Sir, it would be little short of blasphemy to say it had!

But, Sir, this is not all: we are told in the Holy Scriptures, that there never was, nor ever can be, any propitiatory sacrifice for sin, except the sacrifice of Christ “*once*” upon the cross. Heb. vii. 27; ix. 9, 12; I Peter, iii. 18. Yet, Sir, the Council of Trent flatly denies this doctrine; and asserts that “In the Mass there is offered up to God a true, proper, and *propitiatory* sacrifice for the living and for the dead—in Christ, detained in Purgatory, not fully purged from their sins.” Here, Sir, the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross,—that is to say, *the blood of the covenant*,—is made of none effect by their doctrines: for, it must be remembered that what

they call the “Sacrifice of the Mass,” to wit, the Eucharist, was instituted and performed at least a day before the Crucifixion; now, if the Eucharist had been “*Verum propitium et propitiatorium sacrificium pro vivis et defunctis*,” &c.—“A true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead,”—the consequence is inevitable, that the “Sacrifice of the Mass” being before that of the Cross, rendered it quite unnecessary and superfluous. Deny this who can: unless it be said that the “Mass” of the Priest is of more value than that of Christ! Now, Sir, view this in any light whatever, and it cuts up Christianity root and branch! Consequently, Sir, a Church which holds this Anti-Christian belief cannot have what we should “call a religion.”

Farther, Sir,—the Holy Scripture assert, that “The Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens, cannot *contain* God; how much less a temple made with hands.” But the Church of Rome contends, and has *burned* individuals who denied it,—that any one of its priests can, as often as he may think fit, confine the “*Creator of the worlds*”—the immaculate and ever blessed God—“body, blood, soul and Divinity,” within a wafer so small that it would not make half a meal for a mouse! and they further maintain that the “God of all Glory” remains a captive in his flour-and-water prison, until putrefaction or decomposition begins to take place!!!

(To be continued.)

POPISH LIBERALITY!!!

The following Proclamation, issued by LUTTREL, on the 18th of June 1690, twelve days before the battle of the Boyne, will shew the Protestants of Ireland what they might expect from Popish liberality, if the Intolerants were again to obtain the assendancy even for a moment! It has appeared in our valuable cotemporary, the WARDER; and we conceive it a duty we owe to our readers to give it all the publicity in our power.

“*By the Governer of Dnblin, June 18, 1690.*—“Whereas several disaffected persons of the Protestant religion, are of late come to this city of Dublin, and some of them armed with swords, pistols, and other weapons, contrary to his Majesty’s express commands by his Royal Proclamation, bearing date the 20th day of July, 1689.

“I. These are therefore to will and require all men whatsoever, of the Protestant religion, now residing or being within the said city of Dublin, or within the liberties of St. Sepulchre Donner, or Thomas-Court, who are not housekeepers, or have not followed some lawful vocation therein these three months past, to depart within twenty-four hours after the publication hereof, out of the said city and liberties, and repair to their respective habitations, or usual places of abode in the country, upon pain of death, or imprisonment, and to be further proceeded against as contemners of his Majesty’s Royal commands, and as persons designing the disturbance of the public peace,

“II. And likewise, That all Protestants within the said city and liberties, not being of his Majesty’s most Honorable Privy Council, nor in his army, or actual service, shall within the time aforesaid deliver up their arms, both offensive and defensive, and all their ammunition, into his Majesty’s stores in the said city, upon pain of death.

“III. And that no Protestant whatsoever, do presume at his peril, to walk or go in the streets, from ten of the clock at night till five in the morning, nor at any time when there is an alarm. In which case all such persons are required for their safety, and for the security of the public, to keep within doors till such an alarm is over.

“IV. And lastly, for the prevention of riots and unlawful assemblies, these are therefore to will and require all the said Protestants, that no greater number of them than five shall meet and converse at any time, either in any house within the said city or liberties, over and above the family of the house; or in

the streets and fields in and about the same, or elsewhere; hereby declaring, That all persons who shall offend against any clause in this present order, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a Court-Martial shall think fit.”

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT
REVEREND DR. DOYLE, ROMISH
BISHOP OF FERNS, &c. TO THE
REVEREND THE DEANERY OF
THE DIOCESS OF KILCOCK.

The Right Rev. Author of this “*Pastoral Address*,” is likewise said to have penned that *most Christian-like* Pamphlet, entitled, “*A Letter to His Grace the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, in consequence of unjust animadversions against the Roman Catholic Religion, contained in his late Visitation Charge, &c.—By a Dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church.*”

Most of our readers, probably, are aware of the style, tendency, and obvious motives of the “*Reply*” of this anonymous “*Dignitary*;” and consequently, can judge of the state of his *affections* towards a Protestant Government, and a Protestant Constitution. If we might take for granted, that the “*Pastoral Address*” has been the work of the same hand,—as is very confidently asserted, and as we believe to be the case,—the former will serve as a key to the latter, and reconcile all the seeming inconsistencies which it contains.

To speak plainly, we are firmly convinced, that this lengthy and laboured “*Pastoral Address*” is, to all intents and purposes, a piece of jesuical cunning, trumped up to humbug the Government, and the Loyalists of the United Empire; to throw a veil over the wicked conspiracy, lately demonstrated to exist; to cajole Protestants into their accustomed apathy, by leading them to imagine that the conspirators against their Religion, their properties, and their lives, were but few and inconsiderable; to represent the popish Clergy to be loyal, and zealous in counteracting disaffection; and thus to open a way

for the “*Mother of Intolerance*” to slip off unperceived, until she can contrive to strike the blow with a more unerring hand.

Let it not be said that we are uncharitable in drawing this conclusion. If we can prove that this “*Pastoral Address*” is stuffed with the most hypocritical falsehood; if we can shew, that to accomplish his ends, the Right Rev. Doctor has wifully and grossly misrepresented the Doctrines of his Church; if we can demonstrate, that not only the history, but the *infallible* Councils and Decrees of Popery, give the lie direct to what the Right Rev. Gentleman advances; if we can exhibit, in opposition to Dr. Doyle’s *ipse dixit*, the plain and unequivocal testimony received unanimously by twelve honest and intelligent men on their oaths; beyond any question, the Right Rev. Doctor will appear in one or other of these two characters,—that of a fool, or that of a knave.

“*The principles of our Religion, dearest Brethren,*” says this smooth-tongued Gentleman, “*on the subject of our civil duties, are clear and explicit; and the doctrine of our Church respecting them, has been the same in all nations, and at all times.*”

We thank the Doctor for this admission, which will greatly diminish the labour of our investigation. Now to the enquiry what these “doctrines” have been; for, by Dr. Doyle’s express admission, if we discover them to have been intolerant and bloody, and to have not only countenanced, but actually decreed the extirpation of Protestants, at any one period since the first establishment of Popery, it indisputably follows that *they do so still*. Surely, this is as plain and legitimate a deduction as can be drawn. There is nothing of sophistry in this mode of arguing.

First.—Duty of Princes, Magistrates, and Civil Authorities to *extirpate* Heretics. In the Fourth Council of Lateran, Can. 3. it is decreed that, “*For the defence of the Faith, all Princes, Magistrates, and Civil Authorities,*

shall take an Oath, that they will faithfully, and with all their might, extirpate, from the territories, over which they have jurisdiction, all those of their subjects, marked out by the Church as Heretics.”—“*Pro defensione fidei, præstat juramentum quod de terris suæ jurisdictionis, subjectos universos hereticos ab Ecclesia denotatos, bona fide pro viribus exterminari studebunt.*”

This Decree was confirmed afterwards in the Forty-fifth Session of the Council of Constance; and likewise by the Bull of Pope Martin V. fulminated against the followers of Wickliff.

In the Fifth Council of Toledo, we find this Decree:—

“*We promulge this Decree, pleasing to God: That whosoever shall ascend to the kingdom, shall not mount the throne until he hath sworn, among other oaths, to permit no man to live in his kingdom, who is not a Catholic; and if, after he has taken the reins of Government, he shall violate this promise, let him be anathema, maranatha in the sight of God, and fuel of the eternal fire.*”—Caranza, Sum. Concil. p. 404.

The Oath which Doctor Doyle himself has taken, speaks exactly the same language:—

“*I, John Doyle, Bishop Elect of the See of Ferns, &c. &c. do swear, that, from this time henceforth, I will be faithful and obedient to the blessed Apostle Peter, to the Holy Church of Rome, and to our Lord the Pope, and his successors canonically appointed. I will, to my utmost, defend, increase, and advance, the rights, honors, privileges, and authority of the Holy Roman Church, of our Lord the Pope, and his successors aforesaid. I will not join in any consultation, act, or treaty, in which any thing shall be plotted to the injury of the rights, honour, state, and power of our Lord the Pope, or of the said Church. I will keep with all my might, the rules of the Holy Fathers, the Apostolical decrees, ordinances, disposals, reservations, provisions, and mandates; and cause them*

to be observed by others. *Heretics, Schismatics, and rebels to our said Lord the Pope, and his successors aforesaid, I will, to the utmost of my power, persecute and destroy.*"—Sub. Jul. iii. An. 1551.

We shall add a few other quotations, in order to make this matter as clear as the noon-day sun.—It is declared, (Conc. Benii. Tom. II. page 152.)

"If any Bishop be negligent in purging his Diocese of heretical gravity, he, by the Third Canon of the Fourth Council of Lateran, must be deprived of his Episcopal dignity. And by the Council of Constance, (Sess. 45. Tom. 7. p. 1122.) and by the Canon Law, (Decretal, lib. 5. tit. 7. Cap. 13.) "Bishops, by their above Oath of Consecration, are bound to do so; and the punishment to be inflicted on the Heretics, must be, excommunication, *confiscation of goods, imprisonment, exile or death,*" as the case may be.—Conc. Benii. Tom. 8.

Concil. Tom. II. p. 69.—"All Inquisitors of Heretical gravity appointed by the Pope, all Archbishops and Bishops, in their respective provinces and dioceses, with their officials, must search for, and apprehend heretics.—The Civil Magistrates, (even John Smith Fleming, if he chanced to be the Lord Mayor, under *perfect Emancipation*), must assist them, under severe penalties, in enquiring after, taking, and spoiling them, by sending soldiers with them. (p. 608.)—They can compel the whole neighbourhood to swear they will inform the Bishops and Inquisitors of any Heretics they know of, or of any who may favour them."—Constit. Innoc. IV. c. 30.

By Later. IV. Con. Tom. II. part. I. p. 152. and Con. Constance, Sess. 45. Tom. 7. p. 1120. Benii, "Whoever apprehends heretics, which all are at liberty to do, has power to take from them *all their goods, and freely enjoy them.*" (So we see that Capt. Rook has not exceeded his authority!) And Pope Innocent III. declares, "This punishment we command to be

executed on them, by all Princes, and secular powers, *who shall be compelled to do so by Ecclesiastical censures,*"—Decret. 7. Lib. 5. cap. 10. (To be continued.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE WORD PROTESTANT.

As the very name which distinguishes those who profess the Religion of the Established Church, is taken from a public act, in which their forefathers *protested* against the errors in Religion, introduced by the Church of Rome; and as those who now adhere to the Establishment, are the successors of persons who separated themselves from the Romish Communion, for conscience sake, and declare, by their continued separation, that they hold the same opinions of her: it is very extraordinary that the few expressions lately used by a Prelate of the Established Church, should have given such offence.

It would be hard to have pre-supposed that it would be called offensive, for a man to declare in words, what he plainly sets forth in his whole conduct; particularly when led to do so in the discharge of professional duties.

It is usually supposed, that a man holds that form of religion the best, to which he adheres, and that he may be allowed both to praise his own Church, and to shew in what he thinks it preferable to others.

Catholics are not slow to praise their Church, to the entire disparagement of every other, and even to deny there is any salvation out of her pale; and this forces every man who ventures to remain out of her Communion, to declare practically, that he believes no such thing; and that in this respect, all Catholics are either deceivers, or deceived.

Keeping in mind these extravagant pretensions of the Romish Church, one might conceive the following curious dialogue to have passed between the two Prelates:

Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland :—

“ I openly, and at all times declare, that I firmly and fully believe, that you, and all such persons, will inevitably be damned, unless you speedily do penance, and become a member of our Communion; and further, that you are an impostor, usurping the name and revenues of a Christian Minister, while you in no way belong to Christ, but are a blind leader of the blind.

Doctor Magee :—

“ I declare, that in my judgment, the word of God does not say so.

Primate :—

“ Sir, you are extremely unpolite to deny it; you forget the conciliating measures recommended by your Sovereign. Sir, it is highly seditious, and a libel, to deny that mine is the only true Catholic and Apostolic Church; it is a breach of the peace, and punishable by law; it is assuming all the powers of the Pope, and is, in effect, the same thing, as taking up the sword of persecution to exterminate all who differ from you; and worse than all, Sir, you have directly caused a Calf’s Head to be laid upon the Altar at Ardee.”

If the learned Primate would direct the attention of the good people of Ardee to the 23d Chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel, the 19th verse, they would there find something calculated to allay their own concern, about the ridiculous affair of the Calf’s Head; and if they would then consult the 15th Chapter of the same Gospel, the 18th, 19th, and 20th verses, they would, perhaps, learn a better idea of the nature of desecration.

X.

TO THE EDITOR OF

THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR,

I KNOW not of any medium so proper to give the following Resolutions publicity, as your valuable Paper.

I am, Sir, Your’s,
IRONICUS.

At an Aggregate Meeting of the TURKEY-COCKS of Ireland, convened by Public Notice, at the Court-house of Ballymagoveran, on the 11th day of August, 1822 :—

ROGER O’GULDERCOCK, ESQ.
on the Beam !!

It is Resolved—That, although we have heretofore imagined, that any class of his Majesty’s subjects, interfering or dictating to any other class what colour of dress they should wear, would be arrogant and presuming, yet, as we have perceived, by the parts of Newspapers we occasionally pick up, that a *Lawless* personage of Belfast, and his associates, have addressed the Legislature against the colour usually called Orange; we feel it a duty to ourselves and our posterity, to declare our grievances, always premising, that we only ask for *our just and indisputable rights*, and that we will petition the Legislature accordingly.

Resolved—That from time immemorial, we and our forefathers have had an inordinate antipathy to the colour of Scarlet; and yet, in defiance of our rancour, clamour, and irritation, his Majesty’s troops still continue to use that odious garb: We, his Majesty’s most dutiful Turkey-Cocks of Ireland, most humbly conceive that the said dress of Scarlet ought to be abolished, and laid aside for ever. And as there are some tunes played by the troops, which are highly offensive to our ears, particularly one, the words of which begin with—

“ Every night and morning,”

“ Turkey at her, Turkey at her;”

we insist upon it, that the said irritating tunes be henceforth discontinued, always premising, that we only ask for *our just and indisputable rights*.

Resolved—That although we must candidly confess and acknowledge that we have many faults and failings in common with the petitioners above alluded to, viz. that we are noisy, nonsensical, impudent, ignorant, quarrelsome, cruel, and cowardly, yet as nei-

ther ourselves, nor our forefathers ever raised the standard of rebellion, against the Establisht government of the state, or ever committed such atrocities as the massacres of Scullabogue, Vinegar-hill, or Wexford-Bridge; we humbly imagine, that we are better intitled to the attention of the legislature, than the aforesaid petitioners, particularly as our forefathers have laid down their lives for the good of the country.

Resolved—That our principal adviser and Councillor, DANIEL O'BUNDOONE, Esq. be instructed to draw up said petition with his usual audacity.

Signed by order,

ROGER O'GULDERCOCK, President.
SILVESTER BLATHERUM BUNNEAGH,
Secretary.

ELECTION OF A POPE.

THERE are four different modes of Electing the Supreme Pontiff; by inspiration, by compromise, by scrutiny, and by access. An Election by *inspiration*, is effected by several of the Cardinals calling aloud, as by a sudden impulse, the name of the person whom they wish to raise to the pontifical dignity. This method of resorting to the pretext of supernatural aid, is seldom relied on, except when all human means have failed of success. If, however, a powerful party can be raised, and their efforts happen to be strongly seconded, the rest of the Cardinals, unwilling to distinguish themselves by a decided opposition, or to be last in expressing their consent, hasten to concur in the choice. It is called an Election by *compromise*, when the Cardinals, not being able to determine on a proper person, agree to submit the choice of a Pontiff to one or more of their own body, nominated for that purpose. It was thus that John XXII. after having obtained the solemn assent of the whole College to abide by his decision, assumed to himself the Pontificate; an event which induced the Cardinals not to intrust this power in future to any of their number, without such restrictions as

might effectually prevent the recurrence of a similar event. In choosing a Pope by *scrutiny*, the Cardinals each write their own name with that of the person whom they wish to recommend, on a billet or ticket; which they afterwards place, with many ceremonies and genuflexions, in a large and highly ornamented chalice on the Altar of the Chapel in which they assemble. The tickets are then taken out by Officers appointed from their body, for that purpose, and the number is carefully compared with that of the persons present; after which, if it appear that any one of the Cardinals has two-thirds of the votes in his favour, he is declared to be canonically elected Pope. When, however, after repeated trials, this does not occur, a new proceeding takes place, which is called election by *access*, in which any Cardinal may accede to the vote of another, by an alteration of his ticket in a prescribed form. When, by these means, the choice of a Pontiff is effected, the tickets are prudently committed to the flames, to prevent all pretext for further inquiry.—Roscoe's Leo X. chap. 10. It is said that an Archduke of Austria, who is one of the present Cardinals, will be the next Pope. His election will, of course, take place by inspiration—regular inspiration of the Holy Ghost!

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. VIII.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1822.

Vol. I.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT
REVEREND DR. DOYLE, ROMISH
BISHOP OF FERNS, &c. TO THE
REVEREND THE DEANERY OF
THE DIOCESS OF KILCOCK.

(Continued from Page 54.)

So much for the *liberal* and *tolerant* spirit of the Church of Rome! It now remains to be seen who these ‘*Heretics*’ are. This we cannot be long in doubt of, when we read the following notes of the *Rhemish* Testament, which, as we all know, has the unequivocal authority of the Church of Rome.

On *Acts xviii. 22.* we have—“*The Church of God, calling the Protestant’s doctrine heresy, in the worst part that can be, and in the worst sense that ever was, doth right and most justly.* Again, on *John xiv. 28.*—“*Who these “Heretics” are, is unequivocally set forth; they are the PROTESTANTS, whose sect is the disease and bane of these times.*” Again, on *Mark iii. 12.*—“*Heretics sermons must not be heard, no, not though they preach the truth!* So is it with their *Prayer and Service, which being never so good in itself, is not acceptable to God out of their mouths; yea, it is no better than the howling of wolves.*”

The above quotations furnish incontrovertible evidence of the dark malignity of the Church of Rome against Protestants; and likewise establish this

memorable fact, that, however true their doctrines, however righteous their prayers and services, it will avail them nothing; will not exempt them from the vengeance which is pronounced against them!

This, in all conscience, ought to suffice, as proof, that as a sworn agent of the Church of Rome, the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, could not, without wilful, (we shall not say, *corrupt*,) perjury, *in good earnest* oppose any plan; for the extirpation of Protestants; that he could not, without forfeiting his allegiance to the Church of Rome, maintain, *bona fide*, that Romishists owe allegiance to an *Heretical* King or Government; however he might find it expedient, in order to diminish the well-grounded alarm, and consequent vigilance of Protestants, like Satan, to transform himself into an *Angel of Light*, and quote Scripture, to make us imagine that he acquiesces in those principles, which we, *Protestants*, as he well knows, ever held sacred.

But, does the Scripture having laid down a principle for us to be guided by, make it a necessary consequence that the Church of Rome is guided by that principle? Clearly not, Right Rev. Doctor!—If this were the case, ye would be all Protestants. But, on the contrary, Dr. Doyle is sworn to believe, that the Pope can, whenever, and as often as he may deem fit, actually di-

pense with, or new-model the laws of God: and that the same Pope is truly in the place of God, a lawgiver to the nations! This is manifest from the writings of all the papal Doctors who have treated on the subject. The famous Cardinal Bellarmine thus states this monstrous principle:—

“ Si Papa erravat in praecipiendo virtutia, vel prohibiendo virtutes, teneretur Ecclesia credere *vitia esse bona, et virtutes mala, nisi vellet contra conscientiam peccare.*”—Bell. L. 4. de Pontif. cap. 5.—“ Should the Pope err in *inculcating vices, and forbidding virtues,* the Church would be bound to believe *vices to be virtues, and virtues vices,* unless she would sin against conscience.”

Anradius, in Book 2, Defence of the Trent Faith, declares,—“ Liguet eos minime errare, qui dicunt Romanum Pontificem posse nonnunquam in legibus dispensare a Paulo et primis quatuor conciliis: Minime vero majores nostri Religione et pietate excellentissimis Apostolorum haec et quam plurima alia decreta refigere in animum induxissent nisi intellexissent, &c.—“ It is manifest that those have not erred, who say, that the Roman Pontiff can sometimes dispense with obedience to the laws prescribed by Paul, and the four first Councils; for our ancestors, men excelling in religion and piety, have broken these and many other decrees of the Apostles, &c.”

Pope Innocent III. also lays down this *doctrine*, too plainly to be doubted when coming from his Holiness's *infallible* mouth:

“ *Secundum plenitudinem potestatis de jure, supra jus, possumus dispense.*”—“ We may, according to the *plenitude* of our power, dispense with the law, and what is above the law.”—Tit. 3. cap. propositus.

The same Pope says, in another place:

“ *Non enim homo sed Dens separat quos Romanus Pontifex, (qui non puri hominis, sed veri Dei vicem gerit in terris.) Ecclesiarum necessitate pensante dissolvit.*”—“ For it is not man but

God doth separate those whom the Pope doth separate: because the Pope holdeth not merely the place of *man* on earth, but of *TRUE GOD, &c.*”

The *Gloss* on the above passage, adds:

“ *Et est verus Deus et verus homo: gerens veri Dei vicem. Unde dicitur habere cœlestis arbitrium. Etiam naturam rerum immutat, substantia unius rei applicando alii: et de nulla potest aliquid facere; et sententiam quae nulla est potest facere aliquam: Quia in his quæ vult, ei est pro ratione voluntas. Neque est qui ei dicet: cur ita facis? Ipse enim potest supra jus dispensare. Idem de iniquitate potest facere justitiam.*”—“ For he, (the Pope,) is both *true God* and *true man*; holding the place of the true God, (that is, having his power and authority!) whence he is properly said to have spiritual jurisdiction. Therefore he can change the nature of things, by applying the substance of one thing to another; and also out of nothing he can make something; (*that is, he is actually a CREATOR!*!) and a sentence which is null he can make of good effect. For, in those things which he wishes, *his will is reason;* nor may any man say to him, “ Why hast thou acted thus? because he hath power to dispense *above the law.* In the same manner he can make of injustice justice.”

We have now firmly established the truth of this maxim, that it is not in the least material to a staunch Papist what the Scripture saith on any subject, unless his *Holiness* the Pope be prevailed upon to agree to it! And as we have produced incontrovertible proof that the Church of Rome will neither tolerate Protestants, nor even suffer them to live where she has power to murder them; which, instead of being a crime, becomes a virtue at the Pope's bidding! it follows, that the Right Rev. Doctor, in publishing to the world what the Bible lays down as the rule of conduct between subjects and their rulers, can operate no effect whatever, on the minds of his faithful votaries. Should

any chance to notice this " Pastoral Address" in the columns of the *Evening Post*, and enquire of the Right Rev. Gentleman, or any of his Priests, " whether in adhering to the holy Association of the Knights of St. Patrick, he was offending against the rules of his Church," the answer is ready at hand— " Poo ! you blockhead ! 'twas merely " humbugging those damned Heretics : " the Council of Trent and Pope Innocent III. set that question at rest long " ago. Does not one Parliament annul " the enactments of a preceding one ? " And shall not our Popes, who occupy " the same station in the Ecclesiastical " world, as God himself did when on " earth, have likewise authority to " abrogate those laws, which they " wisely consider as militating against " the triumph of our *only* Church over " Heresy ? Why, Friend ! I am of " more service to our cause by the " budget of lies I have sent forth, than " ten thousand pikemen could be ! Go, " mind *your* business, and we will " attend to *ours*. If we can give them " a *sleeping-dose*, then you must watch " *your* opportunity, and despatch them."

However, lest the oft-repeated deception respecting such notions being now declared antiquated by the Romish Church, should be allowed even a shadow of support, we shall insert an extract from an Epistle which ~~His~~ PRESENT HOLINESS addressed to his Cardinals, on the 5th of February, 1808 :

" It is proposed that all religious persons should be free, and their worship publicly exercised; but we have rejected this article as contrary to the canons, to the councils, to the Catholic Religion, and to the tranquility of human life. *Out of the Catholic Church, there is no salvation.* The French system of indifference or equality with regard to all religions, is utterly opposite to the Catholic, which, being the only one of divine institution, cannot form any alliance with any other, any more than Christ can league with Belial. It is false that the concordat has recognized

and established the independence of the church of France, or that it has given a *sanction to the toleration of other modes of Worship.*"

The Romish prelates of Ireland may writh as they please, but they shall not slip from between our fingers : we have too firm a hold of them to let them escape, however much of the slime of Jesuitism they vomit. In vain has the Right Reverend Doctor instructed that trumpeter of the faction, the *Dublin Evening Post*, to flourish forth his wily sedative—we have already analized their quack medicines, and ascertained their poisonous nature,—so that we cannot again be tempted to partake of the draught.

But to do the Right Reverend Doctor justice, his " Pastoral Address" carries an antidote with it—the manner with which he trifles with the subject of " *Pastorini's*" famous prophesy of the destruction of Protestants in 1825, shews plainly that the goodly Prelate is only playing off one of his *pious frauds*, and merely jesting with the credulity of Protestants, who think that truth is held as sacred in the Church of Rome, as our doctrines and the Holy Scriptures direct it should be. But does Dr. DOYLE really imagine that the insult he has here attempted to offer to the understanding of Protestants will be suffered to escape with impunity ? If he do, he shall find himself confoundedly mistaken. Dr. Doyle would have us believe, that Dr. Walmsley, who wrote under the feigned name of *Pastorini*, merely referred the prophesy, concerning the destruction of the " *Locusts*" in the year 1825, to the extinction of a petty sect in Germany, and that it was never meant to apply to Protestants in general. Vain and impudent deception ! Hear what *Pastorini* himself says, and then judge of Dr. DOYLE's *sincerity* :

" And he opened the bottomless pit : and the smoke of the pit arose, as the smoke of a great furnace," Luther therefore opened the door of hell, and there issued out a thick smoke, as from a great furnace. What can this smoke

be, but a strong *spirit of seduction*, which had been hatched in hell, or had the devil for its parent, and which at Luther's opening hell's door, immediately burst out. Impregnated with this steam, or spirit of seduction, he (Luther) brought forth a doctrine, big with delusion and error." "And from the smoke of the pit there came out Locusts upon the earth." From the smoke of the abyss is generated a swarm of locusts that disperse themselves over the earth; the meaning of which is, that the *spirit of seduction* denoted by the smoke of the abyss, raised up a number of sectaries and *reformers*, as they called themselves, who spread themselves into *all parts* of the Catholic Church. Luther was first intoxicated with this delusive spirit, which presently after insinuated itself into Carlostadius, Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, Melancton, Bucer, Muncer, Calvin, Henry VIII. of England, Cranmer, and *many others*. Being of the nature of locusts, these *reformers* were unconnected, acknowledged no subordination among themselves, and even quarrelled with one another. They all taught different doctrines, and scarce agreed in any other thing, but in their endeavours to destroy the ancient faith, and corrupt the Christian principles of morality. In this, indeed, they jointly exhibited a vehement eagerness equal to the voracity of locusts." [Pages 202, and 203.] But among the reformed nations none drank more deeply of the cup of error, than England." [Page 205.] Once introduced, it soon overspread the land. Being, from its nature, limited to no fixed principle, but depending upon the arbitrary determination of every private man, it has since taken a hundred different shapes, in *Protestants*, *Presbyterians*, *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*, *Arians*, *Moravians*, *Hutchinsonians*, *Methodists*, and many more. Such was the swarm of locusts that eclipsed the face of religion." [Page 206.] "From the present texts of the *Apocalypse* under our consideration, it appears then that, though almighty God,

in the unsearchable ways of his wisdom, allows the *protestant sects* to have a certain degree of power, yet in his goodness he puts a bridle to this power, and prescribes to it determinate limits, lest it should over-run too great a part of Christ's kingdom.—Even in most of those kingdoms which adopted the reformation, there are still remaining, by the providence of God, some that refuse to bow their knees to *Baal*." [Pages 208, and 209.]

"But it was given unto them [*The Locusts, as we have before seen, signify, according to Pastorini, Protestants of all denominations*,] that they should torment them five months: * * * This comparison shews plainly that though the power of the *protestants* was limited by the providence of God, they were nevertheless permitted to molest and bitterly persecute those of the Catholic communion. * * * Who is ignorant of the cruel persecuting laws, that in those times were enacted in most of the Protestant states against the Catholic religion? Among the rest, who is not acquainted with the severe laws of England and Ireland? In consequence of those statutes, how many persons have been stripped of their estates? How many individuals have been imprisoned, banished, even put to death? How many families have been reduced to beggary, and ruined? Are not such hardships and oppressions to be deemed severe, and as acute in the pain they cause, as the stinging of a scorpion?"

"It is said, this torture was to last five months. Here the Almighty prescribes a term to that great severity the *Protestants* were permitted to exercise against the *true servants of God*. [To wit, *murderers, rebels, barbarians—the bare recollection of whose deeds should excite horror!*] This term is five months, or one hundred and fifty days, giving thirty days to every month. But it is to be observed, that days in the prophetic style are sometimes used for years.—On this principle therefore, as the space of five months, taken accord-

ing to the common acceptance, gives too short a period to comprise all the transactions mentioned in our text *concerning the reformation*, we shall count one hundred and fifty years for the one hundred and fifty days contained in five months; during which time the locusts were empowered to sting, that is, the *Protestants* were allowed to torment so rigorously the *Catholics*. If then the one hundred and fifty years be counted from the year 1525, about which time those violences began to take place, they will bring us to the years 1675. [Pages 210, 211, 212.]

"And they had over them, A king, the *angel of the bottomless pit*; whose name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and in Greek, Apollyon, in Latin, Exterminans, that is, Destroyer.—Here begins a new period of five months or one hundred and fifty years, different from that mentioned.—The distinction of two periods, each of one hundred and fifty years, being thus stated: as the first began with the reformation about the year 1525, and expired at 1625, the second will reach to 1825." [Pages, 237, 238.]

"When one reflects that, of the *three hundred years* allowed to the reign of the locusts, there remain only fifty or fifty-five years to run, [Pastorini wrote in the year 1770. The laxity of his expression, "50 or 55 years," gave rise to the expectation that 1821 would terminate the period, and occasioned the late attempt at Rebellion. But 1825 is the favorite!] one cannot but wish with an earnest heart, that the people represented by those insects would enter into a serious consideration of that circumstance.—Unhappy children of the reformation! refuse not to hear the wholesome advice of the Prophet: 'Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found.'—'Be converted and do penance for all your iniquities, and iniquity shall not be your ruin.'—'Return ye, and live.'—But, if deaf to all admonitions, they continue hardened in their own way, what remains to be done but to lament their misfortune." [Pages, 250, 251, 252.]

Having given a faithful sketch of *Pastorini's* prophesy with respect to the destruction of Protestantism in the year 1825;—though we have omitted the abominable and contemptible calumnies which he heaps on our religion:—It remains to hold up to public view—(need we say, execration?) the perversion and treachery by which it is attempted to persuade us that the malicious and poisonous production which we have now quoted, was not intended to apply to Protestants in general, but only to a petty sect of them in Germany, that retained the name of Lutherans! To what level will the impostor sink, who dares wantonly to publish such a falsehood? Should he not be hurled from us, as one who adds insult to injury—one who basely would lull us on the lap of security, in order the more effectually to render us the unsuspecting victims of diabolical wickedness and fanaticism? Yet hear how Dr. Doyle strives to explain away our just alarms at the dissemination of a book, which by the unceasing efforts of the Popish Clergy has had a circulation quite unparalleled in this country; for it is an incontrovertible fact that far more than 300,000 copies of it have already been disposed of within a comparatively short period, and that new editions of it are every day preparing—a book which is actually made to supersede the Holy Bible, for which it is given as a substitute!!!

"That Book, (Pastorini) dearest Brethren," (says this polished * * *) "has been perverted to very different ends from those which the *pious* [A false and designing knave, who wilfully perverted history and truth.] author intended. It is principally a commentary, or rather conjectures on the meaning of the Apocalypse. * * * It was in this book that Luther imagined that he had discovered that *Rome* was *Babylon*, and the *Pope* Antichrist. So Bishop WALMESLEY, commonly called *Pastorini*, and the *author of your favorite prophecy*, wished to defend his Church by retorting on Luther—saying,

that he (Luther) was the Star mentioned in the Apocalypse, that fell from heaven, and which after blazing on the earth for three hundred years, would then be extinguished, that is, that *his* doctrine would continue during that period, and then cease. So you may perceive that these two *zealous disputants* would have us believe that they surpassed all the wisdom of past ages, ** that one of them (Luther) *in his fury*, might discover in it, that a *meek Bishop* (the *Pope!!!*) was Antichrist; and the other (Pastorini) *in his simplicity*, 'that the stars were to rain down fire and brimstone from Heaven upon us.' Away, my dear Brethren, *with such egregious folly*. Do you suffer Divines to wrangle with each other,—and attend only to the doctrine of your Church, as it is taught by your Pastors. ***

(To be continued.)

"IT WOULD BE SO."
A VISION;

By Solomon Second Sight.

[From a Pamphlet of 1811;—now
worthy of particular attention.]

CHRIST CHURCH.

"AND to which Church do *you* belong?"

"To the Established Church, assuredly; or why should I come hither?"

"Then pass forward. Thank Heaven, and our advocates, our's is the Established Church at last!"

During this dialogue, I had leisure to survey my Questioner. He held across the door of the Church a long staff, which he withdrew at that moment.—He was clad in a white vestment, decorated with red crosses; his cap was surmounted with the same ornaments; and his arms were folded over his breast.—A rosary depended from his wrist; and immediately he bowed his head, and began to tell his beads.

"Pass forward.—Ave Maria!"

Wondering at his words, I proceeded and entered the Church.—Nor was my wonder there diminished. The Church was filled with crowds of all ranks.—Tapers blazed on the middle altar; on

each side of which lesser shrines were erected. Around me I observed several, kneeling, and kissing the floor; ejaculations were on all sides murmured forth; while devotion, blended with enthusiastic fervour, and religious triumph, sate on the countenances of all present.

At this moment the doors flew open; a Priest entered; his train upheld by six beautiful children. A brilliant mitre adorned his head; a robe of the richest colours floated around his form: his cope, his alb, his chasuble, glittered with the brightest dyes. He proceeded up the aisle, elevating his arms, and scattering benedictions as he passed.—Behind him, two Friars bore a massive cross; and a long train of Bishops, Monks, and Novices followed. The organ pealed forth a sublime symphony; clouds of incense filled the Church, and a thousand voices resounded " Jubilate!"

"Good Heavens!" I cried, with an involuntary emotion, "is not this Doctor —?"

"Yes," said my nearest neighbour. "This is our worthy Primate. To-day is a solemn festival, appointed for the purification of our ancient Cathedral, now, after the lapse of so many Centuries, recovered to our Religion."

A solemn silence succeeded. Every knee was bent to the ground, while the Prelate recited a long and impressive prayer. He offered up the thanksgiving of Ireland for the re-establishment of her faith, and the extirpation of heresy from her shores. "Praised be Heaven," said he, "which at length hath given the Church of Rome to triumph; that to these walls restoreth their ancient rites! Her's is now the only, as it is the true, religion. The delusions of heresy vanish, its power is prostrated to the dust; and the wanderers that will not willingly return, may now be compelled to her bosom."

I gazed around me with yet increasing astonishment. The Protestant Church had been suppressed in Ireland, and the religion of Rome established in Ireland; but how this mighty change was effect-

ed, I could not comprehend. My neighbour saw my surprise. "You are but a young convert," whispered he; "or perhaps only a stranger in our delivered country: but restrain your wonder—observe, and as you value your safety, put a guard upon your lips."

So saying, he took me by the arm, and I suddenly found myself in

THE CASTLE.

"Now," said my conductor, "we are at the residence of the Imperial Viceroy."

"True. I have visited this place while dignified with the splendour and the hospitality of a RICHMOND. In whom has the King found an equal successor?"

"The King!—Where, in the name of liberty, have you thus long lived, yet are ignorant, that our leaders, who coupled together separation and emancipation, attained them nearly at the same moment, and almost at once released us from our religious and our civil thraldom?"

"I understand you. The objects of 1798 are thus realized; and we now are gratified with an Irish Republic."

"Not so fast.—Separation and Independence are distinct terms: we have experienced how much easier it is to obtain the one than the other."

"With what country are we then allied?"

"With *none*.—When our orators secured to us Emancipation, the bond which connected us with England was speedily rent asunder: they supplied to us a new argument against the Union; that Catholic Ireland and Protestant England were no longer fit companions."

"In this they were assuredly right—but what followed?"

"What might have been expected. We became free; and as we of course withdrew our Catholic brethren from the English navy, we no longer had its protection. The French Emperor accordingly invited us to an alliance, which we of course accepted."

"You said we were not allied to any country?"

"Nor are we," replied my conductor. "Soon after the treaty was signed, that great Sovereign discovered that English goods were not, perhaps, burned in Ireland with due rigour: his penetrating genius saw that we formed a maritime vicinage to his coast; and that being insularly placed between England and France, we had only the alternative of choice. The dignity and the interests of his Empire required that we should choose the latter; we now, therefore, possess the distinguished honour of belonging to *the great family*."

"You are then united to France—and your Imperial Viceroy is"—

"One of the Emperor's favourite Marshals.—Monsieur le Duc de Dublin was always a skilful soldier; he is at present a good Catholic."

"So I should presume. When emancipation was once obtained, a chief governor of any other persuasion were an intolerable "grievance."

While engaged in this conversation, we were frequently interrupted by the mingled groups of friars and soldiers that filled the Castle-yard.—One of the latter addressed us rather roughly—

"You will please to retire—the Privy Council are about to sit, and the gates must be closed."

"And of whom," said I to my companion, as we retired, "of whom is your Privy Council now constituted?"

"The native part is formed of a few Catholic Peers, half-a-dozen Reverend Bishops, and the Orators of the Repository.—The majority are French Officers, who have profitable posts in Ireland, under the Emperor."

"Mr. —— is not still at its head, I can well imagine."

"What! the man who forbade the convention of our delegates, and ordered his heretical magistrates to arrest the good Catholics who attended it! No, no, such Privy Counsellors as Mr. —— have been otherwise disposed of." Thus saying, we arrived at the steps of—

(To be continued.)

THE CORRESPONDENT NEWSPAPER.

An *Ex-Editor* of the *Evening Post*, now Editor, Deputy Editor, *Scrub*, or whatever he may be, to the *Correspondent*, has made a most furious attack upon us, for having dared to scrutinize the *assertions* of that most sacred and infallible character, the King's Attorney-General! We will not asperse Mr. PLUNKETT so grossly, as to suppose for a moment that the Right Hon. Gentleman had the slightest knowledge of the species of *defence* attempted to be set up, by the miserable scribbler, who has taken up the cudgels for him. Far from it; we are convinced that this is quite a volunteer business of Mr. *Scrub*; who, as *Castle-hack*, conceives he must say something, be it good or bad; to establish a claim to his dividend of the secret service money!

We cannot, at the present moment, devote much of our very limited space to a reply: nor is it indeed necessary we should, as Mr. *Scrub's* arguments are easily disposed of. Will it be credited? —the once distinguished *Correspondent*, whose principles were sound and constitutional, is now become the advocate, not only of “*dissimulation*,”—which, it declares is no small MERIT in a Statesman! but also of direct *** to which it has the impudence to give the perverted name of “*A little reserve!*”

But, Mr. *Scrub*, it is not with *reserve* we are inclined to find fault,—this is, we admit, sometimes indispensable,—but with *downright misrepresentations*. Mr. *Scrub*, has your long connection with the *Evening Post* entirely obliterated from your memory, the old adage, that “truth is not to be told at all times, but a lie never”? Mr. *Scrub*, you admit all our premises: That is enough! our readers can easily judge of the inferences which we have drawn.

We should never have found fault with the Attorney-General, had he observed the closest “*reserve*,” on the nature of the conspiracy: however, it by no means follows that we could assent to the propriety of a *volunteer assertion*, the absolute converse of what was the

fact. *Reserve!* might have left the nation in suspense: “*dissimulation!*” (O shameless expression!) must have deceived it.

No, Mr. *Scrub*, it will not do!—The Protestants of Ireland are too enlightened to receive your *explanation*: they hope that Mr. PLUNKETT has some better argument to put forward, than that which you have impudently and imprudently employed. Mr. *Scrub*, you must have rated our understandings very low, if you imagined for an instant, that we could not quickly pulverize your despicable sophistry. COFFEY's evidence would have been as applicable to convict the conspirators in April last, as at this moment; it had all the “*corroboration*” client, that it had on the late trial of KEENAN: for, the Rev. Mr. PALMER was the *only* corroborating witness brought forward; and he, it appears, was the person who introduced COFFEY to the Government, “*Just before the King arrived!*!” CORNET also entered into the Ribbon Association in December last, and, as he swears, for the sole purpose of betraying them; hence we must surely suppose that he gave immediate information to the Government. Now, Mr. *Scrub*, this was before Mr. PLUNKETT's attendance at the Cork Special Commission!

Really, friend *Scrub*, we are not wise enough to *explain* all these seeming inconsistencies; and therefore will leave the Protestants of Ireland to judge, whether it was more likely to promote the “*safety of the country*,” that they should imagine the Romanists their friends, while the latter were sworn to exterminate them; or have known the true state of the case, AND TAKEN PRECAUTIONS ACCORDINGLY.

We shall return to this subject; but now must conclude, by telling Mr. *Scrub*, that he has made a very awkward hand of his *defence*!!!

From an anxiety to effectually and immediately neutralize the poison of Dr. Doyle's jesuitical humbug, we are compelled to postpone the continuation of our letter to the Attorney-General, until a future Number.

THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. IX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1822.

Vol. I.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT
REVEREND DR. DOYLE, ROMISH
BISHOP OF FERNS, &c. TO THE
REVEREND THE DEANERY OF
THE DIOCESS OF KILCOCK.

(Continued from Page 57.)

“ But even if Luther happened to be designated by the star mentioned in it, and his doctrine by the blaze which it emitted, how does that concern you? — Luther lived in Germany, his religion, which resembles your own in some particulars, and differs in many from that of the Established Church, was never received, nor professed in England, nor here. The Lutherans, for instance, celebrate a kind of Mass, resembling ours; they go to confession; they believe in the Real Presence of Christ, in the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist; *but they have no Bishops.* The Established Church, on the other hand, have Bishops; they have no Mass, in any shape or form; and they believe that the presence of *Christ* in the Sacrament, though real, is only spiritual.

“ Thus you see, that even if the religion of Luther *were to fail*, it by no means follows, that the Religion established by law in this country, *would cease to exist.* But if it be any consolation to you to know, that Luther’s religion would cease, and *your prophecy be fulfilled*, I can inform you, from a

book now lying before me, and written by a German Superintendent, (an office in the Lutheran Church which corresponds to that of Bishop in ours,) that throughout Germany, there is scarcely an individual to be found at present, who believes or professes what was taught by Luther. You need not wait, then, for the term fixed by Pastorini, for the extinction of his star, as Luther’s doctrine is already extinct.

“ Do not, my dear Brethren, be so silly as to expect, that even, if those who differ from you in religious belief, in this country, were to change their creed, *that they would embrace yours; far from it, they would, for the greater part, cease to be Christians, or form a Religion for themselves.* ”

“ But your object is to make your country free and happy. We will not reason with you on the end which you propose to yourselves.” — [DOYLE’S Pastoral Address.]

We cannot find words to express our indignation at the above wicked subterfuge; which, under the mask of *Conciliation*, endeavours to render our Church and Religion still more odious, if possible, in the eyes of the Doctor’s unfortunate and infatuated votaries; and dares to cloak the murderous tendency of the lying prophecies or commentaries of the impostor *Walmsley*, under the mild designation of “ a mere retort on Luther,” and an unimportant “ wrangle” be-

tween two Divines, conducted with "such simplicity" on the part of their favourite Prophet, that Protestants should never give the production a thought! Nay, that, at the worst, it was in Germany, not in Ireland, they were to look for the accomplishment of the prediction! Although we are convinced that what we have already said, would suffice to put our Readers "on the right scent," and counteract the soporific draught which Dr. DOYLE was so craftily preparing for us; nevertheless, in a matter of such moment, we ought not to pass by the opportunity of commenting particularly, on some of the Right Rev. Gentleman's assertions, and fully exposing, to the humblest capacity, the jesuitical artifice employed.

Mark the malignity!—"Luther lived in Germany; his religion resembles your own, in some particulars, and differs in many from that of the Established Church. The Lutherans, for instance, celebrate a kind of Mass, resembling ours—go to confession, and believe in the Real Presence: nor have they Bishops, to usurp our revenues. But the Established Church have, (we should have said *has*,) Bishops, who usurp our possessions, and pronounce our Church not to have a Religion; "they have no Mass, no auricular confession, do not believe in Transubstantiation, &c. And yet, "My dear Brethren," your favourite Prophet has consigned those Lutherans, who, (as I indeed, falsely tell you,) have most of the essentials of your religion; notwithstanding this, I say, "your favourite Prophet" has consigned them to utter destruction, because they did not submit to our authority. How much heavier should the judgment be, that is about to fall on the Protestants of England and Ireland, who turn with aversion from these *our favourite doctrines*, have despoiled me of my Episcopal revenues, and are the most incorrigible Heretics in the world? It must be plain to you, my dear Brethren, that they merit no pity at your hands; therefore be bold to strike the blow! The He-

resy of Luther, (as I, indeed falsely tell you,) is extinct in Germany; *here is an earnest to you of the truth of "your favourite Prophecy."* Now, the doctrine of this abominable *rival of ours*, "is confined to these two islands," as I told you in my scurrilous letter to the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; and "is not believed by one-hundredth part of the people *here*; in Scotland by only a similar proportion, and in England by perhaps a moiety of the inhabitants." How then can you doubt of success against the year 1825? It only remains for yourselves "*to strike the blow*," the work will be easily executed, if ye but avail yourselves of your numerical superiority, and the indecision and want of union among your foes. I have done my part.

I have now, I hope, humbugged the heretics, and made them believe (a thing as opposite to reason as Transubstantiation itself!) that *our Bishops, Priests, &c.* have striven to counteract your "Associations;" that no one of respectability has had *a finger in the pie*; that ye are "*without money*," (Where are the MILLIONS that were collected in consequence of the wise suggestions of *your truly and well-beloved counsellor*, the various Purgatorial societies, and all other pious frauds, and holy devices that we have set on foot? Where all the "*dues*" that were collected in your own innumerable lodges?)—"without arms"—(where are the fruits of your many years plunder? Where the arms which have been kept by you since the former rebellions, with as much care as a miser guards his gold?)—"without counsel"—(Whence then your system so "*extremely artificial*"—of so very complicated a nature—and evincing so much consideration and contrivance,) that it has even wrung from our friend and advocate, Mr. Plunkett, this marked acknowledgment of its ingenuity? Well do ye know that ye are not without counsel!—"without discipline"—(have ye not all the disbanded soldiers who have joined your association, to teach you the use of arms on every favourable op-

portunity? Is not the first requisite to discipline, *subordination*, most admirably secured by the system adopted? Are ye not devided into companies of thirty six privates, one superior, and three inferior officers, whom ye are sworn to obey? Do not these communicate with your secrèt "Leaders," who can, when they see necessary, unite you into larger bodies, all knowing the individuals to whom they have sworn obedience?)—Take all these things into account, my dear Brethren, and you will see what an excellent humbug I have played off against the *Heretics*, who, it is to be hoped, will now fall back into their usual apathy—will, out of their mistaken generosity, admit us to power and authority—do away that cursed obstacle, the Insurrection Act—disgust those staunch opposers of disloyalty, the Orangemen,—and leave us a clear field for our holy opperations!

"Do not, my dear Brethren, be so silly as to expect that even if those who differ from you in Religious belief in this country were to change their Creed, they would embrace yours—FAR FROM IT—it is not consistent with the nature of man, nor with the ordinary providence of God, that a body of men, like our dissenting brethren, who have been separated from the Church so long, should again submit themselves to the yoke of authority." Here, Protestants, is a sentence well worth your attention—it is a most wicked and exterminating one, if we understand any thing of the Jesuits' phraseology. Read it in connexion with the "*favorite Prophecy*," and the meaning cannot be mistaken: It is as much as if the Right Rev. Doctor had said: "Ye know well, my dear brethren" the Ribbonmen, (for it is to them he avowedly addresses himself,) yo well know that the *extirpation* of heresy is about to take place; ye, of course, will naturally enquire, in what manner is this *extirpation* to be accomplished? Is it by proselyting the Protestants? No, "my dear brethren," the Ribbonmen, that can never be done, "It is not consistent with the nature of

man—nor even with the ordinary providence of God." Therefore one way, and one way only remains, if ye would get rid of *heresy*, my worthy Ribbonmen, *ye must put all the heretics to death!*"

Such unquestionably is the only rational interpretation of the Right Rev. Gentleman's declaration, unless we pronounce him the grossest *story-teller* in the world: for Dr. DOYLE avows the unchangeableness of his religion; and we have already seen that it inculcates the destruction of what it terms *heresy*, even by putting *heretics* to death, if no other method be found availing. Now Dr. DOYLE decidedly tells them, *that our conversion is hopeless*,—consequently, no other means than that of *massacre* remain! We hope that Protestants will treasure this in their memory; and likewise recollect that the Popish Primate has just published a *Manifesto*, which declares the Archbishop of Dublin to "*Have meant to recommend that the Romanists should not be tollerated in social life, or enjoy the protection of the Laws*,"—nay, he even adds that his Grace meant to recommend even **THEIR EXTIRMINATION!!!** Now this would be placing them in the same predicament as that Satanic impostor, *Pastorini*, falsely represented the Romanists of Ireland to have been in, at the time when the massacre of 1641 took place, and thus making his justification of that bloody deed applicable to the present moment, for *Pastorini* declares that the Romanists were at that time threatened with massacre.

"The massacre also of the Protestants in Ireland in 1641, has been often objected against the Catholic Church. *When people are driven to despair by excessive hardship and oppression, and even threatened with utter extirpation, what wonder if an insurrection follows. Such was the case with the Catholics.*"

Thus spoke *Pastorini*;—and thus speaks Dr. CURTIS. Protestants, keep a close watch we entreat you! There

is every reason to apprehend that a similar attempt to that of 1641 will shortly be made:—if we understand the language of the Popish Bishops, *they are preparing their flocks for it*: let it not take you off your guard: BEWARE OF THE NIGHT SEASON!

But there is another passage in Dr. DOYLE'S “*Pastoral*” which deserves particular notice—it is where he gives them a definition of what a *Heretic* is:

“ It is not every one who differs from you in Religion who should be branded with the *odious name* of ‘ Heretic.’ Errors in Religion do not constitute heresy; but a wilful and obstinate adherence to them.” Now such is the description (as we have above seen,) that is given of the Protestants of Ireland—they are declared to be so lost to Mother Church “ that it is inconsistent both with the *nature of man*, and with the *ordinary providence of God*,” to expect their conversion! Therefore, if the Romanists before entertained any doubt whatever of our deserving “ to be branded with the *odious name* of ‘ heretic,’ ” and consequently meriting the punishment decreed by their Church against that *odious name*, such doubt is now for ever removed by the declaration of one of their Prelates, who expressly says that *we are incurable heretics!* We earnestly request the attention of the Government to this part of the “ *Pastoral*”—it will (*if any thing can.*) most effectually open their eyes.

Dr. DOYLE pretends to tell the Ribbonmen, that *they themselves* “ interpret Prophecies—usurp the place of the Pastors, and Doctors of the Church,” &c. No, it is not true, (as the Doctor well knows, and as we have already shewn by our extracts from *Pastorini*,) that “ *they themselves*” have attempted to interpret the prophecies—it was a *Bishop of their Church* who accomplished this task for them—they have not usurped the place of their Pastors and Doctors—they are merely following their directions, implicitly obeying the true spirit of their mandates: they are

merely receiving a PRECIOUS GIFT from the hands of their *Pastors and Doctors*, which is made, as we have before remarked, to supersede the Bible, and which Dr. MILNER calls ‘ *A most ingenious and learned exposition of the book of Revelations*’: they are receiving the production and commentary of one who was FORTY YEARS a Bishop in their Church!—One of whom it is said, that his ‘ *Life gave fresh odour to sanctity*,—and new lustre to virtue, to religion, and to learning.’ Doctor DOYLE! your artifice will not succeed:—you presume on our ignorance of that hellish firebrand, and that you will be able to persuade us that it is through a *misapprehension* of *Pastorini* the present conspiracy has been created. But *we now see what you are*; and as we know well that you are not a fool, we cannot be blind to your motives in putting forth such palpable and insulting falsehoods. You may depend upon it, you and all your brother hypocrites shall be driven out of the field; and as we have truth at our side, so likewise we have a fixed determination to expose you, let Rebels, or *Trimmers*, raise ever so great an outcry against us. “ *Magna est veritas et prevalabit*,” is a maxim which makes you tremble, and which at last must overwhelm you!

But we have not done with the Doctor:—He thus questions the Ribbonmen: “ Can you mention the name of any individual, not of those classes (the lower orders,) who have ever joined your associations?” Yes, Doctor, if they wished to do so! My Right Rev. Gentleman, read the cross examination of COFFEY, and cogitate thereon:—We shall extract a few passages for your information:

“ Q. Did you ever see (at the Ribbonmen's meetings) one that could associate with a Gentleman?

A. I saw two such once.

COFFEY afterwards stated that he was informed, by those of the conspirators who had an opportunity of knowing the fact, “ that there were people of consequence in Dublin members of the Asso-

ciation." He also said that "he had frequently heard in the country *the name of A GENTLEMAN* mentioned as the head of the society."

(*To be continued.*)

" IT WOULD BE SO."

A VISION;

By Solomon Second Sight.

[From a Pamphlet of 1811;—now worthy of particular attention.]

(Continued from Page 63.)

THE EXCHANGE.

" Now," observed I, " we are at the Royal Exchange."

" At the *Imperial* Exchange, if you please," interrupted my companion; " terms are altered with us strangely. Once, every thing was *royal*; ten years ago, every thing was *republican*; and now, every thing in Ireland is *imperial*."

" It may be so, but your Imperial Exchange seems somewhat deserted."

" Indeed it is not of the fullest; the Protestant merchants have been driven away by the active zeal of our good Catholics. As our privileges and our grievances increased, we became less satisfied to see our commerce intruded on by heretics; and, as you know, it was our national right, if we could not have banished them by any other means, we must even have resorted to the rough methods of our Jacobite ancestors. Accordingly, some we terrified out of the country; and those who ventured to stay, we soon, by our superior influence and power, compelled to contract their stock, call in their debts, and give over trading."

In conversation of this kind, we passed through Dame street—our way was continually impeded by mendicant monks, who demanded our contributions for the support of their convents, or the enrichment of their shrines. Black Friars, white Friars, and grey Friars, Franciscans and Carthusians, Dominicans and Benedictines, Fathers of the

order of Mercy, and Brothers of the order of Charity, swarmed around us; while parties of French gens d'armerie jostled us into the kennel. Thrice we were obliged to kneel in the footway before processions of the Host:—till, through these and a thousand other Catholic obstructions, we made our way into

COLLEGE-GREEN.

" And where," enquired I, " is the statue of King William?"

" Can you ask such a question," replied my companion, " remembering how we had clamoured against the "Dutch invader," how we had detested his memory, how we had reviled his character, and how, even in the days of Protestantism, we had defaced his effigy?"

" Yet, after all this, you have not restored the family of the Stuarts."

" Not exactly. Some of our Lawyers, indeed, calculated on the next of kin to CARDINAL YORK; and others speculated on an Irish Republic. The great Emperor had, however, rather different "destinies" in view for us; and the antiquity of the "Green Island," on which we all laid such wonderful stress, was not completely suited to the "new order of things."

" By which I am to understand, that the hedgers and ditchers of Ireland have been continued in her cabins, while her palaces are occupied by the hedgers and ditchers of France."

My remark did not seem entirely acceptable to my companion; so I changed the subject.

" And this splendid pile," pointing to

THE NATIONAL BANK,

" is re-appropriated, I presume, to its original purpose?"

" It bears the semblance of it," returned he. " After our French Union, we had small occasion for it in its late capacity. The Protestant directors and

proprietors had been of course expelled, and their capital confiscated: this bore a little hard on those Catholics who had placed their wealth on heretical security: and deservedly. No true son of the Church would have placed his money *there*, while he could lodge it with a Catholic Banker."

"It has once more then become the seat of your Parliament?"

"We are pleased to call it so. It is at present fitting up for a Conservative Senate, which we expect from France by the next mail."

"But what has become of the ornaments which were lately placed over the centre portico?"

"Oh, you mean the figures of Plenty, Commerce, and Justice;—we had no further occasion for them, you know: so Monsieur Le Due took them down, and sent them to the Emperor. But observe the procession returning from Christ Church."

The cavalcade passed slowly along; and the train of friars entered at the great gate of

(To be continued.)

Black Rock, Nov. 30th, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

Sir,

THE enclosed little *jeu d'esprit*, just to relieve the horror and indignation that pervades every reflecting mind, in consequence of the late treasonable and daring aggressions of the Popish Hierarchy, was intended for the columns of a Weekly Journal, (the *Warder*,) whose able Editor ranks amongst the foremost of our Constitutional advocates, and, as his excellent Paper could not, from previous engagements, make room for its reception yesterday; you will be so good as to give it insertion in the "Irish Protestant."

"I am happy to see, that this valuable publication of yours is flourishing; and I assure you, that nothing which my patronage can effect, shall be want-

ing, to add to its prosperity. We are now beginning to hit the popish impostors, and other traitors, hard, and at last, as I intended, forcing them to convict themselves. Cardinal *Bellarmino* of the D. E. Post, is roaring like a Town Bull I see, from the desperate flagellations I have given him, all in good humour though, for he amuses me much. We shall soon knock the entire to pieces.

I am your's, sincerely,
HARCOURT LEES.

"As there appears to me to be a grand trial of skill between three parties in the community, nearly equal in point of intellect, which of them shall perform the most extraordinary and miraculous feats, in the present ominous days of delusion and hypocrisy: I beg to draw the attention of your strictly Protestant readers, in a few words, not more to the parties at issue, than to the performance in general. The "operatives" I allude to, Sir, are first, the jesuits, next, a considerable part of the King's Ministers, and thirdly, a "canine individual," of no common celebrity; the famous rat-killing dog, Master Billy, who is, I think, infinitely preferable, in point of energy, decision, and despatch, to most of the misnamed Statesmen of the day; I always except, of course, the Right Hon. Conyngham Plunkett. With respect to the talents or foresight of these three distinct bodies, of political combatants for fame, or execration; at least, so far as the two first may be concerned, my opinions have not only been long since on record, but most unfortunately for this part of the United Empire, long since confirmed by facts.

"Whether the jesuits will eventually succeed in persuading our enlightened, active, and well-informed Government, that the surest remedy they can adopt, for securing the ultimate peace of Ireland, will be, the final exaltation of Popery on the ruins of the Protestant Faith, is a miracle, I shall not now consider, because the *humiliation of the*

loyalist is identified with the security of the State, and it would be an act of treason against the ascendancy of the Church of Rome, at a future day, to doubt the omnipotency of the Cabinet of Great Britain, at the present period. To their wise heads I shall leave the certain consequences of their folly, of which they may depend upon seeing the fruits, before the 25th of April next; unless a more active system shall be adopted. As to the wonderful miracle, performed so frequently of late, by that *killing Statesman, Billy*, of destroying 100 rats in seven minutes and a half, it has been seldom equalled, since the fatal night of St. Bartholomew, or the sudden massacre by the papists, (from a principle of conciliation ! ! !) on the 23d of October, 1641. I shall therefore, consider neither or none of these important matters at present, but shall immediately proceed to lay before the numerous readers, of one of the best conducted, and most constitutional prints, this country ever could boast of, a Popish miracle of wondrous import, performed in the heart of even Protestant England, quite sufficient if not to convert the Guild of Dublin Merchants, at least to bewilder the *Orange Rebels* of the North of Ireland.

There is a work Mr. Editor, of great reputation amongst the Papists of England, called the "Catholic Magazine" the circulation of which, has been forced throughout every part of that country, under the sanction of, and at an immense expense *defrayed* by, the secret society of the Jesuits; which infamous order was permitted by the state blockheads, to establish itself about twenty years since, at Stoney Hurst in Lancashire: an establishment, against the dangers, likely to emanate from which, I have alone in the Empire, been raising my voice for three years past, ineffectually and unattended to (as far as relates to these dangerous villains) except by our great supporter Lord Colchester. This Magazine like Pastorini's *Constitutional Work*, has been sedulously distributed in amazing

quantities, particularly through the Northern and Eastern parts of England, by *hired emissaries*, and has occasioned proportionate mischief, by unsettling the minds, and corrupting the ideas of the lower orders of the people. The miracle I now lay before you, is extracted from that work, and re-published in "Truth's Advocate," for September last, the object of it being to proselytise, and if it should fail in its *utmost* extent, at least to predispose the feelings of the radicals to act in unison with the Irish Papists, now under the jurisdiction of the Jesuits, and the Irish priests—that such a horrible system of imposture and villainy, should be ever sanctioned in England, would not surprise you, did you but know Popery, half as well as I do; as also the immense funds the Jesuits have at their disposal, to carry their ultimate objects into effect, and to the illegal mode of collecting which funds, I have so frequently drawn the attention of the public.

Miracle performed in England, through the interposition of Prince Hoenlohe.
(From the Catholic Magazine.)

" Miss Barbara O'Connor, aged 29 years, a choir Nun of the community of English ladies, formerly established at Leeds, but now residing at New Hall, near Chelmsford, Essex, was attacked in November 1820, with a malady in her right arm, accompanied by excruciating pain. In the December following, she lost the entire use of her hand and arm, from that period, until the 3d of May last, the pain continued without intermission, and the limb paralyzed, though the swelling was reduced at times by the application of medicine. On the 5th of March last, Prince Hoenlohe was written to, who in reply, dated Bamberg, March 16th, gave notice that he would offer up Mass for the afflicted sister, on the 3d of May, at eight o'clock, (mind the hour Mr. Editor.) The *Invalid* made a retreat, and a nine days' devotion, and prepared herself by a general confession; on the

same day, and at the same hour, (attend to the hour Mr. Editor, for this is important) eight o'clock, Mass was likewise celebrated by the Chaplain of the Convent, and all the sisters communicated, at 20 minutes past eight o'clock, as the Priest was beginning to read the last Gospel, *Miss Barbara having taken a strong dose of medicine previously felt a painful emotion*, (and I should have been surprised if she had not) and her right shoulder for the honour of miracles, including both silk and stuff gowns; dont laugh Mr. Editor; as I have done even in my sleep, ever since I read it, (shall I mention it, my poor and shamefully deluded countrymen, or can I fail to annihilate that Bigot Zealot, Father Hayes) her right shoulder they say, *let a crack*, and (well for you Plunkett, my protestant boy, you were not near her, or no CATHOLIC petition would you ever again present, to an enlightened and patriotic House of Commons.)—From which a thrilling sensation darted to the ends of her fingers, the pain instantly ceased, and motion was immediately restored to both her arm and hand; the free use of which she continues to enjoy to this day." I think Mr. Bagot and his miracles must hide their heads after this Bamberg *crack* of Miss O'Connor. As to myself, Sir, I have determined on turning Popish Priest, being at length converted to the true faith, and being quite convinced, that our Popish Ministers if they have not yet got cracked elbows, they have left but little doubt on my mind, that for some time past, they have laboured under the political misfortune of having cracked heads.

(To be continued.)

Imperial Reception of a Petitioner.
When any one came to ask a favour of Napoleon, he was always displeased if the person betrayed any meanness of address. If the petitioner seemed so conscious of his inferiority, and so over-powered with his august presence, as to be unable to propose his request with firmness, he would say, "What are

you afraid of, my friend? I am no more than yourself; I am but a man?"

AEROSTATION.

Venice, Oct. 15.—M. Scaramuzzi, of Florence, affirms that he has happily solved the problem of giving a precise direction to air balloons, and intends to communicate his plan to the British minister at this court, with the hope of obtaining the reward of 500 000 francs, (20,000 pounds sterling,) offered by the Royal Society at London, for the horizontal direction of the air balloon. He asserts that he can make his balloon ascend or descend, advance horizontally or stand still, without regard to wind or storm. He promises, if he has a sufficient stock of provision, to remain suspended for several months together, between heaven and earth, without once descending, and affirms, that there is no danger in his aerial excursion. He calls his vessel "Aérodrom," which, at first, however, will not contain more than twenty persons. The expense of building amounts to 100,000 francs.—These Italians seem quite positive that our Royal Society has offered 20,000l. for this discovery.

ERRATA in the Eighth Number—Page 59, 2d column, 9th line, for *vomit*, read *emit*.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. X.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1822.

Vol. I.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT
REVEREND DR. DOYLE, ROMISH
BISHOP OF FERNS, &c. TO THE
REVEREND THE DEANERY OF
THE DIOCESS OF KILCOCK.

(Continued from Page 69.)

Here we are furnished with a ready answer to Dr. DOYLE's question to the Ribbonmen; we can tell his reverence that this conspiracy was not confined to the lower orders; and what is more, we have something more than vague conjecture to fortify us in the notion, that certain Ecclesiastics of the Romish Church were the medium of communication, *between the Radicals of England, and the Ribbonmen of Ireland!* It would not, perhaps, be a very difficult task for us to put our hand on “his Excellency the Ambassador Extraordinary!” who went over to Manchester, and afterwards to London, to effect the union between the “Sons of the Shamrock,” and the loyal Queenites!

But this leads us, in the next place, to another Query, which Dr. DOYLE puts to his “Dear Brethren,” the Ribbonmen: “Have not the Clergy, Priests, and Bishops, with one voice, condemned you?” Yes, we rather suspect that the *tenor* of this condemnation was *uniform*; given, “with one voice,” or in a similar tone! The

Right Rev. Gentleman continues his interrogatories: Has one of you ever been permitted to partake of a Sacrament in our Church, who has not first renounced these Associations?” This, really, is beyond all bearing! What! are we thus to be trifled with? Does the Right Rev. Doctor imagine, that we, Protestants, are bereft of natural understanding? Let him only glance his eye over the testimony of Coffey, and this *Right loyal* Prelate will perceive, that, so far from Ribbonmen being prohibited from receiving the Sacrament in his Church, it was made an indispensable qualification of a *Delegate, to declare upon Oath, “that he had been at duty, and received the Sacrament as a Catholic, during the preceding six Months! ! !”*

Now, my Right Rev. Dr. Humbug, I beg to know are you not ashamed of this gross attempt to deceive us? If the Ribbonites had been uniformly refused the Sacrament in your Church, unless they “first renounced the Association;” how came it to pass that the Committee of Delegates had the folly to make a member swear, that he had regularly received the Romish Sacrament, “as a test of his fidelity to the cause? Surely, if Dr. DOYLE's assertion were true, so far from its being a recommendation, it would have been a downright stigma on the character of a member,—A COMPLETE PROOF OF

HIS APOSTACY, *his having received the Popish Sacrament.*

Oh, my good Dr. Humbug, this, at least, is too gross a fiction to pass muster ; by endeavouring to prove too much, you have indisputably defeated your own purpose, and given as delectable a master-key to your " *Pastoral*," as we could have obtained by the most accurate examination of Pope's Decrees, General Councils, &c. &c. &c. We need not add another word to unmask hypocrisy, " for it has most effectually done its own business ! ! ! " Not a loop-hole can Doctor Humbug find ; no jesuitical twist will avail him ; for it was Coffey's interest to have kept this damning fact a secret, if his conscience would have permitted him : therefore it would avail Doctor Humbug nothing to attempt to invalidate the testimony of this witness : for, as the learned Judge Burton wisely remarked, in his charge to the Jury, Coffey's very *admission* of his having taken the oath alluded to, was the greatest corroboration of his veracity ; as the *admission* was so calculated to excite a prejudice against him, in the minds of his hearers ; that " he had, in this respect, a temptation to swear falsely." And besides, if he had concealed this circumstance, *it could not have been proved against him* : for, who, without acknowledging himself a traitor, could give any evidence on the subject ? Alas ! Right Rev. Doctor ! we feel for the absolute fever which this detection must necessarily throw you into ! Not all the Jesuits in Christendom can get you out of the quagmire, or prevent you becoming the laughing-stock of the Nation. You are *done-up*, my poor Doctor ! ! !

But come, we shall amuse ourselves with Doctor Humbug, for a few minutes longer, although we have no need to follow up the blow ; for even though he had the Attorney-General for his *bottle-holder*, he could not again *stand up in the ring*.

Doctor Humbug continues his questions to his " Dearest Brethren," the Ribbonmen : " Has any honest, sober, and

industrious Tradesman, or Labourer, ever entered, unless by compulsion, among you ? Are not your Leaders, almost without exception, men of profligate minds, of vicious and *irreligious* habits ? "

Now for another smasher : The following are the characters given to the Ribbonmen convicted at the last Commission :

Isaac Orr, Esq. examined.

Q. " Do you know the prisoner Browne ? " A. " I do."

Q. " How long have you known him ? " A. " As long as I can recollect ; he has been twelve years working for me."

Q. " Have you had opportunities of knowing his character ? " A. " Yes ; I never heard any thing against him, till he was taken up on this charge. I found him one of the *honestest* men I ever knew."

Cross-examined by the Attorney-General.

Q. " Have you heard of this conspiracy ? " A. " I did not know it was in Dublin "

Q. " Do you believe it now ? " — A. " Undoubtedly."

Q. " Dont you believe that persons of otherwise honest characters, have been concerned in it ? " A. " I believe so."

Sylvester Divine, examined.

Q. " Do you know the prisoner Woods ? " A. " Yes ; I have known him two years."

Q. " What is his character ? " — A. " As honest and industrious as I ever heard of."

Denis Flinn, examined.

Q. " Have you known William Crilly for any length of time ? " — A. " Yes, eight or nine years ; he lived with me in a confidential situation, and I found him an honest, industrious, well-behaved young man."

William Bennett, examined.

Q. " Do you know the prisoner Hughes ; and what is his character ? " A. " I have known him eighteen years ; he is a sober, honest, well-behaved boy."

James Sinnott, examined.

Q. "Do you know the character of the prisoner Hughes?" A. "I have known him four years; he is an industrious, honest, inoffensive young man."

The foregoing testimonies answer Dr. HUMBUG's queries in so decisive, and we are certain, *to him* in so *gratifying* a manner, that we have no doubt his *Right Reverence* will glow with satisfaction at finding his "*Dearest Brethren*" so highly regarded in their various stations. What a pity that the poor *artless* Doctor is so peculiarly unfortunate in all his positions—alas! not one he has as yet taken up has proved tenable! As to the charge which he brings against the Ribbonites, of being men of "*irreligious habits*," that is so completely repelled by the institutions of their association that we need only extract the concluding paragraph of their oath:

"I. A. B. Having made the above promise of my own free will and accord, *may God assist me in my endeavours to fulfil the same; and may God protect our friendship, and grant us to live in a state of grace. Amen!*"

What now is to be done? We find 'Holy Mother Church' so completely *in for it*, that the more she struggles, the deeper she sinks! The very evidence which Doctor HUMBUG has called to his assistance, like the returning wave to a stranded vessel, only dashes him with greater violence on the rocks of destruction! All is over! The zealous Doctor, from his anxiety to conceal the *grand secret* has brought the question to an issue which sets it at rest for ever! Had the Doctor kept silence on the subject, we could not indeed have absolved the Church of Rome from having sanctioned the Plot; but it would not have been quite so easy a matter for us to prove the shameless hypocrisy of the Romish Ecclesiastics, who, while they are plotting our destruction, have the diabolical wickedness to assume the mask of friendship and loyalty! There is something manly in an open avowal of hostility; but hypocrisy is so

revolting to our minds, that we justly consider the hypocrite as the vilest and most depraved of characters. Hypocrisy argues a maturity in vice, which places the guilty individual far beyond the reach of any extenuating circumstance, and makes us avoid him as a pestilence. Where now is the boasted "*Conciliation?*" Where the grounds for charging conscientious Protestants with illiberality? Those who were advocates for giving increased power to the Church of Rome must now if they have a particle of candour, acknowledge themselves either deceivers,—we had almost said, Traitors to the Constitution, to the Protestant religion; nay, joint conspirators against the lives of Protestants,—or the veriest dupes of Popish treachery: there is no alternative. We must likewise add, that whoever, after the present disclosures, would counsel the admission of Romanists to the highest offices of the Government, must, if not a downright ideot, be a most consummate knave.

Let it not be said that our sentence is too sweeping in its nature and consequences:—by no means, it is, as we have clearly proved, impossible to be a faithful Romanist without adhering to the extirminating principles which constitute the essence of the Papal Church. A man must either be a rebel to the Pope, or to the Protestant Government; because the pretensions and claims of the two rivals clash so decidedly, that, unless a person could faithfully serve two masters whose interests are at variance in almost every particular, no conscientious Papist can refuse to become a Rebel to what he terms an '*Heretical State*'—nay, even an exterminator of Protestants, when he can muster power sufficient to obey the *standing decrees of his Church*. The most that we can grant, is, that many professed Romanists in this country have never hitherto reflected on, or perhaps, do not even perceive the tendency of, the doctrines they profess. In this case they are dupes, and should immediately abandon a Church which, so far from having a claim on their obedience, merits their

utter abhorrence. One or the other must be the fact—either they are not aware of the nature of their religion, or they know it, and, consequently, by their adherence, to it declare their acquiescence in the principles it inculcates. We therefore call upon them to renounce those principles, and we are ready to receive them as our confidential brethren. But if they refuse this, they absolutely seal their own condemnation; and it would be an absurdity quite unparalleled in the history of nations, for us, with such evidence before our eyes, to encrease their power of effecting our destruction. What says GEORGE IV.?

“I am supreme within these realms, your legitimate Monarch, and entitled to your constitutional obedience; as such I proclaim, according to Law, that all my subjects shall be unmolested in the free exercise of their religious opinions.” What says the Pope? “*He who reigneth on high hath established me a Prince over all Nations, to pluck up, waste, destroy, plant and build: by virtue of this authority, I declare and pronounce all heretical Princes, (and among them GEORGE IV.) laid under a sentence of Anathema: deprived of all right and title to their kingdoms; their subjects absolved from all oaths of allegiance to them: and those who obey them, in the like sentence of anathema. I further reject, As contrary to the Cannons, to the Councils, to the Catholic Religion, and to the tranquillity of human life, the proposal that all religious shall be free, and their worship publicly exercised. Out of the Catholic Church there is no salvation. Therefore, the system of Equality with regard to all religions, is utterly opposite to the Catholic, which cannot form any alliance with any other, any more than Christ can league with Belial. I do positively declare that it is false, that my concordat has given a sanction to the Toleration of other modes of worship.*”

Where is the Romanist that will be hardy enough to maintain that true and

unreserved allegiance to a Protestant Government is compatible with obedience to “*the Apostolic See*,” without which obedience he cannot be a Papist? The idea is so preposterous, when we come to examine it honestly, that it is almost laughable to think of proposing it as a matter of consideration. Now we have literally quoted the Pope’s words: and it is acknowledged by Doctor HUMBUG himself that “*The doctrines of his Church on the subject of civil duties, is not only clear and explicit, but that it has been the same, in all nations, and at all times.*”

It is indeed lamentable to be irresistably led to such a conclusion: but it would be worse than criminal in us to suffer the good nature, and unsuspecting liberality of Protestants to be rendered auxiliary to their own destruction. Deeply do we regret that any human being should be capable of wandering so far from the paths of religion and natural feeling, as calmly to contemplate the destruction of his fellow creature, for a non-conformity to his theological notions. However, it is so indisputable that such a principle is the life-blood of Popery, that Protestants must never relax in their vigilance; must never omit the most decided precautions; must never lay aside their armour for a moment—while the Hydra of Intolerance shall have strength to attack them.

We suspect that the true design of the “*Pastoral Address*” must now be so manifest to our readers, that they will hurl it from them with indignation. Still we cannot dismiss the subject without remarking on the deadly spirit of hatred which this Jesuitical production breathes against a portion of our countrymen, not amounting to less than half a million; and whose firm and unshaken constancy in the cause of loyalty, and of the constitution could alone have pointed them out as the objects of such unbounded rancour. Yes, we maintain it, and well does Doctor DOYLE know what we say to be the fact, that those very ORANGEMEN whom he so vilely traduces, are by their obligation bound to *preserve peace*,

not to destroy it. Yet mark the infernal art with which this *minister of charity* stimulates all the extravagant prejudices of his benighted and sanguinary votaries against those whom they denominate 'ORANGEMEN'—in their phraseology, *all constitutional Protestants!* The Doctor enquires, what were the motives that induced his "Dearest Brethren" the Ribbonmen, to embark in this conspiracy? To this he replies; "*your hatred of ORANGEMEN, YOUR LOVE OF RELIGION,*" (indeed!—what, have we caught you again, Doctor? This is rather enigmatical, since we have seen above that the Doctor struggles hard to confine this Association to "*Men of profligate lives, of vicious and irreligious habits.*" Lack-a-day, Doctor! You seem to have forgotten that *a certain class of people* should have good memories! Why, the poor, *honest, candid* Doctor, is *tripping* in every line!—"*Your faith in prophecies, your hope of seeing your country free and happy.*"

And so these are the motives!!!

But, let us hear the *gentle* inuendoes: "*The Orangemen may be foolish, may be wicked, may be your enemies.*" Now, we ask the Doctor, is this what he calls "*Conciliation?*" Is this the way to remove the prejudices of his deluded and infuriated bigots? He acknowledges that they do indulge in such prejudices against Orangemen; but does he endeavour to point out the falsity of these prejudices, although he must be convinced that they are false as hell? Far from it—his *Reverence* more than tells them, that their prejudices are well founded—he even hints too plainly to be mis-interpreted, that if the Orangemen should have an opportunity, the Romanists would have "*Their feelings again insulted, their wives abused, their daughters violated.*" Base insinuation! "*Again*"—as much as to say, 'such has been their former conduct, and nothing but want of opportunity prevents them from repeating it! No! 'tis false:—the Orangemen fling back this hideous calumny on those who have dealt it out:—It is the portrait of his "*Dearest Brethren,*" the Doctor has

here drawn; but is as unlike a Protestant, as the Devil is to an Arch-angel! We repeat it—the Doctor's Epistle is calculated to arouse the worst feelings, on both sides, and should actually be burned by the common hangman.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Miracle performed in England, through the interposition of Prince Hoenlohe.
(From the Catholic Magazine.)

(*Continued from Page 72.*)

But as I know a few months more will prove the truth of this remark, I shall now say no more on that subject, but just take the liberty of knocking this miracle and the villains who paid for it to pieces. If we look back to the earliest period of christianity, we must acknowledge the existence of, and necessity for miracles; our blessed Saviour had to convince the Jews, that he came from God, and he did this by appealing to the wondrous works which he performed. Our Lord and Redeemer made it perfectly apparent, that his miracles were not performed by the interposition of evil spirits, by constantly referring to the purity and perfection of those doctrines which he taught; and it being thus proved, that the revelation was from God, we are bound to receive it as such; and since it informs us, "that deceptions will be attempted by the aid of lying wonders," we ought now to yield conviction to no miracle, if the faith it would establish, is at direct variance with both scripture and revelation. Now, Sir, I beg you will attend closely to me, conversant as I am, not only in all the hidden mysteries of the church of Rome, but also in most subjects connected with the State, the Government, the Constitution, and the vital interests of every country in Europe; I always find it a matter of mere amusement, to expose not only Titular inendiaries, but patriotic conspirators. When Popery is my subject, or its ignorant and contemptible advocates, I always write as well as laughter will permit me, for *conversion* and not for *admiration*. I

can change my style as often as I can alter my subject, and meet both, so as to convenience the intellectual qualifications, or the treasonable views of our mutual enemies. Of course I must expect to offend some readers, who not having sense enough to penetrate into the secret causes, for using a species of literary machinery, which has never yet failed in its object with me, they may be startled at the use of an expression or quotation, which, when operating on the feelings or the apprehension of the parties I reprobate, will be attended with more effect, than did I write folios of grave and unintelligible matter.

Sir Cardinal Bellarmine (I dont mean the *lately* created Cardinal Bellycosus of the *Dublin Evening Post*,) in his Notes of the Church, lib. IV. page 14. says, "That Miracles are necessary to evince any *new* faith, or any extraordinary Mission; that they undoubtedly prove, that the *true* Church is to be found amongst Romanists and not amongst Protestants, as they are seals and testimonials which God useth, without whose immediate power, they could not be performed; and who will by no means, bear witness *to a lie*."

Now, Sir, as a tolerable theologian, this is exactly the point at which I have been anxious to arrive; for I will prove, on the authority of their own infallible Oracle, (I allude not to Bellycosus of the *Evening Post*, who is as stupid as a mule, but as riotous as a Ribbonman) that either the Popish is a *new* Creed, which I think I have long since shewn to be the case, or that Prince Bamberg, the Jesuits, the Priests, and the two Titular incendiary writers, are a set of the most despicable imposters or superstitious ideots, that ever polluted a Church, with or without a Religion. You will recollect, Sir, that this *Princely* Dean gave notice, he would celebrate a Mass on the 3d of May at eight o'clock (of course—*Bamberg time*.) Miss Barbara O'Connor and her confessor began their Mass, or the idolatrous worshipping of a piece of

paste, at eight o'clock (*English time*.) But as Bamberg has ten degrees east longitude of Greenwich, and consequently reckons time forty minutes earlier than the Nunnery at New Hall; so, I believe even Bellycosus must admit, that his *Royal Highness* commenced his conjurations twenty minutes after seven o'clock: that is, Sir, a complete hour before the languishing Barbara's shoulder *let a crack*, after her Epsoms; and forty minutes before even the New-Hall Magdalens went to prayers at all! What an unfortunate circumstance it is, that I should find out all these curious matters connected with this most wonderful and *Apostolical* Church.

"I wish a small part of our Ministers would only take the trouble of putting themselves under my tuition, for a short time, before they presume to legislate for popery, and to give their support, both in and out of Parliament, to the advancement of a sect and creed, of which they absolutely know nothing.—As to their general improvement, as Statesmen, I will render them as much service as the density of their skulls will permit me; for I declare before God, that were I to judge them by their political errors, and their shameful treachery, or ignorance, (for it must be one or other,) of late and passing events, which a school-boy should have been cut to atoms for not knowing; I would say, that two-thirds of our *crack nominal* Statesmen were either impostors or fools.

"For the present, Sir, wishing a long-continued *celibacy* to Miss O'Connor's elbow; a speedy termination to Prince Bamberg's impostures; an occasional flagellation to *Bellarmino*, merely to prevent plethora encreasing, and a slight knowledge of popery, villainy and treason, to my honourable, upright and much deceived countryman, Mr. Plunkett, I have the honor to be, very faithfully,

Your admirer and zealous ally,

AWFUL VISITATION OF PROVIDENCE.

WE hardly know how to approach the following subject:—It is one of the most appalling nature. The unhappy victim is said to have been the Rev. Sylvester O'Sullivan, P. P. of Knockacappul, who is declared to have met his fate, near to, if not on the very spot, where the murdered BRERETON fell by the hands of the Rev. Gentleman's inhuman parishioners. We do not pledge ourselves, that, by Doctor O'Sullivan, is actually meant the Parish Priest of Knockacappul; though the result of all our enquiries leads us to believe that they were one and the same person; and the circumstance of the wretched man having perished "*near the Priest's house*," greatly tends to confirm us in the belief. If this be the case, what a crowd of reflections is this melancholy judgment calculated to awaken!

It was, indeed, our opinion, that Priest O'Sullivan's influence with his flock, might, *if properly exerted*, have saved BRERETON's life. Certain it is, at least, that the Rev. Gentleman positively refused to lend his aid to bring the murderers to justice: and therefore, that decree of his Maker, "*He that sheddeth man's blood; by man shall his blood be shed*," would have been frustrated by a Minister of that God who had published the decree; had others possessed his Reverence's tenacity of the impious secret.

The description given by a person who beheld the body immediately after the terrific event, not only strikes us with awe, but with astonishment.—Never before have we heard of the corpse of one who perished by lightning, exhibiting such dreadful marks. What! an actual fracture of the skull; several marks on the body; his hat, breeches, stockings, and shoes, torn to atoms, and scattered on the road!—We always thought that the electric fluid never left more than one mark of violence, and that merely on the spot with which it first came in contact:

Awful effects of Lightning.—“ I have now to give you an account of a most melancholy event that took place here to-day: I was going up to Sneem Fair about two o'clock, and just near the turn up to the Glebe met Doctor O'Sullivan. He passed me by, and as there was a shower coming on, I ran to a house at Drimina. I had not been there more than two minutes when I saw one of the brightest flashes of lightning that I ever noticed, which was immediately followed by a most tremendous clap of thunder, and in a few minutes after some one passed by, saying, that a man had been killed near the Priest's house. I ran down there, and saw the poor Doctor stretched on the road. At first, I did not know him, his face was so disfigured; his skull over his forehead had been beaten in, as if he had got a blow from a flat stick on the head; his face was swelled and quite red; his lips were turned black, and the blood seemed driven through his eyes, nose and mouth; his whiskers, and eye-brows were scorched, and he had several marks on his body, and particularly on the inside of his left thigh. His hat, breeches, stockings and shoes were torn to atoms, and scattered on the road—in short, such a spectacle was never seen. There were three or four persons with him at the time, but they escaped unhurt. Mr. Brennan and John were 20 yards behind him, but they were so dazzled by the flash that they did not see him when knocked down. The body is in such a state that it will not probably keep for 24 hours. It created such a panic at the fair that there was not an appearance of it in half an hour.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

“ IT WOULD BE SO.”

A VISION;

By Solomon Second Sight.

[From a Pamphlet of 1811;—now worthy of particular attention.]

(Continued from 70.)

TRINITY COLLEGE.

“ This institution, at least, as being

founded by a Protestant sovereign, has not been re-claimed to your church?"

" Why not?—The soil of Ireland, like her people, is catholic. ELIZABETH deriving her title through an English invader, could possess no better right than did your second HENRY."

" But she never designed Trinity College for a catholic seminary."

" Perhaps not—but its statutes contain a dispensing power.—Therefore we expelled its Protestant Members, and when the fellowships had thus become vacant, we supplied them with good Catholics. In the mean time, we stopt the revenues of this heretical university; seized its plate and its property; turned the chapel into a magazine, the College into a garrison, and the chambers into prisons."

" Had you not a seminary for your religion at MAYNOOTH, founded, endowed, and sanctioned by Protestant liberality."

A frown gathered on my companion's brow, while he retorted—

" They gave us only a part of what was really our's. In all cases, we owe to heretics as little obligation as faith: their concessions have proceeded rather from fear than kindness.—What they granted by degrees"—

—“ Was only required by degrees,” interrupted I.

“ We required as best suited our policy,” replied he.—“ No, no, my good friend, the fall of Protestantism, which began by permitting *our* schools and *our* colleges, warns us not to incur the like danger by the like toleration.”

“ And who is the visitor of your newly acquired college?—

“ Not the son of a Protestant King, you may be assured.—The chief of our hierarchy now superintends Trinity College; that great and fruitful seminary the Catholic religion established in Ireland.”

The sound of trumpets interrupted our farther argument; and a second procession appeared in view.

“ This is a busy day,” observed my companion: “ our Mayor and Sheriffs are going to present an address to Na-

POLEON: Monsieur le Duc condescends to receive it in the name of his Imperial Majesty.—Stand a little aside, and you will see our

CITY CORPORATION.

(To be continued.)

Toleration—An Anecdote.

A LATE Dignitary of the Established Church was once chaplain in a British factory. A Protestant, who belonged to it, happening to die at a village, a few miles distant, his friends, on account of his difference in the faith, found every argument with the parish-priest, to permit his interment, of no weight.—The chaplain of the factory waited upon him in person, and, after mentioning his quality, and his business, related the following circumstance:—“ When I was a curate in London, I was interring a corpse one Sunday afternoon, and had not gone half through the ceremony, when a woman, pressing through the crowd, pulled me by the sleeve, “ Sir,” said she, “ I must speak to you!”—“ Speak to me, woman!” said I, “ you must stay till I have finished the ceremony.”—“ No, Sir,” replied she, “ you must hear me immediately. Do you not know that you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox, by the side of my poor husband, who never had them.” The priest felt the force of the anecdote, and immediately consented to the interment.

Our Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Office for Publishing the “ IRISH PROTESTANT” has been removed to

No. 1, CROW-STREET, within one Door of Dame-street, where Subscriptions and Orders will in future be received.

We have to apologize to our loyal Correspondent X. Y. Z. for not inserting his important Letter; but we intend to do so in our next Publication.

We request those Subscribers, who have not yet paid their Subscriptions in, will do so without delay.—Complete sets of the *Irish Protestant* can be had.

Irish Protestant Office, 1, Crow-street.

THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XI.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1822.

Vol. I.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT
REVEREND DR. DOYLE, ROMISH
BISHOP OF FERNS, &c., TO THE
REVEREND THE DEANERY OF
THE DIOCESS OF KILCOCK.

(Concluded from Page 77.)

“But *your motive* (says the Doctor,) is to make your country free and happy. *We will not reason with you* on the end that you propose to yourselves.” Why not, Doctor? Do you not acknowledge that the religion which you profess “in this country is not only tolerated, but *protected by law?*” Have you not confessed that the period they had chosen to form a dark and bloody conspiracy, was “when our Gracious Sovereign visited us like a common FATHER—dispensing among every class and description of his people, the spirit of peace and good will.”—When Government was devising means for bettering the condition of your “*Dearest Brethren!*” the Ribbonmen.—“When the eyes of the whole empire were fixed upon *them*, and all its wisdom employed in devising means for bettering their condition, by calling forth the infinite resources of our soil, of our mines, of our fisheries; and employing on them the energies of a numerous people.—When the Government was expending several hundred thousand pounds, in supplying the wants, and providing for the support of

perhaps a million of their brethren—When England, (*Heretical England!*), with a bounty and generosity peculiarly her own, had watched over our distress, with the anxiety of a mother, and ministered, out of her abundance, to all our wants; raising her charities as a shield, to protect us against famine and pestilence; clothing the naked; feeding the hungry, and consoling the distressed.” And all this to repair the losses, the distresses, the almost utter ruin, caused by the idleness, the fraud, the violence, the villainy, the cruelty, the unexampled barbarity, of your “*Dearest Brethren!*” And still Right Rev. Doctor, *you will not reason with them on the end which they proposed to themselves!!!*

There is one way, indeed, by which they might better their condition, that is by flying from that pestiferous Church which, after all that has been done to conciliate it, teemeth with a murderous spirit, and which “will not come unto the light, lest her deeds might be made manifest.” Could they once bring themselves to shake off the heavy yoke which the Doctor and his co-adjudicators impose on them; to *emancipate* themselves from the foulest shackles ever worn by the human race; to raise themselves from the state of mental degradation and spiritual tyranny in which they are kept; to avail themselves of the liberal offers of education

which are hourly making to them and their children, by enlightened and generous benefactors; to accept with a thankful heart, the word of God, which is every day presented to them,—instead of “*Giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons*!” then, indeed, they would become “*free*,” industrious, independant, and happy. But this is not the manner in which the Doctor would have the *freedom* and happiness of his country secured:—*it is by quite an opposite method!!!*

It is worthy of remark, that the Doctor emphatically contradicts the prevailing opinion, that distress had given rise to this conspiracy: he declares that, “*Though he had seen and conversed with many individuals who were once engaged in these wicked associations, he has not known one who was compelled by want to enter into them.*” This is indeed, an important declaration! *It completely saddles the right horse!!!* It was not *want*, it was *bigotry and malice*, that made them undertake this conspiracy; AND THEY LIKEWISE DID SO UNDER THE MASK OF CONCILIATION!!!!

What think you now of Popery?

One remark more, ere we have done with this famous, and most *Conciliatory “Pastoral.”*—Doctor DOYLE tells his “*Dearest Brethren*,” that the method they have chosen is admirably adapted to accomplish the very end they have in view,—that is, “*To compel the Gentlemen (the Protestant Gentlemen!) to fly from the Country!*” What a felicitous mode the Doctor has discovered of congratulating “*His dearest Brethren*” on the appropriateness of their plan!! This mode of *banishment* was the *cream* of the system, as it left the inferior Protestants without directors, or protection, and consequently at the mercy of the blood-hounds of intolerance.

But, we cannot take leave of the Right Rev. Doctor, without reminding him of a few expressions that are to be found in his anonymous letter to his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin;

which not only are couched in such a *Conciliatory* style, as to be most imminently calculated to lull the tempest of Popish fanaticism, which, as the Doctor confesses, so generally prevails among his votaries; but likewise present a strange contrast with several of the Doctors present admissions. The Doctor charges the founders of our Church with being “*Wicked and profligate men*!” and farther, with a genuine *Hibernian* energy, this *learned* Divine has been kind enough to place Queen *Elizabeth* among these *men!!!* We shall make no comment on this *latter* circumstance, which proves that the Doctor’s celestial disposition has made his Reverence quite *insensible* to all *sexual* distinctions! But we must beg to inform the Right Rev. *Metamorphosiser*, that he is either grossly ignorant of the history of the Reformation, or grossly misrepresents the character of the Reformers. They were not, “*wicked and profligate men*”—no; they opposed, like the prophets of old, their energies, their talents, their piety, their wisdom—nay, many of them sacrificed their invaluable lives; to counteract the *wickedness* and *profligacy*, with which the Doctor’s depraved, ambitious, tyrannical, idolatrous, and hypocritical predecessors had inundated the Church of Christ.

The Doctor declares that our “*Creed* has been composed in part of the traditions of men, and compiled from time to time by Lay persons and Ecclesiastics, whose very names are a reproach to all with whom they are connected, and whose hypocrisy, lies, and crimes, his feelings (poor, gentle, generous, amiable man!) would not allow him to commit to paper!” Has the Doctor ever read the life of that incomparable man, Archbishop USHER, who had a very principle hand in purging our Irish Church from the “*Slough*” of Popery? Surely here is a “*name*” which was an honor to human nature; and it was this inestimable man, who, in 1615, drew up the Articles of religion for the *Established Church of Ireland*. So much for the Doctor’s veracity!

The Doctor charges our religion with *novelty*. This likewise is utterly false, the test is ready at hand: *try it by the Scriptures*, and if it be not found a perfect transcript of that religion which Christ and his Apostles taught,—in such case, and in no other, will we admit the charge of novelty against it. Let the Doctor, instead of such vague and indefinite calumnies, single out any of our doctrines, and submit them to that great and infallible oracle; then shall we have a satisfactory decision, and discover whether what we profess be of God, or the *fabrication of men*. But the Right Rev. Gentleman will not be very ready at thus bringing the question to an issue, although we now dare him to do so. This is the proper, and the only method to substantiate his charge. Would his Church equally well bear the refiner's fire? Well he knows it would instantly turn into dross! Now we assert, and we again dare his Reverence to try the issue, that ours is the *Catholic* and *Apostolic* Church; inasmuch as we possess, pure and unadulterated, those very doctrines which Christ left us as the guide of our conduct, and the beacon of our salvation—those doctrines which will, at perhaps no very distant period, be truly *Catholic*—that is, “cover the earth, as the waters cover the face of the great deep.” If we were now to look for any *Catholic* religion, and judge its merit by its *universality*, we assuredly must pitch upon the *Heathen*. Perhaps more than three fourths of the population of the globe now are Heathens: The Chinese, the Hindoos, the Japanese, the savages of America, Africa, New Holland, the South Sea Islands, many of the Tartar Tribes, &c. &c. Now, if *universality* were to decide the point, these possess the *Catholic* religion: the same may be said of its antiquity. But if *conformity to the revealed will of God* be the test, our Protestant Creed lays claim to the title of *Catholic*,—a title which all the vituperation of the Jesuitical Doctor will never be able to shake!

We further assert, and we will, please

God, fully prove the truth of our assertion, on some future opportunity—that the Church of Rome is neither conformable to Holy Writ, to reason, philosophy, or even morality—that she has widely departed from the religion of Christ; that she has corrupted his precious doctrines, almost without any exception; that she is the mistress and patroness of lies, hypocrisy, murder, and abomination—bears all the marks of Antichrist, as foretold by the Apostles; and ever has made war with the true faith. Already we have tolerably well established these positions: but, as the Doctor has provoked the discussion, he shall not have to complain that we shrink from the combat!

Does Dr. Doyle pride himself on his Church having very generally received the title of “*Catholic*?” Then be it known unto him, that even this ‘*Catholicity*,’ or *universality*, is one of the marks given by St. JOHN to that *Antichrist*, which he beheld drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.” To this direful persecutor, “power was given over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.” [Rev. xiii. 7.] Such a power at least the Pope usurps, and pretends to assign to the Doctor and his underlings.

But the Doctor, in his testiness at being, indeed mildly, told the truth, breaks out into a very extravagant display of the fanciful, which is truly ludicrous when compared with his own admissions in his Epistle to his “dearly beloved,” the Ribbonmen. In the latter, as we have already seen, he freely acknowledges, nay, testifies, that the Romanists *WANTONLY* conspired against the Protestant State, the Protestant Church, and the lives and properties of Protestants: and all this before the Archbishop of Dublin's visitation discourse! But in his anonymous invective against his Grace, the Doctor makes the Popish Church to adopt the following complaint: “*They (the Protestants) hated me without a cause*”—the Right Rev. Gentleman also inquires “How does it

happen that *patience* and *forbearance* are always found on the side of the *Catholics*? That *they* are *always* employed in repelling attacks, not in *inflicting wounds*, like him "who when he was persecuted *did not persecute*, when he was calumniated did not revile?"—Oh, this is exquisite! as lovely a specimen of unblushing effrontery, as ever the "Mother of Intolerance" put forth! What! are not the very details which the Doctor himself has given a sufficient proof that *his* Church is the aggressor—the foul, the unprovoked aggressor? O, Popery, Popery! what clear, what indisputable evidence dost thou produce of thy lineal descent from the father of lies!

To conclude, Protestants can no longer entertain a reasonable doubt that a most extensive and atrocious conspiracy exists against them. It behoves them therefore to make a firm stand against innovation of all descriptions; and consider every man as their foe who, *after the late exposures*, will advocate the investing Romanists with power to put their horrible designs into execution. And we likewise hope, that all rational members of the Church of Rome, will see how incompatible her doctrines are with the welfare of mankind, and peace of society, and that they will retire in disgust from the Mother and Mistress of so many abominations, and *emancipate* themselves from a tyranny, by far more insupportable than that of the *Reprobate Pharaoh*!

THE YEOMANRY.

The greatest, and almost irretrievable blunder which was made by the government of this country, was the disbanding or disorganization of the loyal protestant yeomanry, which were a bulwark against disaffection, and would probably have secured us from all the evils and horrors that are now staring us in the face. The yeomanry or volunteer corps had undergone the "refiner's fire"; by the preceding rebellion they had been purged of nearly all the dross

that at first attached to them; and the custom of admitting by ballot furnished a safe and efficacious mode of excluding all whose loyalty was dubious.—Government had little more to do, than be select in the Officers whom they appointed, and with a very slight precaution they might have preserved the yeomanry corps free from pollution;—Had this been done—had not a temporizing policy, a false notion of economy, and a thorough ignorance of the real state of Ireland, induced the former Chief Secretary almost to annihilate this truly Constitutional force, we are convinced that rebellion would not have ventured thus to rear her blood-stained hand. The expense of assembling the yeomanry once a month would have been but a very trifling consideration, compared even with the vast destruction of property which is now taking place, and the great increase of the regular military which is since become indispensable. Had the military training of the yeomanry continued uninterrupted, not only would it have preserved competent discipline amongst them, but the imposing appearance they should have presented would, without doubt, have mainly contributed to counteract the seductive efforts of those political incendiaries, who, unhappily, are now making such rapid strides in their execrable avocation. The yeomanry, even with the share of discipline that they formerly possessed, would, in many respects, have been superior in utility to the best organised troops that wanted a local knowledge of the country; and when acting in conjunction with the troops of the line, might speedily have imbibed a spirit of subordination,—the want of which constitutes the most striking inferiority of irregular troops.

Government, we have little doubt, deeply regret the precipitancy with which they reduced this great national force to a mere shadow. But what is now to be done? They cannot run the risk, in the present state of the country, of arming their enemies; and how to make a distinction they know not. This

delicacy, we almost venture to prophesy, they will be obliged, *ere long*, to forego. But could they not, even at this moment, find trust-worthy agents that might privately canvass, and confidentially *report progress*? We could speedily supply them with a suggestion that would enable them to embody the staunchest loyalists before a month; and soon restore the equilibrium.

Without a great and vigorous effort of policy, a bloody civil war is likely to take place. We certainly are inclined to place the greatest reliance on the enlightened Statesman who now holds the reigns of Government. But he has a most invidious and difficult task—to counteract all the evils of Mr. Grant's administration. Treason has been fostered almost to maturity; and loyalty has been discouraged, well nigh to disgust. Nothing, however, but a change of system can save the country.

Before we dismiss the subject of the yeomanry, we think it not amiss to remark, that the choice of proper persons to fill the situation of Permanent Serjeants, is *one* of the most important consequence to the country. Perhaps, almost with exception, the permanent serjeants of yeomanry, should be selected from among the most respectable and trust-worthy non-commissioned officers of the line. These could establish a proper and uniform system of discipline, and, by their still remaining amenable to martial law, would offer an ample security for their conduct.

In the present mode of appointing Permanent Serjeants, there is far too much of the *job* system; and we have reason to suspect, that some who were deeply implicated in treasonable practices, do to this very hour hold the situation.

“ IT WOULD BE SO.”

A VISION;

By Solomon Second Sight.
(Continued from Page 80.)

THE CITY CORPORATION.

And this also, which was so conspicuously enrolled among our thirty-six

thousand grievances, is now exclusively ours.

I looked attentively at the several carriages, and recognised therein many, adorned with the furs and chains of municipal power, who had formerly been among the busiest of the Repository.

“ We were long labouring for this,” resumed my neighbour.—“ The indulgence, or, if you will, the weakness of the heretical Government suffered us (and without stipulation, for *that* we at last disdained) to be elected into the corporation. Yet, till we could controul the power of election, and occupy the city to ourselves, the privilege was incomplete, and the grievance was undiminished.”

“ To judge of your city by the characters whom I now see at its head, the grievance seems pretty thoroughly redressed, and the privilege pretty fully attained. But when did you first accomplish this great object?”

“ When we first began to ask for relaxations.”

“ I do not comprehend you.”

“ No!—Then I fear you are not a Catholic of long standing.—In 1773, when the Catholics of Ireland were first allowed to acquire an interest in land, the doom of Protestantism was sealed.—Our *petitions*, for so we then called them, were ever accompanied with the promise, “ *this one and no more* ;” yet the last concession was ever turned into an argument for something further.”

“ Was this quite so honest, think you?”—

“ Speak lower.—We were only reclaiming a right, and a mental reservation cured all. It was not a falsehood, but merely a dissimulation: nor indeed could it be termed even by that name, as the heretics must have known that one demand could only render another more necessary.—Besides, had they surrendered all at once, there would have been no occasion for such promises:—themselves, therefore, and not the Catholics, were to blame.”

I was on the point of answering this strange doctrine, when a trumpet again

sounded; and a person, attired like an herald, stopt in the street, and commanded silence.

" This," said my companion, " is a pursuivant.—Let us attend—he is about publish a Government

PROCLAMATION.

The trumpet again sounded, and silence was again enjoined.

" In the name of the august Emperor, and of the holy Church!

" Whereas several heretics, calling themselves Protestants, are of late suspected to have come into our good city of Dublin, contrary to our express commands and the Imperial edict issued for their expulsion, it is hereby ordered, that all Protestants, who have not taken the oaths of allegiance and of the papal supremacy, shall, within 24 hours after the publication of this ordinance, depart from our said city, upon pain of DEATH.

" And that all Protestants, who have taken the said oaths, shall forthwith deliver up their arms, both offensive and defensive, into the Emperor's stores, in the said city, upon pain of DEATH.

" And that no such Protestant do presume to appear in the streets of the said city, from ten o'clock at night, until five in the morning, nor at any other time when there is an alarm.

" And lastly, for the prevention of all unlawful assemblies these are therefore to will and require all such Protestants, that no greater number of them than FIVE shall meet and converse at any time within the said city or its liberties; on pain of such Protestants' suffering death, or whatever punishment the military tribunal shall think fit.

" GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR AND THE HOLY CHURCH!"

" What think you," asked my companion, " of our proclamation!"

" As an excellent commentary on your text."

So saying, we entered

THE FOUR COURTS.

" And here, I presume, you have not forgotten your general system?"

" Hardly. Within these walls we collected some hundreds of our grievances. The wheel has at length turned round, and every post of honour or profit, from the Chancellor down to the Tipstaff, is now gathered in to ourselves."

(To be concluded in our next.)

MODERN POLITICS!!!

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR, I BEG to put you in possession of a circumstance, (which if you doubt its veracity, you can, upon application at 25, Lower Exchequer-street, this evening, have the name and address of the individuals at both sides, who were concerned.

Two Protestants, (in an humble, yet industrious and independent sphere of society,) went into a public-house in Crampton-Court, on Monday evening, between the hours of five and six o'clock. They sat in a room, the entrance of which commanded a complete view of a number of persons, in an interior apartment, amongst whom the LANDLORD was drinking. On beholding the entrance of these two persons, a ruffian, (who holds a subordinate situation in the Castle! his name and principles are long known,) rose, and proposed that the company should drink—
" confusion, dismay, a speedy extermination, and a bloody end to all Orangemen!" This was received with repeated cheers and plaudits by his own company; but the two last comers apparently did not notice it. The same fellow ordered them to rise and drink—
" The memory of the sorrel-horse that killed King William, and bloody end to Jack the Giant Killer, otherwise Sir Harcourt Lees."—(Cheers.) Still no notice.

Now, Sir, to shew you the liberal and conciliating spirit that is abroad, to prove to you that many who have pensions and places, *concordatum, &c.* and

have no means of existence but by the Government, are rebels, and are this instant sowing the seeds of sedition amongst his Majesty's subjects.—To come to the grand finale, this callous villain, this base minion, this degenerate *holder of a place* under the Government,—will you credit it, Sir, rose, and proposed—“*Success to the Ribbonmen of Ireland, and prosperity and success to them in all their undertakings.*”

Here, one of the two, (an old man,) interfered, and told the fellow, “that he would use his utmost strength to beat his teeth down his throat, if he drank the last toast.”—(Great confusion.) The landlord entreated the two to depart, and not to mention the circumstance, or it would ruin him; that he would be deprived of his license.—The *place-holder*, and proposer of this cruel and remorseless toast, followed the old man to the door, and said, “you are known, and marked; and calling him by his name, said ‘You wretch, I know you.’”

This morning a letter was received from the wife of the publican, *entreat-
ing silence*, or ruin was inevitable.

Sir, if you do not make something of this, you are not the man I took you to be. You passed over in silence the outrage of the Bank Guard. This is not redeeming the pledge of being a “Faithful Examiner.”

Excuse all this; it comes from a heart which wishes you and the cause prosperity.

X. Y. Z.

6th Dec. 1822.

WE can assure our loyal Correspondent, that it was very far from being our intention to pass over in silence, though we had deemed it advisable to defer noticing the disgraceful outrage in College-green. Having been told that the business was taken up by a competent tribunal, we impatiently waited for the investigation: for we do not consider it by any means consistent with justice, to attribute to the Government, the intemperate acts of every

individual employed by them, until we know to a certainty that such had been positively sanctioned by their approval; and had originated, not in a misinterpretation, but in a perfect obedience to the orders given. We confess, our impression is, that the rash individual, who inflicted repeated wounds on, as it is said, an unoffending man, entirely misconceived the spirit of his orders. This, we trust, will be satisfactorily proved.

However, though we are willing to admit every *extenuating* circumstance in this most painful business; still candour compels us to declare that there appears to us to have been a great want of *judgment* (to say the least of it,) in the arrangements said to have been made. The Bank guard, we are told had orders to prevent any persons from approaching the Statue. If so, as this was entirely a *novel* proceeding, the circumstance ought either to have been announced, so as to warn the public of such orders being in existence; or a *sentinel* should at least have been placed at the statue, in order to give timely notice that all access to it was forbidden. We know quite enough of military discipline to pronounce with certainty, that the latter arrangement would have more accorded with established custom, than the method which is reported to have been adopted; and we sincerely hope that the want of it was merely an *oversight*. We are not ignorant from whose department this arrangement should have issued. *But of this more hereafter.*

Far be it from us to imagine that the noble Marquess at the head of the Government, or his constitutional Chief Secretary, should incline in the least to arbitrary feeling. We do not suspect them of the slightest want of a desire to uphold, and righteously to administer the laws. But, sorry are we to know that, during the unfortunate administration of our late Chief Secretary, some individuals obtained admission into the under departments of the Executive, who, we fear, are far from being trust-worthy.

The instance now adduced is one that should not be passed over; and we shall feel not only surprize, but indignation, if enquiry be not made about the disaffected villain alluded to in the above communication; and surely his removal from any office under the crown, must be a necessary consequence of his being discovered. There can be no difficulty in finding him out; as we pledge ourselves to bring forward the parties when called upon.

We cannot conclude without regretting most deeply, that individuals out of a false zeal for loyalty, should be guilty of such criminally indiscreet conduct, as that which gave rise to the unfortunate occurrence in College-green. If they reflect a moment, they must see what a serious injury they are doing to the cause which they, perhaps, imagine they are supporting—what a handle they give to the disaffected to asperse loyalty in general—how closely they imitate the enemies of our rights—and *how they almost impose silence on their advocates.* It is true the whole affair seems to have originated in a drunken frolic, and to have been meant merely for pastime. But this is not a sufficient excuse. And we entreat such gentlemen to be more circumspect in future.

Yet, sorry we are to say, that the treatment which those individuals received for having joined in a wild freak, was very different, indeed, from the manner in which a real offender—a *disaffected* violater of the peace—was disposed of, on the late 12th of July. We were present when a ruffian, who had assisted in dismantling the Statue, on that night, was examined; an individual came forward, and offered to swear, that he saw him furiously trample in the mire, the banner which had for its motto: “FEAR GOD: HONOUR THE KING!” But it was not conceived *prudent* even to hold him over to bail!—the matter was hushed!!! Was this even-handed justice? Perhaps it was! but our intellect is not sufficiently refined to comprehend it.

We fear this plan of *Conciliation* will

not prove very satisfactory in its result: and our friends may rest assured that we will not fail to discuss its *merits.*

A very gratifying exemplification of the wide difference that exists between the mild and loyal spirit which actuates Protestants, and that, turbulent and disaffected feeling which is the main-spring acted on among their clamorous opponents, has been yielded on the late occasion. Had the Military, in dispersing a mob of Popish rioters, chanced even slightly to wound one of their gang; parish meetings would have been convened in all directions—the public prints would have teemed with treasonable invective—it would have been set forth, that a design to exterminate Papists actually existed: that not only were their feelings outraged, but their persons were attacked. In short, we should never have heard the end of it! What a contrast do the Protestants of Dublin at present display!—One of their body, for a harmless joke,—nay, one who it appears took no part whatever in the business, but was merely an unoffending spectator, was bayoneted, and his life actually endangered! Yet we find Protestants calmly abiding the issue of the trial: although the late events are not calculated to inspire them with implicit confidence: We trust that Government will not fail to draw the obvious inference from this very striking contrast; and that they will hereby learn, which deserve to be ruled with a rod of iron, and which to be drawn with the cords of love. Ardently do we hope that no fresh insults will be heaped on the calm and patient loyalists; for there is a certain boundary over which it may be imprudent to pass.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c. &c.

[Continued from Page 51.]

Besides the votaries of this wonder-working Church, are to fall down before this morsel of bread, when the Priest “elevates” it, with a thousand mountebank gestures, and to worship it as the very Christ! though a mouse might run away with it the minute after!! Nor is this all,—they are likewise to believe, under pain of eternal damnation, that Jesus Christ, when on earth, actually *eat himself*, body, blood, bones, head, hair, teeth, eyes, legs, feet, arms, hands, &c. &c. and, at one time, had all these in his mouth together!! Well, Sir, could even you, yourself, say, that a Church firmly believing such blasphemous absurdities, and thus dishonouring God, has “what we can call a Religion?” I am convinced you would not.

By the bye, Sir, it now occurs to me, that you, at one time, when warmly advocating the claims of your favourites, the Romanists, actually expressed in your place in the House of Commons a very great difficulty in believing that Transubstantiation was an established tenet of the Papal Church! Therefore, to remove all pretext of credulity from

you, I shall quote, from a decree of their last General Council, that of Trent, which leaves no ground for quibbling on the subject:

“Si quis negaverit in Sanctissimæ Eucharistæ Sacramento continueri vere, realiter, et substantialiter, corpus et sanguinem una cum anima et divinitate Domini nostri Jesu Christi, ac proinde totum Christum; sed dixerit tantummodo esse in eo ut in signo, vel figura, aut virtute; anathema sit.”—“If any one shall deny, that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, there are contained, truly, really, and substantially, *the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ*; but shall say that he is in it only by a *sign or figure*, or by *his influence*, he is accursed!—Concil. Trid. Sess. xiii. cap. iv. Canon I.

As the above is tolerably explicit, Sir, I shall pass over the subsequent canons on this subject, though they remove every shadow of an excuse for the *kind* interpretation which Mr. Plunkett was pleased to give of this doctrine, in order, I suppose, to soften down “the *prejudices* of the people of England,” against the grossest idolatry that ever the world knew! And you may rest assured, Mr. Attorney-General, so great was the offence which your calling in question *this*, their favourite tenet, gave to the Romanists, that, in the event of their obtaining full power to execute due

vengeance on heretics, nothing could save William Conyngham Plunkett from blazing at an *Auto da fe*, unless a positive declaration on your part, Sir, that the doubt which you expressed, was all a jesuitical trick ! Depend upon it, Sir, that Transubstantiation is the very last of their errors they will abandon ; and, therefore, our ancestors have acted wisely in making the disavowal of it, a test of a man not being a papist. It is strange, but true, that a Romanist would tremble more at the bare idea of denying the truth of Transubstantiation, than at disclaiming his faith in the Supreme Being altogether ! This singularity arises from the Romanists being taught, from their childhood, to look upon the worship of the Host, and that of the Virgin Mary, as the striking characteristics of their doctrine.

But, Sir, in reviewing the doctrines of the papal Church, it is not in the foregoing particulars alone, that we find the entire absence of what we can call '*a Religion*.' No, Sir, there are other points of vital moment in which the heavenly Religion of the adorable God has been deformed, nay, utterly subverted. For instance, their doctrine of purgatory so entirely defeats the most pointed admonitions of our Blessed Redeemer, and leaves such an open for the indulgence of vice, in this state of existence, that it could never have been sanctioned by an all-wise and immaculate God. And besides, Sir, it is a doctrine, which every Statesman, who has the good order of society at heart, ought to set his face against *in toto* : for, while a man thinks it possible, that the deeds of this life may be atoned for by a temporary suffering in another stage of existence ; and even that suffering be made dependent on the money, which his relatives shall pay to a mercenary priest, or the sum he shall himself be able to leave behind him for the purchase of Masses ; is it not a certain consequence, Sir, that such a one will be less careful to lead a correct and holy life, than if he believed, with the Scriptures, that this life is the termination of our probation ;

and that, "as the tree falleth, so it lieth ?" Jesus Christ assures the Jews, (John viii.) that "if they died in their sins, they could never go to heaven."— In short, the whole of the Gospel, nay, of every part of the Bible, endeavours to impress upon us the necessity of immediate repentance, *from the uncertainty of life*. But the Church of Rome holds out hope to the sinner, *even though he should die in his sins* ; and thus defeats the intention of Heaven itself ! nay, by a decree of the Council of Trent, the Clergy are particularly ordered, and sworn, "*constantly to hold, and most diligently to teach, that there is a Purgatory !*" Now, Sir, I ask you, could our invaluable Archbishop have justly pronounced any other sentence on a Church holding so unscriptural and highly dangerous a doctrine, than that it wanted, "what we call a Religion ?"

But, Sir, the doctrine of Indulgences, is, if possible, still more absurd : a tenet, the only end of which is to enrich the Romish Clergy, to impoverish the community, and to loosen all the bonds of morality. By this doctrine, Sir, even the fire of purgatory can be quenched at the will of the Pope, and sins be forgiven by anticipation : or, to speak intelligibly, *a license is given to commit sin with impunity !* This is so serious a charge, that I must substantiate it.

The following is the form of an indulgence, as used in the begining of the 16th century :—

" May the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on, and absolve thee, by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority, and that of his blessed Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and of the most holy Pope Leo X. &c. granted unto me in these parts ; do absolve thee ; first, from all ecclesiastical censures, and then from *all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be*, even such as are cognizable by the Holy See, alone, and as far as the keys of the holy Church extend, I remit to you all punishments which you deserve in *Purgatory*."

tory on their account; and I restore you to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at Baptism; so that when you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of Paradise and delight opened; and if you shall not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force, when you are at the point of death. In the name of the Father, &c."

The clergy who disposed of these indulgences, when Popery, Sir, had that vigour which Mr. PLUNKETT's exertions are so well calculated to restore to it, sent forth the following explanation of the uses of indulgences, in order to prevail on their deluded followers to purchase them freely.

" If any man shall purchase Letters of Indulgence, his soul may rest secure with regard to its salvation. The souls confined in Purgatory, as soon as the Money tinkles in the chest, instantly escape from that place of torment, and ascend to heaven! The efficacy of Indulgences is such, that the most heinous sins would be remitted and expiated by them, and the persons freed from punishment and guilt. This is the unspeakable Gift of God, to reconcile men to himself! Lo! the heavens are open; if ye enter not in now, when will ye enter? For a little money, you may redeem the soul of your father out of Purgatory from torments. If you had but one coat, you ought to strip yourself instantly and sell it, in order to purchase such benefits." See ROBERTSON's *History of Charles V.* vol. 2. page 80.

As the Church of Rome, Sir, is immutable, even according to the Right Rev. Doctor DOYLE, her doctrines still remain the same that they were in the 16th century. But in fact, the present Pope, in 1809, sent a *plenary Indulgence* to this country, the disposal of which was placed in the hands of Right Rev. Dr. MOYLAN. One passage in it is as follows: " Were your sins as red as scarlet BY THE GRACE OF THE ABSOLUTION OF THIS

PLenary Indulgence, your soul shall become white as snow!"

Are you not shocked, Sir, at this blasphemous attempt to usurp the very throne of God? And, Sir, would it not be the greatest folly, nay impiety, to call such a system ' Religion'? Methinks I hear you cry out, " And is such the Church which I have striven to elevate?" O, Sir, such indeed is the Church, whose cause you have advocated!!!

As I intend, in future numbers of the PROTESTANT, to consider all the doctrines of the Church of Rome, *serially*, I shall not now, Sir, dwell longer on this subject; than merely to allude to two other tenets of the Papal Church, which give the *coup de grace* to its absurdity. I mean the doctrine of *Intention*, and the pretended power of the Pope, by a dispensation to do away with the solemn obligation of an *oath*!

The doctrine of *Intention*, which, like most of the Papal doctrines, was meant to raise the Clergy to an absolute power over their deluded votaries, is by much the greatest monster that ever the moral world produced. The introduction of it into the Papal Church is a proof how neat the extremes of cunning and bad policy approach to each other: for the humblest understanding by applying this doctrine against even the whole of the Papal pretensions, can instantly, if not annihilate, at least throw a shade of doubt over them, which must shake the Church of Rome to its very foundations! This doctrine is fully established by the Council of Trent, as follows:

" Si quis dixerit in ministris dum Sacramenta conficiunt, et conferunt, non requiri INTENTIONEM, saltem faciendi quod Ecclesia facit; anathema sit."

The motive for establishing such a tenet is obvious,—to receive certain Sacraments in the Romish Church, as for instance Baptism, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Absolution, &c. is considered by every *orthodox* Romanist to be indispensable to salvation: In order that these should have any efficacy

whatever, according to the *infallible* Council of TRENT, the Priest must have a good *intention*, that is, be in earnest, sincere, and perfectly devout, in the dispensing each Sacrament: if, for instance, two were coming to partake of a Sacrament, and the Priest, through prejudice or enmity, meant to prevent its efficacy from extending to one of them, the ceremony with respect to that individual is to all intents and purposes null and void! The Cannon of the Mass, or Roman Missal, is a very explicit comment on this doctrine:—"If the Minister do not *intend* to make a Sacrament, but to *cheat*—the ceremony goes for naught! Hence, as without the due receiving of these Sacraments there can not be salvation; to incur the displeasure of the Priest would according to this doctrine, be almost equivalent to a forfeiture of eternal life: therefore, every true Romanist will be always careful to purchase the *good intention* of his Clergyman by strict obedience, and every thing that will be requisite to conciliate him. This, Sir, is worthy the serious attention of every Statesman, as it constitutes the grand foundation of that *Imperium in Imperio*, to which you, Sir, as in the case of Priest O'SULLIVAN, were not ashamed to boast, in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, that you had bowed down, and laid the law of the land prostrate at the feet of a Popish P. P.!!

If I were to give way to my reflection on this extravagant and most pernicious doctrine, what a picture might I draw of its terrible effects!—I would paint the terror and perplexity of each tender conscience at the apprehension that rites necessary to salvation had never yet been duly performed for it: such a one yielding himself a pray to despair, or surrendering all his wealth, and even the provision for his helpless innocents, in order effectually to secure the good will of some Ecclesiastic! That such a circumstance every day occurs we can have no doubt whatever. And, Sir, was not your conduct towards Priest O'Sullivan well calculated to augment

this already most deplorably extensive influence?

Above, I have hinted how ready an instrument this doctrine, so admirably adapted to aggrandise the Popish Clergy, might be made in the annihilation of their control. The process is exceedingly simple—only apply the engine against the Priesthood, and all the Papal Chnrch, in an instant, tumbles into ruins! For, as *Intention* is no less requisite in dispensing ordination to a priest, and consecration to a prelate of their Church—nay, even to the creation of a Pope!—it follows that no priest, no prelate, no pope, ever could be relieved from a doubt of his having been legitimately appointed! for how could he answer for the "INTENTION" of him who went through the ceremony of his consecration, &c.? Impossible he could! Therefore, if we even suppose that since the Apostolic age even *one* dispenser of Consecration, or Ordination failed of due *intention*, the individual whom he merely *pretended* to consecrate was to all effect an *unqualified person*; consequently all the operations, consecrations, ordinations, sacraments, &c. of this *unqualified person* were null and void, and all whom through life he might have *intended* to consecrate could receive no more benefit from him, than from the verriest layman!! Here, Sir, we have broken the chain, never more to be united: let one link be lost, and anarchy and confusion, if not utter destruction, would pervade the Papal Church! Even the Pope himself is placed within the range of this terrible doctrine, and crumbles into nothing under its operation! Should enquiring Romanists turn their attention to this point, it would soon bring the Priesthood to their proper level! To doubt the doctrines of the Church of Rome, is, to forsake her—To believe them *perfectly*, to a reflecting mind, is likewise sure to *terminate* in their rejection. Can such a Church, Sir, be said to have what "we can call a Religion"? Or can the Statesman who would patronize and encourage such, be a

friend to the human race? No, Sir—the only excuse he could plead would be ignorance. This, Sir, you cannot *henceforth* bring forward in your defence, should you endeavour again to strengthen the hands of evil!

The last doctrine of the Church of Rome that I proposed for consideration, viz. the power of the Pope to dispense with the sacred obligation of an oath, or perhaps I should say, to absolve those who had taken an oath, from the observance thereof, is, indeed, a most serious subject for our reflection at the present moment; a subject, with which Mr. Plunkett should make himself perfectly acquainted, ere he attempt to pronounce on the propriety of admitting the subservient vassals of the Pope of Rome, into the Protestant Legislature of England, in consequence of any pledge, or any obligation, they may *seemingly* accede to. That such a power is vested in the Pope, every true papist is as firmly bound to believe, as that the host is the very Christ. He that would dispute this authority of the Pope, would be a heretic, as much as if he questioned the efficacy of his indulgences, or his power of forgiving sins: for, as we have seen in the eighth Number of this Work, whatever the Pope willet, he can accomplish or ordain.—‘His will to him is reason’!—The *principle* being, therefore, undeniable by any one who understands the doctrines of Popery, it only remains to produce some instance, or instances, of a Pope having exercised this power. The first instance I shall mention, is that of the Bull of Pope Sixtus V. against Queen Elizabeth, in which “Her subjects are absolved from all oaths of allegiance to her!!!” The second is that of the Barons of Valencia, and the Emperor Charles V. The Barons, dreading a persecution against the industrious Moors, their tenants, obtained the insertion of the following clause in the King’s Coronation Oath: “That he should not expel the Moresses, nor force them to be baptized; that he should never desire to be re-

lieved from the Oath by a *dispensation* from the Pope, nor accept a dispensation if offered.” The Emperor took this Oath, solemnly, in the presence of his Nobles; and yet accepted a dispensation from the Pope, absolving him from his Oath, and from the guilt of perjury in breaking it! A third instance is to be found in Augustus, King of Poland, who, in the treaty of Altramsdadt, renounced the kingdom of Poland to his competitor Stanislaus. On the defeat of the king of Sweden, at Poltowa, Augustus considered himself strong enough to renew his pretensions. A solemn treaty, however, stood in his way; but this obstacle was speedily removed, by the Pope annulling the treaty, and thus removing every *scruple of conscience*! The fourth and last instance I shall mention, Sir, is a very curious one, indeed! Pope Pascal II. having, with a solemn Oath, renounced the right of investitures, *empowered his Cardinals to declare his Oath null!!!*

Here, Sir, we have an awful picture before us—the great bond of society, and of confidence between Man and Man, cancelled at will! And, Sir, can we call such a system by the sacred name of ‘*Religion*’? God forbid! Where now is our security, but in keeping the reins in our hands? But, Sir, think you that I would hence infer a right, to place even the professors of such a creed out of the pale of society? No, Sir, I pity them,—from my heart I pity them: nor would I on any account sanction or wish for any restrictions, save those which are necessary, as well to save *them* from the extremes of spiritual tyranny; as us from becoming the victims of their fanaticism. Popery never yet has had unrestricted sway over a nation, without proving detrimental to the interests of society: and a rival it will never admit of without a violent struggle. If you, Sir, and those who have partaken of your politics, had considered Popery as a system by no means amenable to the principles of reason—a system, at eternal war with true philosophy, genuine religion, and con-

sequently genuine morality—a system, which dreads the scrutinizing eye of science, and even the influence of philanthropy itself!—A system, which opposes the cultivation of the human mind, and the slightest exertion of the understanding. Did you, Sir, consider Popery in this, its true light, far be it from me to think that Mr. PLUNKETT would dream of arming it with power again to desolate Christendom.

As I have Sir, ample reason to know that the *Jesuits* have been the most active agents in promoting the present conspiracy; I will make free, Sir, to draw your attention to some tenets professed by that intriguing sect, and which, as Lord KAMES properly observes, “Open a door to every immorality.”

Persons truly wicked, and void of the love of God, may expect eternal life in heaven; provided only they be impressed with fear of divine anger, and avoid heinous crimes through the dread of future punishment. Persons may transgress with safety, who have a probable reason for transgressing, such as any plausible argument. A judge, for example, may decide for the least probable side of a question, provided he be supported by any tolerable authority. Actions intrinsically evil, and contrary to divine law, may however be innocently performed, by those who can join, even ideally, a good end to the performance of them. For example, an Ecclesiastic may lawfully commit simony, by purchasing a benefice, if to the unlawful act, he join the innocent purpose of procuring to himself a subsistence. A man who runs another through the body for a slight affront, renders the action lawful, if his motive be honour, not revenge.

Is it not cause of astonishment, Sir, that a body of men professing, and who have ever acted up to such principles, should have been suffered to establish themselves in the very heart of Protestant England, and even in the more inflammable Ireland? Are our statesmen too wise, Sir, to profit by the admonitions of history? or to calculate the in-

fluence of demoralizing principles on weak or fanatical minds? *Conciliation*, Sir, can operate effectually only on those who are under the influence of gratitude; when we see no symptom of this in an individual, we may rest assured that we are somewhat premature in our advances. But, Sir, the true way to render our conciliatory advances respected, is to shew that they do not proceed from apprehension—that they are not wrung from us, but are completely gratuitous on our part. Think you, Sir, do the Romanists of Ireland exhibit gratitude for past favours to them, and a sincere desire to meet us half way? Or does not their whole conduct evince the most inveterate hatred against every thing Protestant, and a determination never to stop short of the utter subversion of our Constitution and our Religion? The symptoms, Sir, as you yourself in candour must admit, are sufficient to excite the most serious apprehensions in us, Protestants; and when we find on inquiry, that those symptoms are the natural result of the principles of Popery, as I have faithfully described them; on what grounds, Sir, could we doubt, that all the former disorders which history ascribes, and justly ascribes, to Popish ambition and intolerance, would be renewed, with redoubled fury, should their present struggles for supremacy be successful?

(To be continued.)

THE CALF'S HEAD!

We felt quite confident that Doctor O'Reilly's Calf's Head had been *hashed up* for the express purpose of affording a pretext for insurrection; and that, when properly analyzed, it would turn out to be a dish of genuine Popish cookery, dily seasoned for the *loyal* stomachs of the Right Rev. Doctor's *innocent* and *unoffending* flock! Our presentiment was perfectly correct. The following article from the *Patriot*, will remove every doubt from the most sceptical, that, however gross the provoca-

tions which Protestants receive, however frequent the foulest pollutions of our Churches, by the bigotted votaries of Popery; no Protestant yet has been found to violate the principles of religion and common decency, by attempting to contaminate, (we speak according to the popish acceptation,) any place dedicated to the service of God.

But our reflections should not terminate here: we know popery too well to imagine for a moment, that any member of the "Holy Mother Church" would dare to *perform such a part*, unless the *Drama* had been *got up by authority*. And with what feelings should we view the *Reverend* firebrands, who, to plunge their native land into all the horrors of the most furious of all wars, a war of fanaticism, could have recourse to so diabolical an artifice?—Will not his Right Reverence now hide his *diminished head*, and blush, nay, pine, for the rancorous feeling he has created? Will he not now freely acknowledge himself to be either a *Calf*, or a * * *?

MOST IMPORTANT.—ARDEE AFFAIR !!

*From a high and most unquestionable
Source.*

"It is understood, on good authority, that the perpetration of this sacrilegious outrage has been traced to an inhabitant of the town, who is not a Protestant. The Magistrates, who were most laudably diligent on the occasion, set on foot an inquiry where any calves had been recently slaughtered. It appears that two slinks had been killed by the person in question, (a butcher of the lower rank, and of very indifferent character,) for the head of one of which, he either could not, or would not, account. It is further stated, that a letter of thanks to the Magistrates, for the part they have taken, has been addressed to them, from the highest Roman Catholic authority, which goes fully to

exonerate the Protestant part of the population from any share in this disgraceful occurrence. We trust due publicity will be given to this document, which recent circumstances have rendered of importance."

NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

Napoleon's English.—The Emperor did not speak much English, and the little he was master of, he expressed with a very bad pronunciation. It is somewhat singular too, that having once adopted any false expression or pronunciation, he could never be led to amend it, which seems to indicate that an impression once made upon his mind, *was never to be effaced*. An instance of this occurred in the word *foolish*, which first struck him as being *footish*. On this occasion, although frequently corrected in the error by Count Bertrand, Las Casas, &c. he, for once, pronounced it *correctly*, but in two minutes after, having occasion to make use of the same word, he relapsed into his original error, expressing it as a *footish* thing. And on no future occasion, did he ever, except when corrected, express the word according to the letters contained in it.

A Breach of Orders.—On the day when Sir Hudson Lowe issued his order that none of the garrison at S. Helena should have any intercourse whatsoever with Napoleon or his suite, beyond the common rules of politeness, young Baron Las Cases, happening to be out on horseback, met Major Gorrequer, Lieutenant Montgomery, another Officer, and Dr. Varling of the artillery, who were going to the camp to dine; when, in order to play off a joke, Las Cases, placing his horse across the road, purposely detained them in conversation, for twenty minutes, under the pretence of inquiring with great anxiety, respecting the health of Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe, to the no small annoyance of all the party, except Lieut. Montgomery, who seemed greatly to enjoy this wicked freak. Young Las Cases, having by these means caused an in-

fringement of the orders issued by the governor, rode homewards; where he related with great glee, the success of his experiment, at which the Empéror laughed heartily.

- NO HUMBUG!

The following article, which we copy from an Evening Paper, is one proof amongst many, of the charming fruits of the present system of 'Conciliation,' as well as of the feeling in which the *patient and unoffending* Romanists indulge habitually towards the Established Religion! Nothing could be a more appropriate comment on what we have endeavoured to impress on the Government and the Country. In fact it is not an overstrained remark, that fire and water might as rationally be expected to form an intimate union, as Protestantism and Popery: - one or the other must assuredly give way, if they be brought into contact. It is for our Statesmen to judge which they will chose, darkness or light! The *Calve's-Head-Plot* has already covered the Church of Rome with infamy. To what a level, then, will their *Ballymore Eustace* feat sink them?

"At the funeral of a Protestant, which took place within the last week, in the village of Ballymore Eustace, the corps was followed into the Church by a great number of Roman Catholics, who behaved in so riotous a manner, that the Clergyman could with difficulty proceed in the service. One of them not satisfied with proving his hatred to the Protestant Religion, and violence (which the Clergyman, who was intent upon his sacred and awful duty, disregarded, as far as it was possible to remain unaffected by such outrageous behaviour,) actually committed in the Church a nuisance too disgusting to be mentioned!

"He did in the *house of God* what even savages would not do in the presence of each other. Is this horrible and audacious outrage, which may be considered as a precursor of some more atro-

cious deed, an offshoot of the Orange system? - Have the letters of Dr. Curtis and the Roman Catholic Prelate had no effect in keeping alive and fomenting the odious and wilful bigotry which could thus drive a human being to *forget his instincts*, in his eagerness to commit this foul and horrible insult upon the Protestant Religion? Our compassion for the wretch himself even exceeds our indignation. What a state of moral and mental blindness must that be which could lead a creature to suppose that an act like this was pleasing and acceptable to God! Too many of the lower orders of the Roman Catholics of Ireland are in a state of deplorable ignorance, which is perhaps, an extenuation of their crimes: but we must be permitted to lament, that those who should be their instructors do not take sufficient pains to enlighten their minds, and soften the ferocity with which the many amongst them regard the Protestant Church and its Ministers. Assuredly, no inconsiderable portion of the disgust and hatred to which such outrages give rise should be transferred from the beings, who are little more than mere instruments in the hands of wicked persons, to the agitators and the bigots, whose trade and whose pleasure it has lately been to villify and stigmatize the august and venerable establishment of the Protestant Religion, by every species of the most unfounded and envenomed calumny."

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“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XIII.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1822.

Vol. I.

ORANGEISM.

We are too firmly convinced of the vital importance of the Orange Institution, and of the peculiar necessity for such an Association in the present state of this country, tamely to suffer its interests or fair reputation to be attacked, either by the slander or obloquy of its avowed enemies, or the far more dangerous intemperance and indiscretion of those who imagine or dub themselves the friends of that Society.

The *Evening Post* openly declares its enmity to Orangeism; nay, it freely avows, that it “glories in its hostility to Orangemen!” (not alone to the Orange System, and Principles, but also to the very members of the Body! most Christian like confession!) It likewise adds, that, “When it says of the Orange system, *Delende est Carthago*, it asserts what it means.”

This is exceedingly candid—No member of the Orange Association can henceforth charge the Editor of the *Evening Post* with being his *secret* foe. It is true we shall not require a very violent effort to trip up the heels of this notable bungler, who is ever by his flippant and superficial verbosity furnishing weapons for his own discomfiture. We have in fact only to refer to his own admissions, to prove beyond

the possibility of refutation, either that the *Evening Post* knows not the import of words, speaks not his true *attitudes*, that is to say in the ordinary language, is a rank hypocrite,—or else has conceived a deadly hatred against the British Constitution. We will give the *sapient* Editor his choice of these characters,—either of which will be highly creditable to him! Now to the proof:

The *Post* of the 16th of November has the following passage. “The late Trials in Dublin, of persons convicted of Ribbonism, ‘proves’ that the *Orange System* is generating its necessary and natural fruit. We have said a thousand times, that such Associations must, from the very nature of Man, produce their “contraries.” Here we have a clear admission, a plain and unequivocal avowal, that the *Orange System* is an opposite, a “contrary,” to the *Ribbon System*: that is, that the objects and intentions of *Orangeism* are the downright opposite of those of *Ribbonism*. Therefore as the *loyal* Editor has conceived such an uncompromising enmity to the principles of *Orangemen*, does it not naturally follow that the *opposite* principles have met his unqualified approval? Unquestionably this must be the case. Now the Attorney General, gives the following description of *Ribbonism*, that it was an association formed “To resist the laws, disturb the public peace, and Overthrow the Established

Government—to overthrow the Protestant Religion, and establish the Roman Catholic in its stead—to effect the utter extirpation of all Protestants out of the Country." &c.

Here we have a picture of *Ribbonism*! Let us next proceed to draw its "contrary." It will of course be an Association formed for opposite purposes, viz. "To support the laws, to preserve the public peace, to maintain the Established Government—to preserve inviolate the Protestant religion—and to prevent the extirpation of Protestants." That the *Evening Post* is perfectly correct in representing *Orangeism* as the "Contrary" of *Ribbonism*, we shall find confirmed by the Orangeman's oath and declaration, an extract from which we subjoin:

General Declaration of the Objects of the Orange Institution.

"WE associate, to the utmost of our power, to support and defend his Majesty, King George the Fourth, the Constitution and Laws of this Country, and the Succession to the Throne in his Majesty's illustrious House, being Protestants, for the defence of our persons and properties, and to maintain the peace of country: and for these purposes we will be at all times ready to assist the civil and military powers, in the just and lawful discharge of their duty. We also associate in honour of King William the Third, Prince of Orange, whose name we bear, as supporters of his Glorious Memory, and the true religion by him completely established, in these Kingdoms;—and, in order to prove our gratitude and affection for his name, we will annually celebrate his victory over James at the Boyne, on the first day of July O. S. in every year, which day shall be our grand *Æra* for ever.

"We further declare, that we are exclusively a Protestant Association; yet, detesting as we do any intolerant spirit, we solemnly pledge ourselves to each other, that we will not persecute, injure, or upbraid any person on account of his

religious opinions, provided the same be not hostile to the State; but that we will, on the contrary, be aiding and assisting to every Loyal Subject, of every religious description, in protecting him from violence and oppression.

Qualifications requisite for an Orangeman.

"He should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, productive of those lively and happy fruits, righteousness, and obedience to his commands; a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the World, convinced that he is the only Mediator between a sinful Creature and an offended Creator—without these he cannot be a Christian; of a humane and compassionate disposition, and a courteous and affable behaviour. He should be an utter enemy to savage brutality, and unchristian cruelty; a lover of society, and improving company; and have a laudable regard for the Protestant Religion, and a sincere desire to propagate its precepts; zealous in promoting the honour, happiness, and prosperity of his King and Country; heartily desirous of victory and success in those pursuits, yet convinced and assured, that God alone can grant them. He should have an hatred to cursing and swearing, and taking the Name of God in vain, (a shameful practice;) and he should use all opportunities of discouraging it among his Brethren. Wisdom and prudence should guide his actions; honesty and integrity direct his conduct; and the honour and glory of his King and Country, be the motives of his endeavours. Lastly, he should pay the strictest attention to a religious observance of the Sabbath; and also to temperance and sobriety.

Obligation of an Orangeman.

"I. A. B. do solemnly and voluntarily Swear, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to his Majesty King George the Fourth, and that I will to the utmost of my power, support

and maintain the Laws and Constitution of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; and the succession to the Throne in his Majesty's Illustrious House, being Protestant.

" And I do Swear that I am not, nor ever was a Roman Catholic or Papist.—That I was not, am not, nor ever will be a member of the Society called UNITED IRISHMEN, nor any other Society or Body of Men, who are Enemies to His MAJESTY, or the GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION of these realms.—And that I never took the Oath of Secrecy to that or any other Treasonable Society.

" I Swear that I will as far as in my power lies assist the Magistrates and Civil Authorities of these Kingdoms, in the lawful execution of their official Duties, when called on.—That I will be true and faithful to every BROTHER ORANGEMAN in all just actions. That I will not wrong, or know him, to be wronged or injured, without giving due notice thereof, if in my power. And I solemnly Swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will always conceal and never will reveal either part or parts of what is now to be privately communicated to me, unless to a Brother Orangeman, knowing him to be so by strict trial and due examination, or from the word of a Brother Orangeman; or until I shall be authorised so to do by the proper authorities of the Orange Institution. [The proper Authorities, from whom Liberty to make such disclosure, must be obtained, is the GRAND ORANGE LODGE of Ireland, signified under their Great Seal.] That I will not write it—indite it—cut—carve—stain, stamp, or engrave it, or cause it to be done, lest any part thereof might be known. And lastly, I do swear that I have not to my knowledge or belief been proposed and rejected in, or expelled from any other Orange Society. So help me God and keep me steadfast in this my Orangeman's Obligation."

Such is the system against which the *Post* avows its interminable hostility—such the principles it most ardently hopes

to extinguish! It would be quite superfluous for us to search the vocabulary for a term, by which to designate the man who makes no secret of his being the furious enemy of a system, so admirably calculated to counteract the infernal machinations of *Ribbonmen*—beyond a doubt, the good sense of our readers, if not the *conscience* of the Gentleman himself, will readily supply a very expressive and appropriate *one*:—It is not with self-evident inferences we would now deal—a child could dispose of that part of the subject; and every mind capable of indulging a loyal sentiment, will surely glow with affection towards an Association, which, in such times, has the patriotism to contemplate such objects. But in order completely to deprive *Ribbonism* and the writer in the *Evening Post*, of the flimsy palliation they now attempt to put forward in their defence; we shall remark, that the very time at which *Ribbonism* was most active in spreading its contagion, was when *Orangeism* was most passive—even a period at which the *Evening Post* declared, that the *Orange Association* was virtually extinct!!! Dr. DOYLE (alias HUMBUG) took precisely the same view of the subject—he actually declared, that the *Orange Association* was at its last gasp; when the atrocities of *Ribbonism* revived it! How will the *Post* reconcile such palpable contradictions?

Did our space permit, we might furnish a thousand instances of the *Evening Post's* great and incessant anxiety, to justify or extenuate the most violent outrages of the *Ribbonites*. But we imagine that its *penchant* is sufficiently notorious, without our taking any further trouble to expose it.

By far a more unpleasant duty now devolves upon us—but one beyond all dispute more necessary. The open attacks of the foes of loyalty on the Orange Institution, fall comparatively harmless; but the wounds inflicted by its pretended advocates, are much more difficult to heal. Yet, however invidious the task, it must be performed.

ORANGEISM, as we have above shewn,

is intended to *preserve* the peace of the country, *not to destroy it*. Whether such paragraphs as the following be calculated to encourage the duties of an Orangeman—whether they be likely to promote the due performance of *an Orangeman's obligation*—we shall leave the candid reader to pronounce: “*Con-ciliation* has dragged off the mask from “the face of sedition, and we have “now to oppose *bare-faced* rebellion. “We call on our Orange brethren, in “those days of peril, to come forward “and shield themselves from the *bayonet of the Assassin*. We call upon every “Loyalist to *lay aside his fear*, now “that a widely extended Roman Catholic conspiracy, to exterminate and root “out of the land its unoffending and “confiding Protestant inhabitants, has “been developed, and proved on oath in “the face of the country. Would we “call on them in terms more absolute, “we unite the *first fruits of Popish-dominion*, by calling to mind the conduct of ‘the Boys’ on the morning “of the 4th, and the blood so lately “shed in College-green. What, friends! “will ye still continue blind when *Con-ciliation* lets loose its blood hounds? “Will you still continue blind when exposed to assassination, when in pursuit “of your necessary avocations? Without “the usual proclamation, Martial Law “is now put in force, and lives of loyal “supporters of a Protestant Government, “placed in the hands of a *hireling soldier-diary*, or made the sport of a Popish “*Faction*.”

The foregoing paragraph, a more inflammatory one than which we have never yet seen, was put forth in a paper called “*The Antilote, or Protestant Guardian*,” only three numbers of which have made their appearance, and which has modestly styled itself ‘*The Organ of Orangeism!*’ If such be a specimen of its tactics and powers of language, the sooner it goes to sleep, the better; for any association with such rank and senseless stuff, must inevitably prove injurious to any institution whatever.

What object the mischievous block-

head has had in view, we cannot imagine, unless it were to attract attention, and to pass for a marvellously *loyal* character! If such be his motive, it is not very likely to be gratified: for every person of discrimination will be so completely surfeited by such a sample, as not to covet any more of this wretched scribler's inflated nothing. As for our part, we have not penetration sufficient to discover, any the least meaning in this tirade, or any tendency it could have, except to render those who would be directed by it *downright rebels*—to martial the Orange Association against the Government; and as a necessary consequence the Government against the Orangemen—to inspire the latter with a blind and ungovernable fury; and to compel the former to adopt measures, which we are firmly convinced every member of the cabinet, with perhaps the exception of *one or two*, would feel the greatest reluctance to have recourse to. Thank God the materials which this incendiary fain would set in a blaze, are not sufficiently combustible to be ignited by such dullness: with a very few exceptions, the Orangemen of Ireland will always consult their reason, rather than their passions; and hesitate to act, until convinced of the necessity of so doing.

But what does this firebrand propose to them? “To come forward and shield themselves *from the bayonet of the Assassin*,” that is, from a *hireling soldier-diary*, as he afterwards explains it! If any meaning could be attached to these words, the only inference they would admit of is, that Orangemen are hereby called upon, to take up arms, and to array themselves against his Majesty's Government,—openly to oppose his Majesty's regular forces!!! “Every Loyalist” is “called upon to *lay aside his fear*,” and told that “Martial Law is now put in force, and lives of loyal supporters of a Protestant Government placed in the hands of a *hireling Soldier-diary*.” Why this is not only *injudicious*, but in our opinion, strongly *savour*s of treason—it is almost as decided

a libel on the Government, if we have any judgment in these matters, as could be penned. How does this scribler know that the individual who indeed criminally used his bayonet; if the account we heard be true,—did so either with the connivance, or in compliance with the orders of the Government? We do not hesitate to say, that, so far from this being the case, the amplest justice will be rendered to the person aggrieved, and the offender, whoever he may be, brought to condign punishment.

“Martial Law put in force!” What! are our courts of Justice closed? Does a Military Tribunal sit for the trial of Civilians? We should infer all this, and more too, from this infamous production. The writer actually more than intimates that our Government is decidedly Popish! No; heaven be thanked, we have not arrived at that length as yet! Our Cabinet contains some of the staunchest advocates of Protestantism, that ever the British Empire knew:—We have a MONARCH (and long may he sway the sceptre!) who is every inch a Protestant; we have an ELDON, a LIVERPOOL, a PEEL, and a GOULNOURNE, and others, who have firmly resisted Popish innovation, and repeatedly silenced the sophists who would fritter away the Constitution to which we owe our civil and religious liberty. We have not a Popish Government; and what is more, we never will have a Popish Government! The Noble Marquess who now holds the Vice regal sword, though he has advocated the admission of Romanists to political power, yet has always contemplated the propriety and possibility of Protestants obtaining some security that no encroachment would be made on their existing rights. That his Excellency was mistaken in this *charitable* hope, we are firmly convinced. Perhaps the Noble Marquess’s present residence in Ireland, and the discovery of the late conspiracy, have opened his eyes. Certain it is, at least, that many, who even a few months since, dreamt

of a compromise, now see matters in a different light.

Our Cabinet decidedly has a mixture in it not very conducive to an uniform system of politics; and there are a few of the members who have insinuated themselves into it, to whom we should wish an “*otium cum dignitate*.” Some of the measures lately pursued, have not, we confess, been such as we considered well suited to nip treason in the bud. Yet, thank God, we are far, very far from being reduced to the state which this self-created “*Organ of Orangeism*” would have us to imagine. If an individual has sustained an injury, the Courts of Law are open to redress his wrongs; and, if the conduct of the soldier who inflicted the wound could be traced to any sanguinary order received from his superiors, most heavy damages would be recovered from them. When we have in vain appealed to the laws, then will be the time to speak in the language of desperation, and not till then. One advice, however, which we sincerely give the Protestants, is, to have their Petitions ready against the next Session of Parliament, as the popish faction is about to make a most vigorous effort. But, surely, we are not to adopt unconstitutional language, because our enemies have done so: this would be to surrender up our claim to that character which hitherto has been our pride and our glory.

The enemies of the Orange Association have already seized upon the intemperate, nay, criminal paragraph which we have quoted. It has been echoed (base calumny!) as the language of Orangemen. It is false! No Orangeman, without *downright perjury*,—without an actual breach of his obligation, (we do not speak inconsiderately,) could, if he knew the tendency of such words, *deliberately* put them forward. It, however, becomes the duty of the District Lodge, on their next meeting, to pass a vote of censure on the author of such poisonous nonsense; and in the strongest manner to

disavow any participation in such sentiments. The times are so extremely nervous, *that such a proceeding will be expected from them.*

Another circumstance we call upon the constituted authorities of the Orange Institution immediately to prevent:—The Editor of the Journal on which we have felt it our duty to animadvert, has declared that he is “making arrangements to publish the *place* and *time* of meeting, of every Orange Lodge in Ireland.” This might be a very serious evil;—nothing less than *chalking the door* for their sanguinary foes, who would thus be able to ascertain the proper moment to assault them!

“ IT WOULD BE SO.”

(Continued from Page 86.)

THE FOUR COURTS.

“ Very likely. Your Courts present a rather different appearance from what I once remembered them.”

“ Aye, you speak of the days of ascendancy. But look at our young Chancellor;—he once taught politics at the Exchange, and justice at the Repository;—now, he dispenses equity at the Four-Courts.”

“ And is Counsellor —— the successor of Lord MANNERS?”

“ He is—and for our purpose he makes a far more suitable Judge.—Come in: he is just about to pronounce a decree, concerning a Catholic discoverer—an honest decree, beyond doubt—for he will infallibly decide according to his conscience.”

“ Pardon me,” returned I; “ his Lordship perhaps, may not like “the colour of my face;” and as I neither wish to be called a “beast,” nor to get “a rap over my head, with a shillelah;” we will retire, if you please, out of the jurisdiction of his Equity.”

Making my retreat with all due expedition, I encountered another big Lawyer, who also made his way into the ermine.

“ This,” said my companion, “ is our Chief Justice.” The active energy with which Counsellor ——

“ Another O!”

“ Yes—our dignities and our emoluments are at length, wholly nationalized, and wholly Catholicized. The attain of English blood, though diluted through six centuries, with the holy waters of our Shannon, can never lose its original impurity. And certanly, the industry of those patriotic Lawyers, who wore out their brains in grievance-hunting, and their tongues in speech-making, were worthy of remuneration.”

I confessed the justice of my companion’s remarks; and readily admitted, that such activity ought not to go without its deserts. Nor did I dispute their propriety, when I saw Counsellor

—— in the room of the Attorney-General, and Counsellor —— as Solicitor-General; three other Catholic Counsellors, of almost equal celebrity, in the place of the three Serjeants; and the rest of the tribe strutting about in silk gowns, under the pompous title of “Emperor’s Counsel.”

With an involuntary movement I hastened to the outer gate; where we were again interrupted by an almost countless crowd. A longer train of priests than I had seen in Christ Church, the Castle, or even in Trinity College, moved along the Quay in slow procession.

“ This, I presume,” said I, is some reverend Priest’s funeral, at which the true Catholics are desirous to exhibit the *strength* of their attachment.”

“ At present,” replied my neighbour, “you are mistaken. Look at yon venerable figure, who appears on horseback in the midst of the crowd.”

I turned my eyes as he directed, and observed a tall majestic personage; the reins and stirrups of his horse were held by the four Catholic Archbishops; he wore a long scarlet robe, that descended even to the ground, and on his head a broad-brimmed hat of the same colour.

“ This,” said my companion, “ is THE POPE’S NUNCIO. His Eminence has lately arrived in Ireland, to collect the Peter’s-pence,

and enforce the strict payment of tithes to the Holy See."

"Tithes!—Our peasantry exclaimed against tithes, as a system of the cruellest injustice."

"And under an heretical establishment, what other was it? To remove a Protestant Tax-gatherer was only an exertion of national energy; but to murder a Catholic Tithe-proctor, were a sin against the Pope, and consequently a sin against Heaven."

"Oh, most assuredly!—In the Irish Decalogue, an offence against PIUS THE SEVENTH cannot stand the least or the lowest."

"PIUS THE SEVENTH!" exclaimed my companion. "Things must be new, indeed, to you, my good friend, if you suppose that Cardinal CHIRAMONTE is still permitted to wear the triple crown. Our immutable Church has changed with the times; and the Papal inviolability is preserved in the person of Cardinal FESCI, Keeper of the keys of Heaven, and uncle of the great Emperor."

"I stand corrected—His Holiness is of course the fittest turnkey for his illustrious nephew. But has the eldest son of the Church reserved for himself an Irish *Veto*?"

"Undoubtedly—He possessed that in the moment when it was renounced by the late government; and his "intuitive genius" was too wise to follow its example, by giving us unconditional emancipation."

"The *Veto* was not then insisted on by England?"

"The scenes which you have this day witnessed in Ireland, answer the question.—Its renunciation was indispensable. Had Protestant England retained to herself a controul over a Catholic hierarchy, how could we ever suppress her heresy, or establish our ascendancy in Ireland?"

I know not how I ventured so far: but I had the hardihood to observe to my companion, that this was but a bad return for the confidence and the indulgence of England.

"Not at all," answered he; "when she renounced all interference with our prelacy, she knew that the Bishops would be appointed by the Pope, and that the Pope would be appointed by the Emperor; she knew that Catholic Ascendancy and French Union would follow as the natural effect of her concession—you guess the inference?"

"I cannot say that I do: but I presume some of your new professors of the Ecclesiastical Law have made it sufficiently clear."

"Simply this—That if we disclaimed a consequence which nevertheless she knew *must* result, she cannot accuse us of deception: she deceived herself. But come along—his Eminence the Cardinal-Nuncio has by this time arrived at Smithfield, where the solemnities of this festival, in honour of our restored religion, are to be concluded with an

AUTO DA FE."

While he spoke, I found myself at the fatal spot.

"We have selected this place," said he, "for the sake of its name—The Smithfield of London has been sanctioned by our royal saint Mary, of glorious and immortal memory: and though we cannot reap in Dublin so abundant an harvest, we have still reserved the few incorrigible heretics whom you may observe chained to yonder pile."

The surrounding circle of Priests, of Bishops, and of Archbishops opened: while the Nuncio, bearing in one hand a lighted torch, and in the other an image of IGNATIUS LOYOLA, approached the miserable victims.

Arrayed in the san-benito, the robe of torture and of death, I beheld those who in happier times, had been the firm advocates of the Protestant Church; men, who had spoken, who had written, who had fought in her cause.—I saw_____, and_____, and_____.

My frame shook with undescribable horror; and while the multitude raised to heaven a shout of exultation, I sank on my knees, and exclaimed, "God of Mercy, is this Ireland?"—

"Seize on him! seize on the here-

tie!" uttered a thousand voices—they dragged me forward to the stake—they bound me with cords and chains;—a cold sweat covered my limbs—a chilling terror struck on my heart—the torch was applied to the pile—and—

Oh how glad I waked,
To find it but a dream!"

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

If the enclosed sketch, Mr. Editor, is worth a place in your very valuable Paper, they are the thoughts of a true Protestant, and a constant Reader of your Work. "ORTHODOX" will do every thing in his power to support the Work, if his endeavours are approved of.

He will expect to see the enclosed in next Number.

T. C. D

7th Dec. 1822.

A Church without a Religion.

"For a general proof of this, examine the history of the Romish Church; see what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloodshed, have all been sanctified by a false religion. In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided Saint Errant spared neither age, or merit, or sex, or condition. And as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity.—He shewed none;—mercilessly trampled upon both;—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses.

"If the testimony of past centuries in this matter, is not sufficient, consider at this instant how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.

"To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition.—Behold *Religion*, with Mercy, and Justice chained down under her feet; there, sitting ghastly

upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment—Hark! what a piteous groan! See the melancholy wretch who uttered, brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of *Religious cruelty* has been able to invent. Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell;—dragged out of it again to meet the flames and the insults in his last agonies, which this truth, that there *can* be a Church without a Religion, has prepared for him.

ORTHODOX.

The following error crept into a few copies of the last Number:—At Page 94, and the commencement of the Article entitled,—"The Calf's Head," *Doctor O'Reilly* is inserted, instead of *Doctor Curtis*.

* * The Public will please to take Notice, that we have printed a *Third Edition* of the preceding Numbers of the *Irish Protestant*, so that those who now wish to complete their sets, can do so. However, as the demand for the Work is hourly increasing, and consequently, likely to exhaust even the large impression which is now executed; we advise our Subscribers to be careful of preserving the Numbers. The Work we expect, will furnish a very interesting record of the times, when bound in a Volume; and we are making arrangements to enhance its value.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XIV.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c.

[Continued from Page 94.]

But you will demand, is such a numerous body to be excluded from the advantages which they so ardently covet; is it to be expected that they will patiently submit to a system of exclusion, against which they have now become so clamorous? Perhaps not, Sir; they have now become exceedingly *restive*, I admit; and it is little to be wondered at—our statesmen have pampered them, and inspired them with a notion of their political consequence, so that they will require a tight rein indeed! But, Sir, the question is not, do they seem bent on obtaining power; but, are they fit to be entrusted therewith? If we have good and sufficient reason to conclude, that the power which they seek would be employed for our destruction; on what principle of discretion, or even of philanthropy, should we bestow it upon them? And, Sir, who, after perusing the proofs I have brought forward—who, after discovering the present conspiracy for our extirpation—who, after perceiving the wily efforts of those in authority among them to conceal, or *explain away* that conspiracy—can doubt that our destruction, or rather a violent effort to accomplish it, would be

the result of Romanists acquiring any thing like a preponderance in the state? If they be powerful now, and if even their present power be sufficient to make us tremble for our safety, (as I much doubt, however your speeches and conduct, Sir, might have lead us to suppose it;) how much more formidable would they become by the measures you advocate so incessantly? You demand a pledge of them, that they will not encroach on the constitutional rights of Protestants. Are you in earnest, Sir? If you be, I tell you, Sir, that without perjury they cannot give you any such pledge; and they have repeatedly told you so themselves. You will inquire, is not even this difficulty in taking an oath, or giving a pledge, a sufficient proof that they would conscientiously adhere to it, if once extorted from them? By no means, Sir, this does not at all follow. We can explain this reluctance of theirs without having recourse to any such inconsistent supposition. Can you not discover, Sir, the obvious advantage they would have in pursuing their ultimate objects, by obtaining admission to offices of trust and power, without any of those stipulations? Well do they know that Protestants would view them with a jealous eye; and for a considerable time, at least, steadily watch those *stipulations*, as so many land marks set up to prevent their encroachments; and that their

restlessness under those restrictions, would immediately awaken our most serious apprehensions, and perhaps excite such a spirit among us, as might defeat their intrigues. But if they could obtain political power without any restriction whatever, where would be the land-mark to detect their aggression? Where the grounds for instantly charging them with a breach of contract? In this latter case, they might hope to escape detection, until they had secured a most formidable position. In the former, their progress *perhaps*, would be slow, and disputed inch by inch. I doubt not, Sir, that many who are more than half Papists have obtained seats in Parliament: but as long as our fest oaths remain as a standing memorial against Popery, how can the Romish Church hope to acquire that which she insatiably thirsts for, *absolute supremacy*? It is for the repeal of those hated memorials of her past deeds, and of her antichristian nature, that she is now most anxious: and she considers that by perseverance, *bribery*, and intimidation, she will accomplish her ends, without any compromise whatever.

I trust however, Sir, that even the impolicy of the *late measures* will be productive of some good. The Papists were so completely elated at the success of their *remonstrance*, and the discouragement of loyalists which it gave rise to; that they let out more than prudence dictated. But, Sir, I should not advise you to repeat the experiment; for the *inelicacy* was too obvious to escape notice. And let me assure you, Sir, that there is Protestant feeling still remaining, more than sufficient, if properly roused into action, to twirl round an Attorney-General, though backed by the legions of Popery! "Dissimulation" may for a time impose on liberal minds; which, from their very constitution, are slow to think evil; yet, Sir, as the calmest and most forbearing men are always the most determined, when once awakened into action: so, if the Protestants of the United Empire were to suspect they were be-

trayed; no Minister could retain his place for a single month: they would, Sir, all make common cause together; and hardy indeed would the man be, who could dream of *putting* them down!

I cannot but admire the craft with which the Romanists have succeeded in persuading even the Ministry, that their numbers are fully treble what they really are. I know, Sir, that in point of *cunning*, they are an over-match for us. In fact, we have not a perfect understanding of their *dialect*. When the late Census was ordered, "*The cunning Trojan*," (as your friend O'Connell called him,) with a craft that would have done honour to an *Ulysses* told his "*Dear Brethren*," that "*he had good reason to believe that measure to be preparatory to their Emancipation!*" The *hint* was not thrown away—it was as much as to tell them: "Now is the time—swell your numbers by every possible artifice—make Government imagine that you could overwhelm them in a moment; and they will be afraid to refuse you any thing you demand. But, Sir, there are actually more *MEN* in the Orange Association in Ireland, than Mr. O'CONNELL, and the Right Rev. Dr. HUMBUG, will admit the Protestants to amount to, including men, women, and children! And, Sir, if all the Papists in Ireland were faithfully returned, they would not amount to more than *three millions and a half*, instead of five millions. I was myself a witness to some of the *tricks* that were played off; and I have had many opportunities of judging of the comparative numbers of Romanists and Protestants throughout this country. I imagine the population to amount to about six millions; three and a half of which are Romanists, and two and a half Protestants. This is not far from the mark.

However, Sir, if we were to admit that they possess a numerical superiority to the fullest extent that they claim, it would only prove the necessity of *our* maintaining our Constitutional position with still greater energy. If we be

weak, Sir, we can less afford a diminution of our strength and political advantages, or an augmentation to those of our inveterate enemies. A prudent General, when he perceives his army considerably outnumbered by that of his opponent, will be very cautious how he abandons his fortress, and trusts himself in the open plain. We, Sir, possess the fortress of the Constitution, which enables us to smile at the reiterated threats of our foes; and as we seek peace, rather than an unnecessary conflict, we are not disposed to be duped out of our advantages by "Dissimulation."

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR,

I BEG leave to convey the following reflections to the public, through the medium of your valuable publication.

The probability of "Conciliation" and "Unanimity," being established between the Romanists and Protestants of this country, however pleasing it might be to us, and beneficial to both religions, nevertheless, it had too little reason and less common sense to recommend it to a discriminating mind. A proof of this assertion can be deduced, from the 10th and 11th articles of the Roman Catholic faith, found in the box of a Roman Catholic Priest, after the battle of Wexford 1798, viz.:—10th. No faith is to be kept with "Heretics," though bound by the most sacred oaths; for saith "our Holy Fathers," they have followed damnation. Luther and Calvin! 11th. We are not to believe their oaths, for their principles are "Damnation!" Thus we see the futility of amusing ourselves with the vain hope of "Conciliation;" but I sincerely hope, that the Protestants of this country are now fully convinced of their error, and that the film of deception is removed from their eyes, so as to enable them to see clearly the designs of the "Sons of the infallible Church!" The farce of conciliation was "brought up," to an-

swer "certain purposes," and we see how easy the "Intolerant Bigots" can throw off the mask, when it answers their "particular purposes." Any man who is endowed with common sense, or who has the least knowledge of the religious tenets of the Church of Rome, or their political views, cannot doubt within himself for a moment, whether it is possible for such an "amalgamation" to take place. When we consider that Papists are bound by their "religion," to drive heretics out of the land, with "Fire, Sword, Faggot and Confusion," can we for a moment suppose, that those "infuriated Zealots," could live on amicable terms with "Heretics," who are the sworn victims of their "pious vengeance?" I repeat, can we doubt for a moment their "Ciliatory intentions," when we are assured, that they denounce vengeance on our heads, (whom they are pleased to consider heretics) four times in the space of a year, with the no less formidable instruments than "Bell, Book, and Candle?" And when we are aware that they are bound on oath to embark in "a Holy Crusade," purporting the "extermination of Protestants," it would be contrary to reason to suppose, that those "intriguing spirits," "who cannot admit of a superior or even an equal," could live amicably with those who, from their first separation, they regarded with "an envious and suspicious eye." We see from the earliest period of history, the explosions caused by the secret workings of the Court of Rome, which like a volcano works in secret, and "in due time" breaks forth, dealing death and destruction to all "Heretics," provided they can do it with "safety to themselves." This ought to be a warning to all "unthinking, liberal" Protestants, those, who a short time back, were willing to give away their "rights and privileges," which they are bound to possess exclusively, to a "bigotted, blood-thirsty, unrelenting faction," who only want the power and opportunity of putting their sanguine projects into execu-

tion. I repeat again, they always are, and would be "*open-mouthed*" like "*ravelling and devouring wolves*," ready to fall upon us in our unguarded and unsuspecting moments, and devour us. Protestants, I speak not in censure—I only sound the tocsin of alarm—"Protestants, beware!" the year 1825 draws near, the period looked to with "*anxious solicitude*," by the "*Sons of the intolerant and idolatrous Church*." I know we have little to fear, from those "*hellish miscreants*," the avowed and mortal foes to our "*most glorious Constitution*." Provided we be on our guard, those "*bigotted fanatics*" will be able to strike but a feeble blow.—The glare that gleams from the "*invincible armour of light*," would overwhelm and lay prostrate legions of the sons of the "*Holy Mother Church*!" We have no cause to fear; we who have been the only chain of connexion between this and the sister kingdom, since the reign of Henry II. We who have maintained our Holy Religion, "*pure and unspotted*" ever since that period, against all the attempts of our "*ferocious and designing enemies*!" God forbid, that after having preserved our "*rights and privileges in Church and State*," for so long a period of time, we should now apprehend any danger from a set of "*besotted and deluded wretches*;" and deluded too by those who should be their instructors in "*the ways of truth*!" What a striking similitude do we find between the account given of the "*Popish Rebellion*" by the historian, in the reign of Charles II. A. D. 1641, and that which in all likelihood we are to expect in 1825. I mean as to the objects they have in view, to wit—"the *extermination of Protestants*!" The historian relates as follows:—"In the midst of the troubles of this reign, the Papists of Ireland fancied they found a convenient opportunity of throwing off the English yoke—and accordingly resolved to cut off all the Protestants of the kingdom at a stroke;" so that neither age, sex, or condition received any pity. In such

indiscriminate slaughter, neither former benefits, nor alliance, nor authority were any protection; numberless were the instances of friends murdering their intimates, relations, their kinsmen, and servants their masters—in vain did flight save them from the first assault—destruction that had an extensive spread—met the hunted victims at every turn!

I now, Sir, make bold to address a few words to the Protestants and Orangemen of Ireland, through the medium of your loyal and valuable publication.—

"To you, Orangemen and Protestants of this infatuated country, I address myself, you who are the only safe-guards of our "*Glorious Constitution*." Fear not to avow openly, your pure and unsophisticated principles—which should be considered by us as a "*hereditary possession*," handed down to us by our ancestors—(which they obtained for us by their arms and their blood) and in defence of which, (if necessary) we should loose our lives! We are to consider those privileges which we enjoy, and which were obtained for us by that "*Prince of Glorious Memory*," at the Revolution of 1688; as sacred trusts committed to our care, which when our mortal course is run—we are bound to deliver down to succeeding generations, pure and whole, as when they were delivered to ourselves. Brethren, keep in mind, the period will soon arrive; nay, it is at hand, when we will be in need of our utmost circumspection, to guard against the machinations of the "*infallible Church*;" and when "*jesuitical villainy*" will be more clearly laid open to our view—although I trust by this time the Protestants of Ireland are sufficiently alive to the danger which threatens them, without a more "*indubitable proof*" of "*Popish Villainy*, and "*jesuitical Cunning*!" It would be highly culpable in us in our present emergency to imagine that the danger is yet far away, and that the Papists would scarcely have the courage to make an open attack upon our "*lives*," or our admirable Constitution! This has been often proved to the contrary; and we may

the more thoroughly rely on the danger that is “*hatching for us*”; when we are assured, that those “*dupes to superstition, bigotry, and falsehood*,” are sworn “*to fight knee-deep in Orange blood, the crying of children, the moaning of women, the groaning of men, not to daunt them, for the restoration and continuation of the long promised Liberty to the Catholic Church!*” And when we are further assured that these “*profane children of Idolatry*,” are taught to look with impatience towards the year 1825; as being the time foretold by their “*unerring prophet Pastorini, appointed by heaven for the abolition of Protestantism*.” Think not brethren, that I doubt your firmness, valour, or your willingness to undergo any hardships to maintain your ancient rights;—no, the idea is far, very far remote from my mind. I only wish to remind you that the “*awful crisis is at hand, when Popish villainy shall be developed, and appear in its true and murderous shape.*” The boar whets not his tusks when danger is at hand; instinct teaches him to be ready for battle. Let us follow his example, and while we have time ruminate on the trials which we are likely to experience, and prepare to ward off coming dangers with greater advantage. Let us consider their views; “*the extermination of Protestants.*” This is enough to shew us what we are to expect from them, if we fall into their hands unprepared! I now draw to a conclusion under the impression that I have trespassed too long: “*may the Protestants of Ireland*” be fully aware of the danger which threatens them; and being conscious of it, may they be prepared to guard against it.

I remain, Sir,

Your reader and admirer,

GULIELMUS-

December, 11th, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR OF

THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR,

Impressed with the deepest sense of

your useful labours, and the benefit which Protestants in general must derive from them, I trust I need no apology for transmitting the following observations hastily drawn up, but I trust the rectitude of my intentions will excuse whatever errors I may have fallen into in the following Review.

CYPRIAN.

Monday, December 9th, 1822.

REVIEW.

The Life of the most Reverend William Magee, D. D. Lord Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c. &c. By Thomas L. Meltop, A. M. Dublin, Nolan, 1822. p. 16.

AT a time like the present, when the Church and Government are perpetually assailed by their numerous enemies, and every endeavour is made to injure or overthrow them, when every engine that a crafty and malicious Priesthood, aided by the zealous co-operation of a bigoted, ignorant, and infuriate multitude, can employ, is directed to accomplish this purpose; and the press daily teems with productions abusive of the best members of the state, and brightest ornaments of the Church, it becomes the duty of every person who has any regard for loyalty or religion, any sense of patriotism or virtue, to rally round the throne and the altar, and raise their voice however feeble in opposition.

The production which is the subject of this article, is not the least contemptible, nor least dangerous of its class: its object being to bring into contempt and disrepute, one of the most illustrious characters of the day, the venerated Archbishop of Dublin; and the disguise of moderation and impartiality which the writer assumes, renders it the more likely to affect his purpose, for though on attentive observation it is easily seen through, yet it is calculated to mislead the ignorant and uninformed.

The author in his Introduction states his motive for undertaking the task of Biographer to Dr. Magee, to have been

the public curiosity, to be informed concerning Dr. M. and his desire (humane man) to satisfy that curiosity. We can however assign a far different reason, for although (p. 4.) he says, "I do not profess the religious creed of this distinguished individual, nor that of the great body of my countrymen, who according to *his* charge, have no religion whatever," yet from that very declaration, and his subsequent language, (notwithstanding the name on the title page, which we believe to be assumed) we have no hesitation in pronouncing him to be a member of that very body, and a follower of that beast which sits on the throne of the Cæsars, arrayed in robes, red with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; consequently *his real* reason for writing, was a desire of revenge for that Charge, which has given such offence to the Popish multitude, because the prelate dared to declare the truth and assert the principles of his religion before an assembly of his own clergy—his arguments they were unable to refute, they therefore, had recourse to their usual resource, scurrility; how they have succeeded may be judged from the pamphlet before us; for although the envenomed malice of the writer would have caught at the appearance of a fault, he has not been able to bring forward a single accusation against the subject of his memoir; or to allege a single fault that could reflect dishonour on his character as a man, or as a Christian.

In the commencement of his work, the writer is very copious in his account of the humble origin of Dr. Magee, whether true or not I cannot say; but this is all the fault he can object to him, and we would have reminded him that Cardinal Wolsey, was a butcher's son, and that Father Glynn, one of the fraternity of holy impostors in this City, was called from the art and mystery of bricklaying, to the higher and more profitable art and occupation of *god-making*!! He then goes on to relate, that his genius and talents while yet a

boy, recommended him to the notice of the late Rev. Mark Noble, master of the Enniskillen school, under whom he received his education, and that the Rev. Daniel Veredit, curate of Ballinrobe, entered him in Trinity College, under the Rev. Richard Stack.

"Having been elected a Fellow, Mr. Magee took a new house near Glasnevin, for his father, mother, and three sisters, and to whom he behaved in a *manner, worthy of a good son and brother.*" page 7.

Thus, reluctantly no doubt, and to maintain the appearance of impartiality, which he had assumed, does this writer bear witness to the virtues of Doctor Magee.

In the course of this work, we have another passage that shews its author must be a papist, no other would be so base as to malign equally the friend and enemy; yet this is the case, for notwithstanding the great services done to property (or attempted) by the powerful advocacy of the Right Honourable W. C. Plunkett, yet we are here indulged with an account of his family, with which (as every thing relating to that gentleman deserves publicity) we shall present our readers.

"It was at the school of Enniskillen, that an acquaintance commenced between Dr. Magee, and the present Attorney General, the Right Hon. William Conyngham Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett's father was then Presbyterian minister in that town; (this genius has forgotten to name that town; we may suppose it to be Enniskillen.) The lads entered College together; and the acquaintance of the young men ripened into a friendship, which has been productive of the greatest advantage to them both. About this time the father of Mr. Plunkett had been *called*, as the expression is, from Enniskillen to Dublin by the Arian, or rather Socinian, congregation of Strand-street."

(To be continued.)

Specimens of Clerical Morality among the Irish Romanists.

THERE is a spirit of delicacy and liberality in the Protestant character, to which the Romanists are deeply indebted for the veil that has long been thrown over their faults, as well as the pernicious and demoralizing errors of their Church. However we have the most convincing evidence, that this charitable feeling has been carried too far. There are certain bounds to forbearance; and when we find that our passive and conciliatory conduct only tends to induce outrage and savage brutality—when we perceive that impunity only begets insult, and, instead of inspiring our enemies with gratitude and affection, causes them to repeat their cowardly attacks with a ten-fold aggravation—neither the law of nature or religion, would object to our repelling their calumnies and inflicting on them a well-merited castigation.

When a Prelate of the Romish Church lately, so plentifully poured forth his scurillity and falsehood, and thought to asperse the character of our Church, by traducing those to whom indeed we owed much for their devotedness to the cause of pure and undefiled religion, and for having cleared away the rubbish of Popery from the immaculate system which Christ left complete and perfect in all its parts; he little thought that he was merely arousing the zeal of Protestantism, and exciting an inquiry which will surely end in the discomfiture of himself and his inextricable coadjutors.

We need not retrace our steps to the days of our forefathers, in order to fling back the charge of profligacy on the Romish Clergy: we have on our writing table, at this moment, numerous and well authenticated instances of their gross immorality at the present hour. Take the following specimens which are of recent occurrence.

SWINDLING.

“THE Rev. Thomas DOYLE, Roman Catholic Curate of Kilbeggan, has

“been committed to Mullingar Gaol, “by Edward KELLY, Esq. a Magistrate of the County of Westmeath; “being charged on oath with having “obtained a Mare under false pretences, “from Henry MURRAY, of Moyvere, “and selling her to William Ward, of “the Town of Moate, in order to defraud and cheat Murray of said Mare, “the property of his son.”

AN AMOROUS INFALLIBLE!!!

ON Sunday night, the 8th instant, the Rev. Terence F-n-g-n, a Romish Priest, having fallen into the fascinating snares of three fair *Cyprians* of the lowest order, adjourned with them to a hospitable dwelling on the Cross-poddle. Whether the Rev. Divine's cash ran low, to the disappointment and desperation of his *Guardian*; or jolly *Bacchus* religiously conspired with that sly little urchin, Cupid, to disarm his Reverence of his habitual vigilance—we cannot take upon us to determine. But certain it is, that this sanctified Minister of the *pure* and Apostolic Church of Rome, was left almost as bare as an unfeathered sparrow,—his wearing apparel even to his *inexpressibles*! being conveyed away (we suppose as a sacred relic.) His Reverence's *Letter of Ordination* was likewise stolen, as well as other *holy* papers which were in his coat pocket.

Such is the account which the *pious* man has himself given of his most interesting adventure!

To shew that the above statement is no fiction of ours, we annex the following memorandum, which was handed us, since we penned the foregoing, by a Gentleman present at the examination. The company in which his Reverence had the honour of getting so gloriously tipsy, was, as we are informed, composed of *Divines* of the *holy* man's own *religious* persuasion! This speaks volumes for the *innate purity* of the Romish Clergy!!! We have a good many *quere stories*, which, if the Po-

pish prints do not "*Cease their funning,*" may hereafter come to light; and we are inclined to think, that the *santity* of their clergy will not gain much by the expose!

The attire in which the *immaculate* FINNEGAN appeared at the watch-house, was it seems the most ludicrous imaginable: he was without stockings, and had merely borrowed a pair of *inexpres-sibles*!

"On Monday night, 9th December instant, Terence Finnegan (a Priest) charged two of the lowest order of prostitutes, before Mr. Herbert, the presiding Magistrate, at the Police Office, Usher's-quay, for having on the night previous (Sunday) robbed him of his wearing apparel, in a house of (ill-fame) on the Cross-poddle. He particularly valued and regretted two letters, one of his ordination, the other his "*Exit in Pace,*" which had been in his coat pocket. He stated that he had studied *divinity* at Maynooth College; was coadjutor to father M' Ardill at Clogher, Curate to Mr. Rielly at Carrickmacross, to Mr. Goodwin at Clenish or Cloniss, parish of Skea, near Enniskillen, and latterly Curate to Mr. Malone at Kilmore, County Monaghan. Having got very drunk in their company, he could not particularly recollect or conclusively charge the women, nor could he prevail on them to return or recover his papers."

THE PRIEST IN THE PODDLE!
Air,—" *My sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a Bog!*"

Father Finnegin,
Will you go in again,
To the Cross-poddle, to the Cross-poddle.
You lost your breeches,
With *three* filthy witches,
And got a sick noddle, and got a sick noddle!
Your black coat so fine,
Oh, most *holy* divine,
Through Plunket-street ranges, through Plunket-street ranges;
Nor has the Pope's letter, *

* His credentials of Ordination were likewise stolen.

A fate met much better:
What wonderous changes! what wonderous changes!
With the Priest's blessed bottle
You moisten'd your throttle,
And got brave and mellow, and got brave and mellow;
But, alas, *sainted man!*
Soon your sorrows began!
My kind amorous fellow! kind amorous fellow!
Methought no desire
So foul could inspire
A Romish Apostle, a Romish Apostle.
But now I believe
Even Saint Gennevieve
Might get a *hard jostle*, might get a *hard jostle*!
You have paid well "for peeping,"—
For, waking or sleeping,
I'm sure you'll remember, I'm sure you'll remember,
The year twenty-two,
With the *Cross-poddle* crew,
And the 8th of December, the 8th of December!
Even "*ugly Dick*" Hayes,
Will be all in a blaze,
At this sad mishap, Sir,—at this sad mishap, Sir,
He'll rave, stamp, and swear
'Twas a "*heretic*" fair,
That laid the foul trap, Sir,—that laid the foul trap, Sir.
And has famed *Maynooth*,
The pure fountain of truth!
Thus *dress'd up your Soul*, Sir, thus *dress'd up your Soul*, Sir?
Such a *Sabbath-night* ‡ freak,
Surely volumes doth speak
For its godly control, Sir—its godly control, Sir!
"With *three Priests* § you sat down,
All your sorrows to drown,
And got drunk," you say, Sir—and got drunk, you say, Sir.
So "women and wine"
Are the things most divine,
For which you *Priests* pray, Sir—for which you *Priests* pray, Sir!!!

† He was educated at Maynooth College.

‡ It was on Sunday night!!!

§ This is the account he gives of himself! >

THE Irish Protestant, AND FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1822.

Vol. I.

REVIEW.

The Life of the most Reverend William Magee, D. D. Lord Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c. &c. By Thomas L. Meltop, A. M. Dublin, Nolan, 1822. p. 16.

[Continued from Page 110.]

“ The Rev. Mr. Plunkett was a man of convivial habits, and a violent politician. He died at no advanced age, leaving his wife, sons, and daughters without any provision whatever. Through the generosity of the party, of whose religious and political cause he was the champion, a subscription of £1,500 was raised, which enabled the daughters to set up a tea warehouse in Jervis-street, and the sons, Patrick and William, to pursue the professions they had chosen: Patrick became a very eminent Physician, and died wealthy; William studied the law, and is an ornament to his profession.” p. 8.

(As some persons may have a doubt of the truth of the latter clause of the last sentiment, we would recommend to their perusal, “ a letter to the Right Hon. William Conyngham Plunkett, M. P. his Majesty’s Attorney General,” to be seen at page 20 of the Irish Protestant.)

Mr. Meltop goes on to narrate, p. 10. “ In the year 1798, Lord Clare, as Vice

Chancellor of our University, held a visitation, and expelled several members of the College, for taking part in the unhappy affairs at that period. Some were punished in a minor way; and Dr. Stokes, senior of the Junior Fellows, was suspended for three years, on a charge of having entertained certain opinions, which were admitted to be merely of a theoretical nature. The amiable character and great talents of this gentleman, were universally admired.”

In this passage the author clearly identifies himself, in sentiment with rebels, for such were those members of the university who were expelled, and the levity with which he passes over the crime, which occasioned their expulsion evinces his approbation of their conduct; the circumstances were these—after Papists were admitted into Trinity College, treasonable meetings were held in their chambers, committees formed, &c. by these Popish students; information of which having been conveyed to Lord Clare, he at a visitation expelled several of these, and among them a young man of the name of Flynn, was very conspicuous. Mr. Meltop no doubt thinks their conduct laudable, and their plan of exterminating heresy (for this was the object of the rebellion of 1798, also of that of 1821,) innocent amusement. As for the affair of Dr. Stokes, we believe his intentions to be correct,

and that he was misled, but we must correct Meltop's misrepresentation in saying, that this gentleman was suspended for opinions merely theoretical, which was not the fact, it was for contributing to the relief of some disaffected ministers in the North of Ireland. But Dr. Stokes, was never known to have any connection in any manner whatever with rebels; his offence was administering merely to the necessities of those who were undeserving of that relief.

In his notice of Doctor Magee's work on the Atonement, he insinuates a charge of plagiarism of which he is incapable of giving any proof; and concludes with an invective against the Doctor, and the worn-out cant of Conciliation, putting a construction on the King's letter which it never bore, and setting it up as superior to all law, divine and human: but admitting, for the sake of argument, that what he says is true, is Lord Sidmouth's letter, or the King's, or any other person's letter to be opposed to the law of the land, or to deprive any person of his just rights, much less could it alter the law of God, to which all must bow, or afford any pretext for saying that a prelate of the Established Church, should through complaisance, and for the purpose of conciliating those whom no kindness can soften, no concession can appease, deny the principles of his faith, and thus assert that he himself was wrong and his opponents right.

I shall now conclude by observing that of this work little can be said in its favour, but a great deal against it, and I conjecture that ere long it will be consigned to eternal oblivion in the temple of Cloucina.

CYPRIAN.

FULL REPORT OF THE TRIAL OF MICHAEL KEENAN, FOR RIBBONISM.

COMMISSION COURT.

At an Adjournment of a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, held at Green-street, in the City of Dublin, on Saturday the 2d of November, 1822.

JUDGES.

Hon. Sir William Cusack Smith, Bart. and Hon. Charles Burton.

Monday the 4th November, 1822.

The Judges having taken their seats on the Bench, *Michael Keenan*, was placed at the Bar, and the following Jury was sworn:—

William Rigby,	Joseph Acheson,
Adam Boyd,	Samuel Barrett,
Benjamin Binns,	Edward Cusack,
Thomas Locke,	Joshua Kearney,
Henry Bingham,	John Callwell,
Robert Henry,	James Kennedy.

The Prisoner pleaded not Guilty.

The Indictment was opened by Mr. Green.

The Attorney General.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

The nature of the offence with which the prisoner at the bar stands charged, has been fully stated to you by Mr. Greene. He is indicted for having administered to a person unknown an unlawful oath or engagement. The different Counts have been framed in various ways, so as to meet the words of the statute upon which the present prosecution is founded.

The indictment charges, in the first place, the existence in this country, of a society formed for seditious purposes, and to disturb the public peace. To this allegation all the counts have reference: and it is to this society, that the unlawful oath or engagement is stated to have applied. We shall therefore, in the commencement, lay before you evidence, which, I am sorry to say, can leave no doubt upon your minds of the existence and nature of this association. We shall, in the next place, prove that the prisoner is a member of the society; and finally, we shall establish the substantial offence laid in the indictment,

namely, his administering the unlawful oath.

(To be continued.)

ORANGEISM AND THE FACTIOUS PRESS.

IN our publication of Friday last, we felt it a duty incumbent on us to take up the cause of the calumniated Orange Institution, and from documents the most unquestionable, to lay before the world a true statement of the principles and objects of that most invaluable Association. We can safely assure the public, that the extracts we have made are *unmutilated*, and from the book of "Rules and Regulations for the use of all Orange Societies." We freely acknowledge,—nay, we are proud to do so, that we have had the honour of being initiated into that Order; therefore can, with confidence and truth declare, that no other obligation, than that which we published in the 13th Number of the *Irish Protestant*, is administered to, or taken by, an Orangeman, *at any time*: that the "General Declaration of the objects of the Orange Institution," together with the detail of the "Qualifications requisite for an Orangeman," are read to an Initiate before he takes the Obligation; that he is made fully sensible by the Master of the Lodge, (*before as full a Meeting as can be obtained of the Members thereof*), that *no other objects are held in view* by Orangemen, than those communicated in that "General Declaration" and statement of "Qualifications," and which are explained to him in the most unequivocal manner; that the only additional communication which is then made to him, after he has taken the Oath, consists merely of the *signs and pass-words*, whereby the Members of the Association are enabled to distinguish each other from those not initiated; that those *signs and pass-words do not contain one syllable which bears a political or party complexion, or that could convey any innuendo or hint of ulterior objects being kept in reserve*; and

lastly, though perhaps most necessary to be stated of all, that **THERE IS NO OATH, NO DECLARATION, NO PROMISE OF FIDELITY, OR OBEDIENCE, TO ANY LEADER OR LEADERS, EXCEPT GEORGE THE FOURTH.** No vengeance is declared against any Member, even though he should prove a traitor; but in case of an individual becoming unfaithful, *or factious, or disorderly*, the Lodge to which he belongs possesses a power to expel such a one, and he then becomes, if his offence be an aggravated one, an outcast from the Association; and his expulsion may, (in order to prevent any ill-effects to the Order from his perfidy,) occasion a general change in the *pass-words and signs*, but never can affect the principles and objects of the Institution, which are intended to be immutable, and are so framed as to be applicable to all times and places.

We shall content ourselves for the present, with this development of Orangeism; but shall return to this vital subject, and hereafter meet, not by sophistry, but we trust, by sound argument, a sweeping, and perhaps *significant* censure on *all* "secret societies," which dropped from the lips of a certain Crown Lawyer, on a late occasion. Our desire, nay, the only wish of our hearts, is to serve and preserve our country at this tremendous moment. We have more than once proved our loyalty *at the cannon's mouth*, and are ready to do so again when called upon. Whether some of those in high offices have any *other objects* in view,—whether selfishness and avarice be their ruling passions, will perhaps soon be made evident to the world.

There are two ends which we propose to ourselves, in making known the principles of Orangeism: First, to counteract misrepresentation; secondly, to induce all loyal Protestants to take refuge within the bosom of the Association, from the dreadful storm of persecution, which they may rest assured is now hanging over them; and may burst forth

much sooner than they expect. Our enemies are connected together, and organized for our destruction; then let us, in the name of that God who will be our defender, unite *one and all*, for our mutual preservation. Concert is strength. Confidence begets courage; it is a host in itself! What can be so great a source of confidence, as to be instantly able to ascertain the *kindred soul*—the individuals who are inspired by the same motives, and ready to expose their lives in our defence? Already our foes tremble at the extension of Orangeism.—*Mr. O'Connell, on Sunday week, (a pretty day for a political meeting!!!) lamented in the most piteous manner, that "Orangeism was widely and rapidly extending itself throughout the country."* Yes! and it will extend!—it will, we trust, shortly embrace almost the whole Protestant population;—that is the whole population of *true Protestants* :—your merely nominal ones would be quite the reverse of an acquisition!

To those members of our Institution who have *more zeal than discretion*, we recommend a serious revision of the obligation they have taken, and also of the two other documents which we have lately published with it. To quote the words of the Grand Lodge, we earnestly trust that they “*Will form the safeguard of the Association, from future danger; not only from enemies without, but from the INDISCREET ZEAL of over-anxious, though doubtless well-meaning Brethren, within the pale of the Orange Association.*”

In the prosecution of this, our great national object, we were, *from a high sense of duty*, reluctantly compelled to animadvert in a very pointed manner, on a factious and inflammatory paragraph that appeared in a recently established Weekly Newspaper, which has *gratuitously, and without any official sanction, whatever*, assumed the title of “*The Organ of Orangeism.*” As we carefully abstained from personalities, it is scarcely necessary for us to say, that we had not, until after our strictures on that paragraph appeared in print, the

slightest notion who the Editor of that Paper was, or whether he belonged to the Orange Association, *as he most unwarrantably declared he did.*

We have since discovered the secret; and are proud to hear, *that he is not an Orangeman!!!* And we have the further satisfaction to state, that a most respectable Orange Lodge in this city has passed a strong and **UNANIMOUS** vote of censure on the paragraph which we noticed; and that measures are taking to rescue the Orange Association from the merited obliquity and disgrace, which any participation in such sentiments as those put forward by the presumptuous, intrusive, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, *deceptive* Editor of the *Antidote or Protestant Guardian*, would inevitably cast upon it. We could not indeed, compromise the interests and character of an Institution to which we are bound by a solemn obligation; and therefore, as we believe, no other public print in Dublin, except the **IRISH PROTESTANT**, has an Orangeman for its Editor, we should have been highly criminal had we passed such Anti-Constitutional language over in silence, and without disabusing the public mind. Yet, had the writer in the paper alluded to, made any subsequent atonement for his rashness and intemperance, we should not again have approached this ungracious subject. Deeply do we regret to say, that so far from this being the case, the malignant and intemperate man, has in last Saturday's publication aggravated his before most outrageous language with a confirmation of his having *deliberately* inflicted this wound on the cause of loyalty. He says he “*Does not wish to recant—his words are before the public, and “these” (a pretty grammarian!) he allows them to remain.*” Nay further, he follows up the blow with one of the most violent, wicked, and *dangerous* libels we ever beheld in print—an infamous, and, under any circumstances whatever, unjustifiable attack on a regular regiment in his *Majesty's service!* COLONEL AND ALL are involved under one common imputa-

tion of * * *—Our pen could not trace the word:—and having been for many years honoured with his Majesty's commission, which we still hold, we trust untarnished, we are almost ready to burst with indignation, that any man assuming the name of a loyalist could be found thus treacherously to stab the reputation of an entire body of men, for the offence of *one*, or even of a whole detachment. But an attack on *one regiment* was not sufficient to satisfy the virulence of this malicious fool, (for the bestowing of such a title is the only way to extenuate his unpardonable crime;) the whole "Garrison" of Dublin is endeavoured to be held up to public execration, and the seeds of dissention (impotently we hope and believe) attempted to be sown between the loyal inhabitants and those who are paid and armed for their protection! It is an awful, a tremendous, an unprecedented libel! Never have we seen any thing so likely to produce afflicting consequences. But we doubt not that the Government will instantly apply the remedy: First, by probing the affair of the Bank-guard to the bottom, and punishing whoever is in fault—this the loyalists expect of them; and Secondly, by protecting the insulted; and, doubtless, indignant feelings of a highminded and honourable body of men from such foul, such atrocious, such rufian-like imputations. Well do we know the effects which such insults are calculated to produce on men who are strictly and wisely prohibited from forming themselves into a deliberating society; and we implore the Constituted Authorities to arrest the calamity which might deluge us, if the evil be suffered silently to ferment, and to find *its own outlet*. COBBETT for barely calling the German Legion "Foreign Mercenaries," justly found the law his opponent—Justly, and wisely; for, a body of men with arms in their hands are not to be goaded by insult to desperate acts. But what was his libel compared with the one on which we are now compelled to remark! Innocent, harmless, perfectly

innocent!—"Foreign Mercenaries" might be loyal and faithful: But to charge an entire division of the army of Ireland with * * * Oh, it is an offence so aggravated, so diabolical, so pregnant with evil, that we know not what punishment could expiate it.

As we might have expected from the former productions of this infuriate scribbler, our strictures were met, not by argument, but by an attempt at scurrility and personal invective. This is always the weapon of the impotent! But we despise his personalities and his threats, as much as we detest the character of his politics. A consciousness of rectitude in our intentions, whether of a public or private nature, makes us even anxious to have the whole of our past conduct closely, *if honestly* scrutinized. Misrepresentation we know how to punish, according to the nature and degree of the offence, and the character and station of the offender; and if we be competent of judging of ourselves, we do not want nerve to assert our own rights, and to bring the violator of them to a proper sense of himself.

It is not without the greatest prevocation, we could think of thus obtruding ourselves on public notice; as we wish to sink *self* as much as possible in the execution of our public duties; but we likewise owe a little to our outraged feelings, and therefore beg the indulgence of our readers—it is not often we trust they shall have to complain of our egotism.

The writer promises to "lay before the public the numerous causes which called the present *Antidote* into existence." As we imagine him (though unfortunately pitched upon as the Editor of that Paper, after we had declined the honour,) utterly incapable of doing so; we shall faithfully notice the origin and progress, of a Print whose career was marked with re-iterated testimonials of the confidence and approbation of all reflecting Protestants—the late "*Antidote or Constitutional Sentinel*," and which, unlike the Paper that

by the assumption of a title nearly similar, seeks to profit by the services rendered to the cause of loyalty by the "Constitutional *Sentinel*," never swerved from the path which a sense of duty to both our King and our Country marked out for it. We repeat it the Country were imposed upon by the assumption of a title so nearly similar; and in this assertion we are borne out by the fact of even one of its *Correspondents* mistaking it for a continuation of the former Journal, as will be seen from the following passage commencing a letter which appeared in the *Antidote* of Saturday last, addressed to the Editor: "Sir, the Protestants of Ireland should hail with acclamations the *revival* of a Paper that has undauntedly come forward, &c." But the public should not be suffered to imagine, that the conductor of the original *Antidote* has any connexion with the present; so far from it, he repels the idea with indignation.

The establishing of the *ANTIDOTE* was at first contemplated by the Rev. Sir HARCOURT LEES, Bart. That Gentleman, whose zeal in the cause of loyalty had been so conspicuous, had for several months, strained every nerve to provide a Journal for the Protestants of Ireland. Disappointed and mortified with the difficulties he met with in the undertaking, the Reverend Baronet was about to return the trifling sum (not amounting to 30*l.*) which he had received from Subscribers; and to abandon the design, or at least to wait some more favourable opportunity. An intimate and loyal acquaintance of the individual, who in reality brought the Journal into existence, induced him to step forward at that critical period, and rescue the Protestants of Ireland from the disgrace of not having at that time, a single Newspaper that would fearlessly advocate their cause. With more zeal than prudence, that individual lent all his aid to the undertaking, and became the Registered Proprietor and sole Editor of that Journal; but finding that it would be utterly impossible for him to

conduct every department with effect, he immediately formed a connexion or partnership with a Gentleman, who promised to superintend the financial branch for a certain proportion of the profits, and thus to suffer him to devote himself exclusively to the literary department of the Journal. However well this plan might have promised, it not only proved ultimately fatal to the Paper, but likewise a source of vexation the most mortifying, and of heavy pecuniary loss to the original, or rather merely nominal Proprietor. For four months after the first publication of the original *ANTIDOTE* this partnership continued. The fulfilment of his duty to his country, at that appalling moment, necessarily prevented the Editor from attending to his own interests. A system of profuse expenditure was, in spite of every remonstrance on his part, introduced into the establishment; a slovenly, if not *fradulent* negligence pervaded the distributing branch: subscribers were continually disappointed, and the circulation of the Paper consequently most materially injured. In short, if any accounts were kept, the original Proprietor could never obtain a sight of them. His partner, shortly after the establishment of the Journal left the country, and placed the charge of the Office and finance in the hands of people, who peremptorily refused to account with any one but him who employed them. After undergoing for four months, every species of annoyance and persecution that ingenuity could devise, the Editor found himself in sole possession of the establishment, without a single voucher to inform him how the *ANTIDOTE* was circumstanced; whether in debt or credit; what subscribers had paid, or which were indebted: in fact, he was reduced to the dilemma, of either proceeding blindfold, or dropping the undertaking altogether. "Hope told a flattering tale," and his zeal and anxiety to preserve the offspring of his exertions, made him lend too ready an ear to it! But it turned out that the establishment came into his hands about 600*l.* if not upwards in

debt! This included the subscriptions paid in advance, and for which the public felt inclined to look to the person in possession, though not a pound of them had come into his hands!! With the kind assistance of Sir HARCOURT LEES, and the rigid economy which the proprietor himself observed—denying himself almost the common necessities of life, in order to be able from his own limited income, to contribute to the support of the paper, instead of drawing any advantage therefrom—the original ANTIDOTE was for several months kept in existence, and probably would have weathered the storm, and the malice of its inveterate enemies, had not the Proprietor and Editor been attacked by a severe indisposition: worn out by efforts which were almost too much for human nature to endure. *The demands on the establishment were now reduced considerably, under a hundred pounds;* the time was just arrived, when the funds of the ANTIDOTE might reasonably expect an accession of strength, from the renewal of subscriptions; hundreds of outstanding debts were, and still are due to the establishment—much of it by men who make a wonderous parade of their loyalty!—but the proprietor in vain looked around for help, though 20l. would have kept the Paper from sinking! In a word, it was near costing him his life; and, nevertheless, unwilling to pull down his colours, while a shadow of hope remained, he listened to the proposal of a person who represented himself both able and willing to contribute a sum of money to rescue the Journal from its difficulties. A half of the profits was demanded, and granted. But so far from the promised money being in existence, the original proprietor had to witness, with the most inexpressible mortification, and astonishment, the appropriation of even the sums due, as fast as they were collected in, to other purposes than the satisfying of the claims on the establishment, for which he, unfortunately, though unjustly, was answerable. This was too much for his feelings to bear. He accordingly

declined any longer being the dupe and the slave, while others not only set him at defiance, but promised to reap all the advantages of his labours, and also to involve him still more deeply. In short a deep-laid plan was entered into to supplant him entirely. He saw through it, and acquainting the public that he could no longer be answerable for the politics of the Journal, which he had established, he ceased to be the conductor of it, and left the person, with whom he had the misfortune of a *four weeks' connexion*, in sole possession of the proprietorship—retaining as the only reward for nearly twelve months incessant labour, both of body and mind, constant privations, and no little persecution—an empty purse, and a constitution considerably impaired!

A few demands which still are on the establishment, have, true to the original system, been considered his private debts; nay, even expenses that were incurred on the contemplation of others establishing a Journal on the same principles, and on the faith of their promise to do so, have been left for that same individual to discharge! He is doing so as fast as his finances will permit him; being unwilling that the slightest ground should exist for accusing him of indulging any but the most honorable intentions. And were *one-fourth* of those indebted to the establishment to pay what they owe, it would instantly satisfy all the claims, which either justly or unjustly are making on the nominal Proprietor.

We call upon the Rev. SIR HARCOURT LEES, and also Captain FITZSIMMONS, to say whether or not this statement is correct. The former, at least, knows it to be so, and we expect he will certify to this effect.

And yet the base and cowardly scribbler, whose public libels we have been forced to expose, we doubt not to the execration of every well regulated mind, has dared, by his assassin-like intuends to attempt to impugn the character of one who has sacrificed his time, his property, his comforts, nay, his health, to support the cause of loyalty and to maintain an independent Print! He knows not the individual of whom he dares to throw out the vilest insinuations; he knows not the circumstances under which the original ANTIDOTE came into existence, or those which caused its cessation; and still he has the virulence—the unparalleled malignity, to asperse the reputation of a person with whom he has no acquaintance whatever, by hinting he had acted dishonestly! But let the libeller beware: destruction may be nearer him than he suspects: a dungeon may cure his fever for vituperation: his intemperate folly may cost him

dear! The *physic* mixed up in *his laboratory* is already become too nauseous to be swallowed by even the few unthinking zealots, who, stimulated by such irrational stuff as that which he has sent forth to the world, exposed themselves and their country to actual disgrace, by their brutal and disgusting conduct in the Theatre, on Saturday night last. Let not such think for a moment that we will become their advocates.

If they were Orangemen who were guilty of the outrage, *they have perjured themselves*, and we hope that the heaviest vengeance of the law will alight upon them. We have no compassion for wanton ruffians. It was all indeed the blessed fruits of the *trimming system*; which we expected would produce some thoughtless ebullition of that kind. But this is no excuse—men professing loyalty ought not to fall into the snare laid for them, or to follow the example of those who are endeavouring to sap the foundations of Society. If any Orangeman could be found to act in such a manner, we trust he will be expelled forthwith, as a wholesome example.

The writer in the *ANTIDOTE* says he “conceived he had a loyal cotemporary in the *IRISH PROTESTANT*, and as such gave much of its matter publicity.” We suspect the stupid ass does not understand the import of the word “loyal.” Loyalty in a Journalist does not consist in instigating to a breach of the laws, but in defending the Constitution, on Constitutional grounds. We know where to lay on the lash—Not on the innocent or thoughtless, but on the guilty—on the aggravated and wilful offender, who would make a traffic of his country’s rights and liberty, provided he could by such means elevate himself to the pinnacle of his ambition; or the wily traitor, who has hypocrisy on his tongue, but murder in his heart! For such we have no compassion. But God forbid that we should libel the whole Government, because our conscience or reason will not approve of the politics of some of its members. We are not partial to *finesse*, after its drift has been discovered. We do think that deception has been practised on the Cabinet at the other side of the water—that they do not know the true state of things in this country. But all will be out soon!

Forsooth, the *kind* gentleman tells us, he has given much of our matter publicity. *Publicity* indeed! We can inform him that we need none of his publicity. An obscure Print like his, which we believe is confined to a *select few* of the ignorant and intemperate, could afford but little additional publicity to a work which already prints 4500 copies a week! He has scandalously pirated from our columns, although requested not to do so, and often without acknowledging whence he had pilfered! He has likewise stolen our ideas, and wrapped them up in the disguise of his own vapid and ungrammatical phraseology. Let the pirated matter of the *IRISH PROTESTANT* be extracted from his columns, and what will the *ANTIDOTE* be? Even where, (after a remonstrance,) he *septem* to acknowledge the quarter to which he was indebted, it was done so

artfully that it appeared to a writer who sent him a communication, that the *IRISH PROTESTANT* was merely one of his Correspondents!!!

Let this incendiary find some other cloak for his poverty and dearth of talent: the *IRISH PROTESTANT* wishes not to be associated with disaffection, violence, and malignity, or dullness.

But we have done with him; and we suspect so will the public ere long! His political *laboratory* does not promise to produce any *taking medicine*; and as he has picked up the trade of a Journalist without ability, we are led to suppose that his other *prescriptions* were not in overwhelming demand!

* * The Public will please to take Notice, that we have printed a *Third Edition* of the preceding Numbers of the *Irish Protestant*, so that those who now wish to complete their sets, can do so. However, as the demand for the Work is hourly increasing, and consequently, likely to exhaust even the large impression which is now executed; we advise our Subscribers to be careful of preserving the Numbers. The Work we expect, will furnish a very interesting record of the times, when bound in a Volume; and we are making arrangements to enhance its value.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XVI.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1822.

Vol. I.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

[WE have hitherto kept aloof from this subject, as our domestic politics, for some time past, have laid claim almost to our undivided attention. However, the momentous state of affairs on the Continent of Europe, would render it unpardonable in us to pass it over in silence.]

SPAIN is the great point of attraction; it seems to be on the eve of again becoming the theatre of war; and from the determined character of its population, their Quixotic sense of honour, and the degree of excitement which so generally pervades them, we are confident that a most bloody struggle will be the consequence, if a French army pass the frontiers, for the purpose of compelling the Spanish nation to submit to one of the most vacillating and bigoted princes that ever occupied a throne.

The subject of the Spanish revolution is a very intricate one, and we actually feel no little difficulty in approaching it. There are some who condemn revolutions altogether; and will not allow them to be justifiable on any account.—Others are so given to change, that they consider the smallest pretext, the slightest ground of dissatisfaction, sufficient to authorise a people to subvert their government. *Those* proceed on the foolish

supposition of a sovereign and indefeasible right in a legitimate Monarch, derived from God himself, and that passive obedience is a duty prescribed by the Bible. *These*, on the other hand, represent power as originating with the “People;” and hence infer that the “People” have a right to a change of Government whenever they deem it necessary. In our opinion both err: The theory of reason, that is, of Nature, lies between the extremes. We shall not now attempt to discuss, at length, this very complex subject; but shall merely observe, that there can be no question, of some degree of compact, either clearly expressed, or understood, having been the original foundation of every sovereignty; and, that an *utter departure*, both from the letter and the spirit of that contract, is a just cause of earnest remonstrance in the aggrieved party, which might properly adopt every method consistent with Christian principles, to induce the transgressor to respect established rights. Yet, as we cannot expect any thing perfect at this side of the grave; neither should we imagine for a moment, that every *actual* transgression in the Government, would authorize a nation to exhibit a restless and untoward spirit; far less should a supposititious fault be made a pretext for innovation. The history of nations tells us; that a revolution is a most dreadful alternative; and happy is that people,

whose temperate and well balanced Constitution, admits of a moderate and timely interference. How jealous should such be of a blessing so inestimable ! But to return from this digression.

The Revolution in Spain has certainly many extenuating circumstances to offer in its behalf. The Spanish nation had long been engulfed in the abyss of civil and religious slavery. In the middle and higher ranks, there was a lack of information on general subjects, that proved their understandings, as well as their property, to have felt the deplorable effects of clerical bondage. In short, the country was completely devoured by the emissaries of that Church which appears to regard the human race only as its slaves !

The residence of the army of Napoleon, sowed the seeds of revolution in Spain. The authority of the priesthood became greatly curtailed; and their possessions, which were enormous, were made to contribute largely to the exigencies of the state. Convents without number were converted into barracks; and their revenues appropriated to satisfy the craving appetites of an ill-payed soldiery. In the cities where French garrisons were quartered, an intercourse with those sons of revolution, effected an almost radical change in the sentiments of all classes—"the rights of the people" were freely discussed, and the character of the clergy was painted in colours not the most fascinating. The latter had the prudence, not to struggle too hard against the irresistible current, and became far more moderate and cautious. The rising generation, almost without exception, imbibed what are now termed "liberal principles." We have heard some of the young men of fashion, deliberately call the Clergy "Ladrones," which means nothing more or less than thieves or robbers! Whether this in reality were or were not too harsh a title, we shall not take upon ourselves to say; but we can safely assert, that the Spanish clergy in general, are the most griping and confirmed gamblers we ever were acquainted with.

The peasantry, who reside in small towns and villages,—no detached cottages, except those of hermits, being usual in Spain,—retained more of their former superstitions' devotion to the Clergy; but even these lost a portion of that profound submission to ecclesiastical authority. In fact, the Clergy were in a great measure quiescent during the occupation of the Peninsula by the French; and were more solicitous to preserve what was left to them, by a circumspect conduct, than to make an exhibition of their ordinary pretensions. The necessary consequence of this change of system, was a diminution of that slavish awe, which chiefly is created by the habitual exercise of tyranny over their votaries. The impoverished state of the country, also forced them to limit their exactions; the inquisition was abolished;—in fact, the church was fast dwindling into comparative insignificance; and men's minds were too much occupied with politics and self-preservation—both clergy and laity, not to look upon the mummery of popery as a secondary consideration.

One matter we should not forget to notice, as it is highly honourable to that part of the British army, which formed the garrison of Madrid from the 12th of August to the 21st of October 1812—*their conduct was so exemplary, that, perhaps, it tended almost as much as any thing else whatever, to soften down the prejudices which the inhabitants of that city, in common with all good Patriots, previously entertained against "heretics."* That a feeling of high regard towards us, and an admiration of our charitable and correct deportment, were general among the population of that beautiful and interesting city, they failed not to testify, both by word and deed: And on the day on which we evacuated Madrid, it appeared as if a mournful silence reigned universally.

Nor will this be wondered at when we mention a circumstance, which we suspect is not on record. At the time of our entry, the city had been so completely drained by the exactions of the

French, that both money and provisions were remarkably scarce. Men of the first distinction, if they failed to supply the enormous contributions demanded, were, like convicts, marched off to work on the fortifications of an entrenched camp, which the French were erecting on the rising ground that overlooked the royal palace of the Retiro! Such was the state we found them in—even the families of Grandees in want of the common necessities of life! Our officers immediately established a soup house by subscription; and soup-and-bread were served out to the famishing inhabitants. Nay, it is a well authenticated fact, that some of the nobility partook of our benefactions! The contrast was felt. We were almost idolized; and the memory of the French detested. So far did they carry their enthusiastic feeling, that when one of our soldiers was accused of having committed some petty theft in the house of a citizen, they all, as if with one voice, cried out, that "It was a base calumny; that the generous English were incapable of such an act." We own we were not quite so incredulous! This however, proves the great good will which we had gained: and indeed never was the conduct of a garrison more praiseworthy.

We have not a doubt, that a deep and lasting prejudice in favour of the English, has thus been created in the metropolis of Spain; and certainly a people so capable of gratitude, merit our most favourable consideration. Confident we are, that not an individual in the army, which constituted the garrison, would to this hour hesitate to venture his life in defence of Madrid.

Such was the situation of Spain when the French were expelled from it—Liberalism had taken deep root—British councils and British principles had found their way even into the Government, their genial influence was gradually extending; and a dawn of freedom smiled on this interesting people. But, alas! the lovely blossom was speedily doomed to perish beneath the chilling blast of intolerance, and its concomitant unre-

lenting tyranny! "Ferdinand the Beloved" was released from his captivity, and made his entry into Spain. His arrival was hailed by the most rapturous joy. Never had monarch a greater prospect, or a more favourable opportunity, of reigning in the hearts of his subjects; and if bigotry had not superseded every other passion of his soul, Ferdinand could never have pursued the disgusting (shall we not say perfidious?) system on which he has uniformly acted. It is said, that his private disposition is far more amiable than any one could imagine from his public conduct. If so, it is one proof among many, that the King of Spain is merely a tool in the hands of an ambitious priesthood, who seek to invest him with unlimited power, in order that he might be enabled to restore to them their extravagant wealth, which at one time, was thought to have amounted to about one-third of the riches of Spain.

Any of our readers who have noticed the passing events, need not be reminded of the cruel and arbitrary acts which Ferdinand committed previously to the Revolution. And surely, never had a people more cause to be disgusted with a prince, than the Spanish nation.

That the revolution in Spain was brought about with very little effusion of blood every one must admit; and we cannot see sufficient grounds to charge the dominant party with that atrocious feeling, which some have thought proper to attribute to them. They betray, we admit, considerable ignorance as to the true balance of power necessary in a limited monarchy, and have a very great tendency to republican principles. But is this to be wondered at, when they had a monarch so little worthy of their confidence? They commenced the revolution from an experience of his tyranny, from the baleful influence of which no one could feel himself secure; his bigotry, which threatened to annihilate all that had taken a part in curtailing the overgrown power of his merciless rulers, the clergy; and of his unstable character, which encouraged the

hope, that a firm demeanour on the part of the revolutionists, might awe him into reasonable measures. As was natural, the first object that occurred to them, was to guard against his folly, and evident desire to re-establish the reign of fanaticism and absolute power. It is not, then, matter of astonishment, that they have kept this purpose all along in view, and lost sight of the danger on the other hand, to be apprehended from that hideous monster, "*The sovereign people.*" Had they the happiness of possessing such a King as Great Britain now can boast of—a Monarch who seems ever ready to sacrifice his individual feelings and even privileges, when the welfare of his subjects seems to demand it; we do not hesitate to say, that they would not have placed their own prince in such a situation, or hemmed him in so closely as they have done.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LATE RIOT AT THE THEATRE.

THOUGH we were present when the disgraceful acts were perpetrated on last Saturday night, yet as we were far removed from that part of the house which was the crater of outrage, we have refrained from putting forward any statement, until by the most impartial enquiry, we were enabled to give with confidence the particulars of this most revolting business. We feel that an almost indelible stain has been left on the character of this country; but trust that the delinquents will not escape the punishment they so justly merit.

His Excellency the Marquess WELLESLEY had announced his intention of publicly visiting the Theatre, for the first time since his arrival in this country. The house in consequence was excessively crowded.

As the Lord Mayor of Dublin was likewise expected, it was natural to imagine that some ebullitions of party feeling would result from his presence; but we fondly hoped that the exalted character of our Distinguished Viceroy, and above all the unremitting attention

with which his Excellency has devoted himself to the momentous duties of his high station, would have screened the Noble Marquess from ruffian insult.

Those who were capable of a moment's reflection, and had a spark of loyalty and discernment in their breasts, would not have so soon forgotten the character of Lord WELLESLEY's Dispatches to the British cabinet, relative to the late,—may we not add, the *present state of Ireland.* The vigilance, the industry, the research, the penetration, the staunch fidelity to his Monarch and his country, which those Dispatches exhibited, were sufficient to inspire every loyalist with gratitude, and the most unbounded confidence, in the Brother of *The preserver of the Liberties of Europe, — the Hero of Ireland.* They proved sufficient to draw forth the cheers, and the unqualified, the unanimous approbation of both houses of Parliament, as well as of the whole cabinet. A trust was reposed in his Excellency which, perhaps, was almost unparalleled; and there is no reason to suspect that this great Man will prove unfaithful to it. His Excellency's uncompromising and awful exposé of the difficulty and danger in which this unhappy Island was placed, did not escape the malignant glance of the enemies of the Constitution; for, to the present hour this exalted Personage is constantly exposed to the invective of those from whose malice neither rank, worth, or impartiality, can screen any who refuse to render themselves the tools of unbounded intolerance, bigotry, and oppression. Take a specimen from the speeches of Messrs. O'Connell and O'Gorman, at Darcy's tavern, where a *Political* meeting was held on *Sunday the 8th Inst.*—the very day on which *Father Finnegan* lost his *inexpressibles*, &c. &c.

"Mr. O'Connell opposed the proposition of an address of thanks to Marquess WELLESLEY, "for having interposed his authority to prevent the decoration of the Statue in College-green, on the Fourth of November last." He could not see how it had been merited.

What was the first act of the Viceroy, on arriving at the Castle of Dublin? To confer a Baronetcy on Mr. J. K. James, whom *they* (the meeting) well knew, as well as the services which he rendered on the trial of Mr. Kirwan. Why was not a Baronetcy conferred on Alderman M'Kenney? What was the next expression of political feeling, and interest in the claims of the Catholics of Ireland? To the Address of the Catholics of the County of Clare, the Noble Marquess replied, "That he came to administer the Laws, not to alter them!" Was this the answer expected by the Irish Catholics? Mr. O'Connell next adverted to his Excellency's Official Despatches to the Secretary of the Home Department, Mr. Peel, previous to the revival of the Insurrection Bill: and asserted, *that the grounds therein laid, for the re-enactment of this odious and oppressive measure, were unfounded!!!* As to the prevention of dressing the Statue, he maintained that *the Irish Government was in no degree entitled to credit, as, by its own acknowledgment, it acted under the instructions of the Cabinet at the other side.* Mr. O'Connell dwelt at some length, and with great warmth, on the affair at Saggard, where "a paid Police massacred the people."—Why, he asked, was Lord Cloncurry suffered to conduct the prosecution arising out of that business, at his own expence? Where was his Majesty's Attorney-General? He supposed in conversation with *honest Coffey!* And what description of Jury was it on whose verdict, founded on the testimony of Coffey, *a number of Irishmen were banished for ever from their native Land?* Mr. Saurin, in all the plenitude of those principles in which he glorries, never had a Jury which would have better answered his purpose."

Mr. O'Gorman expressed himself incompetent to perceive or understand what were the acts of Government claiming the gratitude of any party of Irishmen. The irritation of the public mind at present, was greater than in 1798. He (Mr. O'G.) also pointedly alluded to

the Address of the County Clare Roman Catholics, *which he acknowledged had been written by himself, and in which he introduced a passage, expressly framed for the purpose of eliciting the views and intentions of the Government, respecting the claims of the Roman Catholics!!!* To that passage, complaining of the disabilities under which the PEOPLE of Ireland laboured; it was naturally expected that the answer would have expressed some regret at those disabilities, and a promise to recommend their removal—but no! instead of this, the Addressers were laconically told, "that the Noble Marquess came to Ireland, to administer, not to alter the Laws!" *thus disappointing the hope entertained from the present Viceroyalty, (O Conciliation! where art thou now?)* that all the bonds of the Irish Roman Catholics would be removed, and that they should be restored to the full rights and privileges of the Constitution."

And could not even this afford his Excellency some protection from the ferocious attacks of a few ruffians, falsely calling themselves Loyalists? Is the generous man, who devotes his unremitting efforts and far-famed talents, to ward off, perhaps, the most tremendous rebellion that ever this country was threatened with;—is he to be placed between two fires, and rewarded for his patriotism by insults which must tear his very soul? We feel almost indescribable horror at the bare idea of it, and write under an excitement which must apologize for any warmth of expression that might have escaped us. Loyalists! the MARQUESS WELLESLEY is your friend—the brother of WELLINGTON will never betray you.—Your enemies are convinced of this, and they are quite correct: they do not want for penetration and cunning:—would that ye possessed the one-half of their political tact! We implore you, therefore, do not play into their hands. They have laid a snare for you, and some of the thoughtless and intemperate have fallen therein. The object of your enemies

is, first to disunite you from the Government, in order to render that very Government an easy prey: and secondly, to disgust the Noble Marquess with all parties, so that he might be led to abandon the harassing and ungracious post to which he has repaired **FOR YOUR SAFETY.** Well do they know, that few, if any, could be found so qualified to counteract their designs,—so vigilant, so enlightened, and, as his Despatches prove, so firm and undaunted. Could they succeed in occasioning the Marquess WELLESLEY's resignation, which God forbid! and were a less vigilant and talented Viceroy to succeed to his Excellency, heaven only knows how soon our utter destruction might follow! But, no; they shall no longer deceive you—*a deeper game is playing than you imagine.*—Be observant, and you will soon discover it. We will not say more at present.

His Excellency arrived at the Theatre before the Curtain rose. The Noble Marquess was received with *universal cheers*,—his reception was, indeed, most enthusiastic. Convinced we are, that there were not one dozen persons, among an audience almost as numerous as any we have seen, who did not warmly greet his Excellency!—This is important, as it entirely repels the assertion put forward by the *Evening Post*, that a considerable party *premeditately* joined in the insult on his Excellency. This, unquestionably, was not the case. We have as quick an ear, and as quick an eye, as most people; and were so situated, as to command a general view of the house: and we can safely declare, that but few, indeed very few, mentioned his Excellency's name with disrespect. Perhaps not more than half-a-dozen ruffians even followed the foul and infectious example of whoever was the ringleader. The expressions of dislike to the Lord Mayor were not so limited. In fact, the counteracting of the latter was so purely *artificial*, that it proved the great strength of the Anti-Radical party; and afforded the clearest testimony in favour

of what we confidently maintain, that every true Orangeman abhors from his soul the very idea of offering an insult to the Representative of Majesty.—There were hundreds of Orangemen in the house that night; we recognized several of them, and they were amongst the most ardent applauders of his Excellency. We respect truth; and if we could not declare *this*, without a breach of veracity, it should not escape us.

Immediately on the rising of the Curtain, a considerable noise commenced in the Upper Gallery; but it was easy to perceive that the annoyance proceeded from only a few, though indeed, *Stentorian* lungs. The Play was, therefore, inaudible; and after a few minutes, the whole vocal strength of the Company appeared on the Stage, and sang with considerable effect, the National Anthem of "God save the King." The audience very generally joined in the chorus, with a most gratifying enthusiasm. His Excellency, with a degree of fervour that declared it came from his heart, set them the example. This seemed to put every thing to rights; and we hoped that all would be tranquil and creditable. But some enemy to his country; we hope there was not more than *one* engaged in the scandalous act; showered down a number of *printed* slips of paper, with clumsy and offensive sentences on them. These could have only been intended to excite a bad feeling. *A pack of cards* was likewise thrown from the third tier of boxes. The latter was indubitably meant as a *compliment* to the Lord Mayor, and bore somewhat more the character of a joke. This set the "*Boys*" quite *a-gig*. Poor John Smith Fleming caught it, in downright earnest, and looked as pale as a ghost! Really we felt for the unhappy man; and though we are not among his most enthusiastic admirers, it afforded us satisfaction that a successful attempt was made to rescue him from complete *petrification*, by a counteracting applause. In this, his Excellency took a very conspicuous part, waving his hat towards the Lord

Mayor, and evidently discouraging the unmerciful flagellation he was receiving. This, though highly creditable to his Excellency, who could not, with any degree of propriety, have abstained from shewing the Lord Mayor every possible countenance under such circumstances, was, nevertheless, (in our opinion,) the actual cause of the subsequent outrage, which we are certain was not premeditated; for, if it had been so, we do think that some other missiles than those which were made use of, would have been provided beforehand.

Very judiciously, the Curtain remained down scarcely two minutes between the Acts. The Play went off without any material interruption. Between the Play and Farce the Band performed the National Anthem, of "God save the King." Afterwards "Patrick's Day" was played. The latter tune had barely commenced, when some diabolical villain from the Upper Gallery, flung a bottle with considerable force, tho' not, as it is said, in the direction of his Excellency's box. We hope, for the honour of our country, that it was not intended for his Excellency. Perhaps it was merely a wild impulse of the moment, to interrupt the Air which they had then commenced, and to get the "Boyne Water" substituted for it.—This we are led to hope, from the circumstance of the calls for the latter tune having just preceded the throwing of this dangerous missile. However that might have been, the bottle struck against the Curtain, and rolled into the Orchestra, on the music-book, as we hear, of Mr. Barton, the Leader of the Band. This Gentleman held it up to the audience, and a general murmur of horror ran through the house. We again express a hope that the bottle was not aimed at his Excellency. It appeared to us as if it had not been;—but we cannot speak confidently. A second missile, a large piece of a watchman's rattle, was also thrown. It struck the cushion of the box next to

that of his Excellency, and fell into a lady's lap. Mr. Plunkett was in the Box.

Several gentlemen, among whom were some of his Excellency's Officers of State, rushed to the Upper Gallery.—The confusion was great, but the two desperadoes who are said to have flung the missiles, were quickly pointed out, and taken into custody. One of them, we are told, is son to a man, who was taken out of his house by the rebels, in the year 1798, and actually cut in pieces at his own doot! The recollection of this circumstance, has, we fear, produced that violent and rancorous association of ideas, which, if the charge against him be well-founded, has led to the commission of a deed, that will mark the annals of our City with infamy.

His Excellency evinced on the occasion the most undaunted spirit and a coolness and presence of mind worthy of the highest admiration.

We cannot forbear remarking, that we heard distinctly the following expressions, which are evidently an echo of the inflammatory language used in the *Antidote* of that very day! "A groan for the * * *—No Popish Government—No bayonets!" Does not this afford a strong presumption, that the riot and disgraceful outrage were chiefly, if not wholly, got up by the excitement afforded in that Paper? Certainly no better effect could have been looked for, from such maddening and disgusting nonsense! When we speak directly to the passions and prejudices of the rash, the uninformed, and the intemperate; what can we expect, but that they will break forth into acts of violence? The Editor of the *Antidote* calls upon the Orangemen "to come forward, and shield themselves from the bayonet of the Assassin—to lay aside their fear"—he tells them they have "Popish dominion," or a "Popish Government! Alas! a few unfortunate, ignorant, and unthinking spirits have indeed, "come forward!" They took it for granted that the Government had forsaken them

—that no protection, no justice, no safety remained for them! What the result has been, we have witnessed with inexpressible anguish. Had our efforts to restore a proper feeling proved successful, on the very day before the unhappy affair which we so deeply lament, what heart-scaldings would it have saved us!

But having now marked with our unfeigned abhorrence, the abominable transactions of last Saturday night; we cannot close without a few words as to the root of the evil. Why was the very moment when a conspiracy to exterminate Protestants, and to destroy the Constitution which the immortal WILLIAM had bequeathed to us, was just made known to an indignant people—why was such a moment chosen for prohibiting by force, and uncompromising rigour, the honours usually paid to the memory of our Great Deliverer? It was, we think a very short-sighted measure. The intention of it *we plainly perceived*, but had we published the *motive* to the world, it would have completely counteracted the design. The Protestants however, were not at that time in proper *tune* for such experiments: they were horror-stricken at the development of a conspiracy, *general and systematic*, to extirpate them: they discovered that *men in authority* had not only concealed the truth from them, but actually had said *what was not true*: They perceived that some of those *men in authority*, were the avowed champions of their enemies: their confidence was shaken—their apprehensions were excited. Then came the unhappy affair of the Bank Guard. No wonder then, if plain-going honest men, who never dreamt of the *double-dealing* of Cabinets, became seriously alarmed for the integrity of the Constitution. No wonder if the ignorant and intemperate, whose relations had been butchered by former Rebels, who had avowedly a similar plan of operations with the *Green-street Rebels*, recalled to mind the image of their tortured fathers, their mothers, their sisters, their infant brothers, sacrificed to the fury of fanatics.

There was indeed, too much appearance of *sincerity* in the mode of preventing the decorating of the Statue. It ought not to have been carried with so high a hand, if we have any judgment in politics. Alderman *Fleming* lent himself to the *farce* with great *energy*.

However, though we entertain not the slightest doubt, that there was a pre-meditated plan to offer insult to the Lord Mayor; we are convinced, that the extension of it to the *Lord Lieutenant*, was only the work of a few ruffians, who in every community will be found ready for mischief.

IMPORTANT.

P. S. Since writing the above we have conversed with a Gentleman, who had his eye directed toward the curtain when the bottle struck it. We were right in our conjecture—IT WAS NOT AIMED AT THE NOBLE MARQUESS. *The bottle, beyond any doubt whatever, struck the center of the curtain, and rolled into the middle of Orchestra.* It is positively asserted, that it was not thrown by the man who is charged with the offence, but by a lad of 16 or 17 years of age.

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AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XVII.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1822.

Vol. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. CONYNGHAM PLUNKETT, M. P. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, &c.

[Continued from Page 107.]

A circumstance to which I now beg to call your attention, Sir, seems, by no means to have attracted the notice it merits. I allude to the unremitting endeavours of the See of Rome to annihilate the Order of Freemasonry. That such endeavours are incessantly made, is indisputable. I should rather have said, so notorious, that it is quite needless to adduce any proofs thereof. Nothing can shew the determination of the *Propaganda* to dissolve every tie which binds Romanists to the other members of society, than the present enmity of the *holy Church* against Freemasonry. It has ever been submitted, on all sides, that the Order of Freemasonry never interfered with the controversial points of any religion. No one, that ever I have heard of, denied that the grand object of it was to form a bond of amity, or rather of the strictest friendship, between its members, be they of what religion they might; and its secondary object to present a rallying point for general philanthropy.

Freemasonry was suffered to flourish unopposed for many years; and, perhaps, tended us much as any other cir-

cumstance whatever, to soften down the prejudices of Romanists, and to encourage a friendly feeling towards those of their fellow-creatures who were not of their own Church. I have often heard it remarked, that those of the Romish persuasion who were Freemasons, were far more liberal; far less hostile to Protestants than those who had never been initiated in that Order. In fact, Sir, this was a necessary consequence of that friendly and convivial intercourse which the Institution occasioned. Whence, Sir, but from a desire to put an end to that philanthropic feeling, and to build a complete wall of separation between the Romanist and every other human being, could the present systematic persecution against Freemasonry proceed? The Romish priest of Kells, not many months since, was charged with having, from the Altar, declared,—"That Freemasons ought to be excluded from God and man!" And the Rev. Gentleman himself, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the late *Antidote* Newspaper, freely avowed, not only his own hostility to the Institution, "but even the hostility of his Church!" Now, Sir, this circumstance is exceedingly important; inasmuch as it shews, when taken in conjunction with other events, that the Church of Rome is at this moment about to make a general and a violent struggle to regain her lost ground. She has, therefore restored the Order of the

Jésuits; and levelling every obstacle that might in the least obstruct the torrent of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness against those she is pleased to denominate "Heretics," which she is now pouring in among her votaries. I repeat it, Sir, this is a circumstance that should not escape the attention of our Statesmen; and I do maintain, that if any circumstance be more calculated than another to awaken those from their apathy, who, though careless about the dogmas of religion, still look upon morality and good-will as essential to the well-being of society, it surely is this. For my part, I regard this proceeding as a very desperate measure of the See of Rome; it is a species of medicine that must either kill or cure. Habit, we all know, becomes a sort of second nature; and when men have long been accustomed to meet together, on the most friendly and convivial terms, and to enjoy the periodical returns of each other's society; when they have given mutual pledges of friendship, and become convinced of the innocent, if not meritorious nature of their Association; they acquire a sort of moral appetite for such an enjoyment, which will make them almost burst through any prohibition. I cannot, Sir, imagine a surer way to set the minds of Romish Freemasons on the road to enquiry, than the attempt to separate them from the Order to which they have united themselves by such strong and fascinating ties. They naturally will ask themselves—"What does my Church mean by this prohibition? I have not become a worse man since I was initiated in the mysteries of Masonry. If she be unfriendly to this Institution, I suspect she cannot be sound at bottom." However, Sir, if the Church of Rome succeed in extinguishing Freemasonry among her votaries; it will be the most tremendous proof of her power and influence, that ever yet has been exhibited; it will be an act which no civil Government ought to have the hardihood to enter upon in the present state of the Masonic Order. The mere attempt to do it, shews a con-

fidence in her own strength, and an increasing malignity against Protestants, that should convince even Mr. Plunkett of the necessity of closely watching all her manœuvres. I positively think the measure preparatory to an effort to exterminate Protestants throughout every nation in Christendom.

(*To be continued.*)

ESSAYS ON THE DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

*Addressed to the Romanists of
Ireland.*

(Continued from Page 13.)

INFALLIBILITY.

BEFORE I proceed farther, I beg to explain a foregoing passage, which, on revision, I think rather carelessly worded; and nothing can be more necessary, than to prevent all possibility of misconception on a subject of such importance as the one under consideration.

At page 8, when contrasting the power and authority of the Apostles, with that which any Christian Ministers can now a-days pretend to; I alluded to the miraculous gift they at times possessed, of discerning the state of the penitent's conscience; and of discriminating between the hypocrite, and him who had fully complied with the conditions prescribed in the Gospel, viz. "Repentance towards God, and Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." I stated, that solely by virtue of this supernatural power, "They. (the Apostles,) could safely pronounce a perfect, *unconditional*, *absolution.*" Now, lest my words should be perverted, and a different meaning forced upon them, from what I intended; I shall state, that the word "*unconditional*," only referred to the mode of expressing or pronouncing the *absolution*, and did not by any means suppose or admit the Apostles to have possessed the slightest dispensing power. Unless the penitent, truly, and unreservedly entertained "Repentance

towards God, and Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ;" the Apostles had no more power to supply, in the least degree, the want of this indispensable condition to obtaining absolution, or forgiveness of sins, than an automaton! If this prescribed condition were not sincerely complied with, the form of absolution, though ever so solemnly pronounced, would have been of no effect whatever; and if it were complied with, the sincere and faithful penitent and believer, would have been as completely absolved from all his past sins, and as effectually restored to the favour of God, even though no form of *absolution* were pronounced; as if the whole twelve Apostles had joined in the ceremony. The declaration of the Apostles on the subject, did not render the penitent's forgiveness more certain, though it might have had a very beneficial tendency, in confirming the humble faith of the convert.—

The idea would, indeed, have been more correctly expressed, if I had said, that the Apostles, when they knew the actual state of the convert's mind, needed not *to address* him in the same cautious and guarded manner, that subsequent Ministers of the Gospel should practise; now-a-days the most that any Minister of the Gospel can presume to say, is, "Such is the *condition* on which forgiveness for past sins is granted to every soul of man; *your own conscience must tell you* whether you have complied with it; if you have, I am commissioned by God himself to declare unto you, that your sins are forgiven." But if, (as many suppose,) the Apostles had the power of looking into the conscience, there was no need of such a preamble;—they could boldly say, "I perceive, by the Spirit of God, with which I am *miraculously* accompanied, that you have complied with the *conditions* of the Gospel; and therefore I pronounce you perfectly absolved from all past guilt."

Yet, after all, I am not quite convinced that even the Apostles themselves practised an *unconditional* form of ab-

solution. There is great reason to doubt, that even *they* often had a power of reading the conscience. That they had, *sometimes*, there can be no question whatever. Two instances will suffice to prove it. The first is,—[Acts xiv. 9. 10.] where Paul is said to have healed the cripple at Lystra: "The same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, *and perceiving that he had faith to be healed*, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet." This is very much to our purpose, as it clearly shews, that the holy Apostle was acquainted with the state of the man's soul.

The second is, where Peter pronounces the awful sentence on Ananias and Sapphira. But it is extremely probable, that this supernatural power was but very rarely bestowed even on the Apostles, and only on extraordinary occasions.

The power of "binding and loosing," which our Saviour pronounced the Apostles to have, is, by many learned Divines, supposed to extend no farther than an authority of absolving from the temporal censures imposed by the Church. The manner in which this power is assigned to them in Mat. xviii, seems to give some colour to his interpretation. Certain it is, that the only place where Christ speaks of the Church deciding a question, or calls upon us to "hear;" that is, to comply with the decision thereof, refers entirely to a misunderstanding occurring between two individuals:—"If thy brother shall *trespass* against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee, and alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican. Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be

bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

It is impossible for the most superficial observer not to discover the true import of this passage, provided he view it with a mind unbiassed by the quibbles of sophistry. I think it almost an insult to the understanding of my readers, to enter upon an analysis of what is nearly as explicit as words can make it. How any man could have thought of a right being conferred by this portion of Scripture, *on any Church, whatever, to invent, or even modify, articles of faith,* is quite inexplicable to me. Even the irrational Friar Hayes has admitted, that we should try the meaning of any expression *by the context.* If this rule be adopted in the present instance, the amount of our Saviour's declaration will be this, and no more:—"Those who receive my doctrine, are to be loving, and united, always abounding in charity, and brotherly kindness. I have, on all occasions, endeavoured to impress upon you, that no one can be my disciple who is of an obstinate, litigious, and unforgiving spirit. However, as it is by no means the intention of my Gospel, that mercy should obliterate justice; and, as from the weakness and fallibility of the human understanding, together with the great diversity of opinions and views among men, 'It must needs be that offences occur.' I will establish a criterion, by which you may discriminate between the *WILFUL* offender, the obstinate transgressor, and him whose disposition is amenable to Christian discipline. Should any of my followers conceive himself injured by a "a brother," a member of the society of professing Christians, let him, in the first instance, appeal to the conscience and justice of the aggrieved. If this appeal prove ineffectual, which possibly may happen, through the weakness of his reasoning powers, and some degree of natural prejudice against you, as a partial judge in the affair; then seek out one or two more as arbitrators, who, in case of the *dernier resort,* may bear

testimony to the uprightness of your endeavours to accommodate matters, and remove that jealousy and dissatisfaction which must ever prove destructive of "the communion of Saints."—Should the offender still remain obdurate,—then refer the business to "the Church," the assembly or congregation of the faithful in that place; and especially the elders: and let those who were witnesses to your conciliatory efforts bear testimony thereof. If, notwithstanding all these opportunities of becoming reconciled to you, and the decision of so many impartial judges against him, he still continue unbending, it clearly shews the offender to be so destitute of every feeling that is essential to a Christian, that you may, without any breach of charity, pronounce him unfit for the communion of Saints, in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.—Such a person, therefore, is to be considered in no better light than "a heathen or a publican;" and, until he repent, should be expelled from your Society, as one rather calculated to act as a corroding ulcer on 'the body of Christ,'—which is the Church, or community of the faithful. If you act thus, depend upon it, that heaven itself will ratify your proceeding and sentence: as the finding of a judge who decides according to law, is confirmed by the Sovereign power from which he receives his credentials."

I confidently appeal to the understanding, of even a popish reader, whether I have not given a faithful paraphrase of this oft-disputed and misrepresented passage. Let us abide by the general rule of Scripture, "*Add thou not to what is written, nor take away from the words thereof,*"—and we shall find, that the authority confided to "the Church," is merely *to decide according to reason*!!! for such a system, for the ascertaining of those who are unfit for a Christian community, and of purging the Society of professing Christians of such pestiferous characters, is precisely what the most refined wisdom, the strictest justice, and the most

unblemished charity, exquisitely blended, would have pointed out! What a lovely specimen have we here of the Christian code! What an admirable temperature does it possess! Alike free from a *perversion* of liberality, *so common in our days*; and that persecuting and uncompromising spirit, which the Church of Rome impiously, and of course, irrationally, attempts to justify, by the foregoing portion of Scripture, so worthy of the God of wisdom, of justice, and of mercy!

If our space permitted, we might make almost innumerable quotations from the writings of the Apostles in favour of this interpretation. One however will suffice. St. Paul, in *1st Corin.* vi. says, "Dare any of you, having a matter against another, *go to law* before the unjust and not *before the saints*? If ye have judgments of things pertaining to this life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the church.—Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? No, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren? But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before unbelievers! Now therefore, there is *utterly a fault among you*." That is to say, 'ye are utterly wrong in pursuing this system, so inconsistent with that laid down by Christ.'

It is but justice to add that the Quakers and Wesleyan Methodists, follow this system very closely, in all misunderstandings among their members.

We have, I think, knocked this crutch from under the church of Rome; and shall find her hobble very badly over all the other grounds on which she seeks to establish her extravagant claims to Infallibility.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.

SIR,

I HAVE been told that the Inquisition is established in Ireland, if so, the following (enclosed) may give your Protestant readers some information respecting the proceedings of that establishment.

More information for the Protestants of Ireland.

Isaac Orobio, a learned physician, having beaten a Moorish servant for stealing, was accused by him of professing Judaism, and the inquisitors seized the masters upon the charge.—He was kept three years in prison before he had the least intimation of what he was to undergo, and then suffered the following six modes of torture:—*First*—A coarse linen cloth was put upon him, and then drawn so tight, that the circulation of the blood was nearly stopped, and the breath almost pressed out of the body. After this the strings were suddenly loosened, when the air forcing its way hastily into his stomach, and the blood rushing into its channels, he suffered the most incredible pain. *Second*—His thumbs were tied with small cords, so hard that the blood gushed from under his nails. *Third*—He was seated on a bench, with his back against a wall, wherein small iron pulleys were fixed. Ropes being fastened to several parts of his body and limbs, were passed through the pulleys, and being suddenly drawn with great violence, his whole frame was forced into a distorted mass. *Fourth*—After having suffered for a considerable time, the pains of the last mentioned position, the seat was snatched away, and he was left suspended against the wall. *Fifth*—A little instrument with five knobs, and which went with springs, being placed near the face, he suddenly received five blows on the cheek, that put him to such pain as caused him to faint away. *Sixth*—The executioners fastened ropes round his wrists, and then drew them about his body; placing him on his back, with his feet against the wall, they pulled with the utmost violence, till the cord had penetrated to the bone. He suffered the last torture three times, and then lay seventy days before his wounds were healed. He was afterwards banished, and in his exile wrote the account of his sufferings.

CRUELTIIES OF THE INQUISITION.

The following is a description of the dreadful torture inflicted by this hell-born tribunal, from the account of one who suffered it three respective times, but happily survived the cruelties.

The first time of Torturing.

A prisoner on refusing to comply with the iniquitous demands of the inquisitors, by confessing all the crimes they thought proper to charge him with, was immediately conveyed to the torture-room, where no light appeared but what issued from two candles inside; that the cries of the sufferers may not be heard by the other prisoners, the room is lined with a kind of quilting, which covers all the crevices, and deadens the sound. The prisoner's horror was extreme on entering this infernal place, when suddenly he was surrounded by six wretches, who, after preparing the tortures, stripped him naked to his drawers, he was then laid upon his back on a kind of stand, elevated a few feet from the floor. They began by putting an iron collar round his neck, and a ring to each foot, which fastened him to the stand. His limbs being thus stretched out, they wound two ropes round each arm, and two round each thigh; which ropes being passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose, were all drawn tight at the same instant of time, by four of the men on a given signal. The pains which immediately succeeded were intolerable; the ropes which were of a small size, cut through the prisoner's flesh to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places, thus bound at a time. As he persisted in not making any confession of what the inquisitors required, the ropes were drawn in this manner four times successively. A physician and surgeon attended, and often felt his temples, in order to judge of the danger he might be in; by which means his tortures were for a small time suspended, that

he might have sufficient opportunity of recovering his spirits to sustain each ensuing torture. During this extremity of anguish, while the tender frame is tearing, as it were, in pieces, while every pore feels the sharpest pangs of death, and the agonised soul is just ready to burst forth and quit its wretched mansion, the ministers of the inquisition have the obduracy of heart to look on without emotion, and calmly to advise to advise the poor distracted creature to confess his imputed guilt, in doing which they tell him he may obtain a free pardon, and receive absolution.

All this, however, was ineffectual with the prisoner, whose mind was strengthened by a sweet consciousness of innocence, and the divine consolation of religion. While he was thus suffering, the physician and surgeon were so barbarous as to declare, that if he died under the torture he would be guilty, by his obstinacy, of self-murder. In short, at the last time of the ropes being drawn tight he grew so exceedingly weak, by the stoppage of the circulation of his blood, and the pains he endured, that he fainted away; upon which he was unloosened, and carried back to his dungeon.

The second time of Torturing.

The inhuman wretches of the Inquisition, finding that all torture inflicted, as above described, instead of extorting a discovery from the prisoner, only served the more fervently to excite his supplications to Heaven for patience and power to persevere in truth and integrity, were so inhuman, in six weeks after, as to expose him to another kind of torture, more severe, if possible, than the former; the manner of inflicting which was as follows:—they forced his arms backwards, so that the palms of his hands were turned outward behind him; when, by means of a rope that fastened them together at the wrists, and which was turned by an engine, they drew them by degrees nearer each other, in such a manner, that the back of each hand touched, and they stood exactly parallel.

to each other. In consequence of this violent contortion, both his shoulders became dislocated, and a considerable quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again taken to the dungeon, and delivered to the physician and surgeon, who, in setting the dislocated bones, put him to the most exquisite torment.

The third time of Torturing.

About two months after the second torture, the prisoner, being a little recovered, was again ordered to the torture-room; and there, for the last time, made to undergo another kind of punishment, which was inflicted twice without any intermission. The executioner fastened a thick iron chain twice round his body, which, crossing upon his stomach, terminated at the wrist. They then placed him with his back against a thick board, at each extremity whereof was a pulley, through which there ran a rope that caught the ends of the chain at his wrists. Then the executioner stretching the end of this rope, by means of a roller placed at a distance behind him, pressed or bruised his stomach in proportion as the ends of the chain were drawn tighter. They tortured him in this manner to such a degree, that his wrists, as well as his shoulders, were quite dislocated. They were, however, soon set by the surgeons; but the barbarians, not yet satisfied with this series of cruelty, made him immediately undergo the like torture a second time; which he sustained (though, if possible, attended with keener pains) with equal constancy and resolution. He was then again remanded to his surgeon; and here he continued until an *Auto da Fe*, or goal delivery, when he was happily discharged.

After his discharge, he felt the effects of this cruelty for the remainder of his life, being frequently seized with thrilling and excruciating pains, to which he had never been subject, till after he had the misfortune to fall under the merciless and bloody lords of the Inquisition.

TO THE EDITOR OF
THE IRISH PROTESTANT.
SIR,

The following is related by the Rev. Mr. Anthony Gavin, M. A. in the University of Zaragoza, 1720. If worthy insertion in your valuable publication, I will, Sir, at a future period, furnish you with more extracts from the above work.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.
A PROTESTANT.
Parkmore-House, Dec. 2. 1822.

I was in Lisbon ten years ago, and a Spanish Gentleman, whose surname was Gonzalez, came to lodge in the same house where I was for a while, and as we, after supper, were talking of the Pope's supremacy and power, he told me that he himself was a living witness of the Pope's authority on earth: And asking how, he gave me the following account:

"I was born in Granada, of honest and rich, though not noble parents, who gave me the best education they could, in that City. I was not twenty years of age when my father and mother died, both within the space of six months.—They left me all they had in the world, recommending to me in their testament to take care of my sister Dorothea; and she was the only sister I had, and at that time in the 18th year of her age. From our youth we had tenderly loved one another; and upon her account, quitting my studies, I gave myself up to her company. This tender brotherly love produced in my heart at last, another sort of love for her; and though I never shewed her my passion, I was a sufferer by it. I was ashamed within myself, to see that I could not master, or overcome this irregular inclination; and perceiving that the persisting in it, would prove the ruin of my soul, and my sister's too, I firmly resolved to quit the country for a while, to see whether I could dissipate this passion, and banish out of my heart this burning and consuming fire of love, and, after having

settled my affairs, and put my sister under the care of our aunt, I took my leave of her, who being surprised at this unexpected news, she, upon her knees, begged me to tell the reason that had moved me to quit the country; and telling her that I had no reason, but only a mind and desire to travel two or three years; and that I begged of her not to marry any person in the world, till my return home, I left her, and went to Rome. By letters of recommendation, by money, and my careful comportment, I got myself in a little time into the favour and house of Cardinal A. T. Two years I spent in his services at my own expense, and his kindness to me was so exceeding great, that I was not only his companion, but his favourite and confidential. All this time, I was so raving, and in so deep a melancholy, that his Eminence pressed upon me to tell him the reason. I told him that my distemper had no remedy; but he still insisted the more to know my malady. At last I told him the love I had for my sister, and that it being impossible she should be my wife, my distemper had no remedy. To this he said nothing, but the day following went to the sacred palace, and meeting in the Pope's anti-chamber, Cardinal P. T. he did ask him whether the Pope could dispense with the natural and divine impediment between Brother and Sister to be married; and as Cardinal P. T. said that the Pope could not, my protector began a loud and bitter dispute with him, alleging reasons by which the Pope could do it. The Pope hearing the noise, came out of his chamber, and asking what was the matter, he was told it, and flying into an uncommon passion, said, "*The Pope may do every thing, I do dispense with it,*" and left them with these words. The protector took testimony of the Pope's declaration, and went to the Datary, and drew a public instrument of the Pope's dispensation, and coming home, gave it me, and said, 'though I shall be deprived of your good services and company, I am very glad that I serve you in this to

your heart's desire and satisfaction.— Take this dispensation, and go wherever you please to marry your sister.' I left Rome, and came home, and after I rested from the fatigues of so long a journey, I went to present the dispensation to the Bishop, and to get his license, but he told me, that he could not receive the dispensation, nor give such a license. I acquainted my protector with this, and immediately an excommunication was dispatched against the Bishop for having disobeyed the Pope, and commanding him to pay a thousand pistoles for the treasury of the Church, and to marry me himself; so I was married by the Bishop of Granada, and at this present time I have five children by my wife and sister!'

* * * WEDNESDAY next, being Christmas Day, the publication of the 18th Number of the IRISH PROTESTANT will be postponed to the day following, Thursday, 26th instant. In the 18th Number, we propose to lay before our Readers, an impartial Review of the violent and *party* proceedings at the Aggregate Meeting of Friday last. The *consistency* of those Gentlemen who monopolized the right of speaking, together with the true character of their designs, and some plain facts for honest men, shall also be noticed. The public mind has been grossly abused; and there is too much reason to suspect much systematic perfidy in the late affair, in order to bring an odium on the cause of loyalty. We are on the look out; and request our friends, in the mean time, to furnish us with any *well-authenticated facts* they can vouch for. The *party* is extravagantly in error, if it think to paralyze our efforts by its artifices: so far from it, we shall redouble our exertions to rescue our country from their malice and deception.

☞ All the former Numbers may be had at the Office of THE PROTESTANT, 1, Crow-street.

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THE
Irish Protestant,
AND
FAITHFUL EXAMINER.

“ Fear God—Honour the King.”

No. XVIII.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1822.

Vol. I.

THE LATE OUTRAGES.

WE have been unremitting in our endeavours to obtain accurate information, concerning those most disgraceful occurrences at the Theatre; and horror-stricken as we were, that any one making a profession of loyalty, should have taken any part whatever in such a scene of infamy; still we confess, from the commencement, we entertained some hope that it would be found, on investigation, that no intention to injure the person of his Excellency, really existed; however much first appearances and the positive tone of the public Journals might favour the supposition.—From the result of our enquiries, the following is the impression on our mind:—*First, that no bottle was thrown from the Gallery;*—Second, that the piece of the watchman's rattle came from the left-hand corner of the Upper Gallery, and consequently from such a situation that it was next to impossible for the person who threw it to have had a distinct view of his Excellency's box.—We, from the beginning, felt extremely doubtful as to the *bottle*; we were tolerably confident that it never approached his Excellency's box. Our eyes were fixed on his Excellency at the moment when the alarm was given; and it was impossible, we thought, for any missile of that nature to have gone within many feet of his Excellency,

without our perceiving it. The circumstance of its rolling into the part of the Orchestra which Mr. Barton is stationed, shewed that the bottle must have alighted very near to the center of the Curtain; for, if it had come in contact with the timber-work, (which it must have done, to rebound in such a direction,) it must inevitably have been dashed in pieces; and if it struck near the edge of the drop-scene, in an oblique direction, its velocity would have carried it within the curtain, which must have given way to so heavy a missile, coming against an unattached piece of canvass. Again, if it had come directly at right angles with any part of the Curtain nearer the sides, it must have rebounded into the part of the Orchestra opposite to it; or rather have inclined still more from the center, as every one must be aware, that towards the edge, the Curtain would offer less resistance to a body coming in contact with it, than towards the center. Therefore, as a body always is repelled in an opposite direction to where it meets resistance, the angle of inclination would have been quite the reverse of what it is said to have been.

From these considerations we were, we acknowledge, very much of opinion that the bottle, if thrown at all from the Upper Gallery, never was sent in the direction of his Excellency's Box.—But this is not all,—if what we have

heard be true, *the bottle actually fell from the Carpenter's Gallery, and descended along the middle of the Curtain*; whether through accident, or in order to cast a still greater odium on those, who, indeed, had sufficiently disgraced themselves by their abominable expressions.

Two individuals, it is reported, are ready to come forward at the proper time, and make oath as to their having seen the bottle descending along the curtain in the manner we have mentioned. One is a gentleman of the highest respectability; the other, a person who chanced to look from behind the curtain, (at the left of the stage facing the audience,) at the very moment when the bottle was in the act of descending; and who, having his eye directed across the front of the stage toward his Excellency's box, could not, in this case, fail to have plainly distinguished the bottle if it dropped down the curtain. The members of the band in the orchestra were, in all probability, looking towards the gallery, which was then a scene of riot; and were less likely to observe the precise quarter from whence the bottle came.

We must also say that the place where we stood at the moment,—almost in the very center of the pit, and standing upon the bench,—makes it very improbable that a quart bottle could have struck the curtain without agitating its surface sufficiently to have attracted our attention. Hence we do say that there is sufficient cause to suspend the public opinion with respect to the bottle, until a proper investigation.

The piece of the watchman's rattle was unquestionably thrown from the upper gallery: A person on whose word we can depend, and who stood in the two-shilling gallery, saw it in its flight, and followed it with his eye as far as he could. He told us that its original direction was somewhat altered, by its obliquely touching the iron rod to which one of the chandeliers is suspended; and that the impression on his mind is that the person who threw it, did so in his

alarm, lest any thing of the kind should be found with him, when he perceived so active an effort making to apprehend those who took a lead in the uproar. Our informant declares that the piece of the rattle he distinctly perceived coming from the left hand corner of the upper gallery; and that, had it not met the rod of the chandelier, his vision deceived him greatly if it would not have continued its course to the stage without going near his Excellency.

As to Handwich, who is accused of throwing the bottle, it is roundly asserted, by one who sat near him all the night, that he did not even handle a bottle during the time he was in the Theatre; and farther, that this same Handwich sharply rebuked and discouraged those who mentioned his Excellency's name with disrespect, although he does not deny that he called repeatedly for the "*Boyne Water*," the "*Glorious Memory*," &c.

Such is the result of our most earnest inquiries for information on this subject. It will be truly gratifying to our minds, if, as we do fully expect, it will be made manifest, when the matter comes before a jury, that no intention whatever existed of injuring his Excellency's person. But the gross insults that were offered to this exalted personage, by the infamous expressions, and still more infamous printed slips of paper that were thrown from the third tier of boxes, admit of no palliation whatever.

Let no one dare to put forward the detestable and revolutionary doctrine, that, because a "*Theatre is public property*," such a personage as his Excellency could be insulted without an absolute violation of the law—an insinuation of this kind is not only false and unconstitutional, but shews that the person who puts it forth, has not one particle of the feelings of a Gentleman, or of one fit to occupy a station in civilized society. The best law authorities lay it down as an established rule, that any words spoken or written against any "*great officer of the realm*," whereby any "*scandal to his person* might arise,

—or whereby he might be exposed to public hatred, contempt, or ridicule—constitutes “*Scandalum Magnatum*,” a most heinous crime, and one which *Blackstone* declares to “amount to an atrocious injury.” Nay, it has a direct tendency to bring his Majesty’s commission into disrepute, and thus to destroy subordination, produce resistance to the constituted authorities, and consequently to subvert society. The same writer says—“contempt and misprision against the King’s person and government, *is doing any thing that may tend to lessen him in the esteem of his subjects*, may weaken his government, or may raise *jealousies* between him and his people.”

B. C. 4. C. 9. Again—“besides actual breaches of the peace, any thing that excites others to break it, is an offence of the same denomination.”—B. C. 4. C. 11. Again—“The offences against the public peace, are either such as are an actual breach of the peace, or constructively so *by tending to make others to break it*.”

So much for the information of incendiary writers, and incendiary brawlers at the Theatre, &c. And we trust that this plain and unsophisticated description of the wicked and hazardous nature of their enterprise, will teach them a better way of thinking, a better style of writing, a better mode of acting, and a more constitutional mode of expressing themselves.

The laws of the British Constitution admit indeed of respectable petitions, even to the throne itself, for the removal of any grievance, whether real or imaginary. The houses of Parliament are always open to our complaints. The Courts of Law are provided to afford us protection. Freedom of discussion, even to inquiry into the conduct and measures of his Majesty’s Ministers, is never opposed by the legislature, provided it be conducted in that fair, rational, and temperate manner, which will tend to illuminate, not to obscure or inflame the minds of the population,—to protect the constitutional rights of the subject from

being silently invaded, either by the tyranny of that terrible monster “*The Sovereign People*,” or the insidious attempts at ambition. But invective, personalities, abuse, intimidation, &c. directed against the noble personages or others, to whom the reins of government are committed, are inadmissible *under any circumstances whatever*, and are considered to be a high crime against the safety of the state. Therefore the scripture maxim—“*Thou shalt not speak evil of the Ruler of this people*,”—is never to be violated under any pretext, be it what it may.

Having disposed of this part of our subject, and, we sincerely hope, secured from a repetition of their crime, those who might, by an ignorant and intemperate, though not a confirmedly malicious disposition, have entered into such a detestable exhibition of their party zeal, we come next to notice the conduct of the Darcy’s Tavern Orators, and the tone and temper of their harangues &c. at the late Meeting at the Royal Exchange. It is amusing, though indeed a convincing proof of the utter depravity of those *Radical Gentlemen*, to see with what facility they can veer round in their declarations and avowed sentiments, according as they see a favourable opportunity for imposing on the public.

On the 8th instant, Mr. O’Connell and Mr. O’Gorman could not discover a single circumstance in the Marquess WELLESLEY’s conduct since he came into the Vice-Regal Throne, that merited their thanks or gratitude! nay, that called for “the gratitude of any party of Irishmen!” Mr. O’Connell even charged his Excellency with having deceived the Government at the other side of the Channel by his Official Despatches. “*The grounds*,” he said, “*therein laid, for the re-enactment of that odious and oppressive measure, the Insurrection Bill, were UNFOUNDED!!?*” But in twelve days after, the *honest* Brotherhood had discovered all his Excellency’s perfections, and

were bumper-full of the most enthusiastic loyalty and affection for the Noble Marquess's person and Government.—Whence the wonderous change in their sentiments and polities? Surely no public act of his Excellency's administration had intervened, except the Noble Marquess having honoured the Theatre with his presence. We can therefore find no manner whatever of accounting for the sudden revolution of *opinion* in the Popish orators, except by concluding that in the supposed privacy of Darcy's Tavern, and additionally protected from Protestant intrusion, by the circumstance of the day being Sunday, they let out the thoughts of their hearts without dissimulation of reserve. But on the 20th instant they had another card to play—they had to assume the mask of pretended *loyalty* and *conciliation*—to endeavour, by the smooth tongue of hypocrisy, to represent themselves as the true friends of the Constitution; (God save the mark!) and the Orangemen, who really take a solemn oath to support it, they would point out as its most determined enemies!!! *Orangeism* must be put down forthwith, a legislative enactment must be speedily provided for that purpose, or the country would *go to pot*!

Now, whence does this insuperable objection to *Orangeism* arise? It is not only possible, but certain, that a few individuals who have taken the obligation of an Orangeman are both intemperate, and little, if at all influenced by the principles of the institution. But what of all this? Those individuals who, even after having pledged themselves "to the utmost of their power, to support and maintain the Laws and Constitution of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; to assist the Magistrates and civil Authorities in the lawful execution of their duty when called upon;"—those who profess—solemnly profess, to disownenance and avoid every thing like intolerance, persecution, or insubordination—and still, who, after all those salutary admonitions, and protestations, after all those wise

regulations to bind them to society by the most solemn ties, and to pluck out every weed of bitterness from among them, indulge at times in feelings and conduct so opposite to their profession—surely there is every reason to think that those men would be the very worst members of society, if they were not somewhat restrained by the Constitutional ties of *Orangeism*. It is not then to their being nominal Orangemen that we are to attribute the intemperance of those blockheads; but to a natural fault in their temperament, and a disposition inclined to folly and effervescence. Such men certainly are not fit members for the *Orange*, or any other correct association, and should be expelled when discovered.

(To be continued.)

THE SELECT AGGREGATE!!!

"OUT of evil cometh good,"—lamentable as are the late occurrences, and the awful excitement which they have afforded to the public mind; we do prophesy that they will effect more for the cause of truth and sobriety, than any incident that has been witnessed for the last twenty years. We shall shortly be able to form a just estimate of our public characters; and not only will the motives and plan of operations of the Popish faction be made evident even to the hitherto sceptical; but a sort of specimen will be afforded of the *blessed* fruits which we should instantly reap from any degree of Popish ascendancy. The sort of triumph which the *Darcy-Tavern* gentry fancy themselves to have obtained over true *Loyalty*, has quite intoxicated them, and they are unmasking themselves rather more speedily than we expected.

Our readers are all aware, that a meeting of the Citizens of Dublin was convened by requisition, and that an assembly took place in consequence, on Friday last, at the Royal Exchange. The requisition to the Lord Mayor, to call this *Aggregate Meeting* was most numerously, and most respectably signed;

and though we know the tactic, and the shameless effrontery of the faction, we did expect that they would not have been able to monopolize the whole of the business to themselves. However, it now appears that we had underrated their talents for manœuvre—the *drama* was completely cast; the actors had all rehearsed, and the *stage-manager* as well up to the *thing*, as if the *piece* had been a month in preparation! My Lord Mayor seems to be an apter scholar than we imagined, or else he *has been all along* in the *baby-house*—he *played his cards admirably*; and sure we are that our friend *Nicky Mahon*, will be so delighted at the style in which his *Ward* acquitted himself, that he will, if necessary, *bleed* still more freely.

In short, we shall say in a word, that the Meeting was managed almost, if not to the full, as *snugly*, as if it had been held at *Darcy's*! At an early hour a certain Barrister, who on many former occasions has been a very prominent political character, assumed the honourable situation of *door-keeper* of the Royal Exchange! The learned and *patriotic* Gentleman, was provided with A LIST of those who were deemed worthy of admission to this *general Meeting* of the citizens of Dublin! and though hundreds of the most respectable gentlemen that the city could afford sought admission, the self-created Janitor, with his arms across the door-way, resisted them with all his might, and declared that “*Nobody should get in till THE COMMITTEE had got their choice of places!!*” How this Committee had been elected, by what authority, according to what precedent, we should be glad to learn. However, we are not at a loss to know of what sort of *stuff* it was composed. In fact, the learned *door-keeper* called over the names of his friends of the Committee as they entered, and suffered them to pass to the exclusion of all others! Mr. COLE, a Police Magistrate, advanced, and insisted on passing in: this was peremptorily refused! And on this occasion, the door-keeping Barrister was not sparing

of his reflections on the Magistracy!! A certain *dealer* in literature, (who, whatever learning he might have *on the shelf*, is not over-burdened with it in the *cranium*,) used what we considered very unwarrantable language to Mr. Cole. At length the Janitor was forced to yield to the overwhelming pressure; but before any independent Gentleman could get in, the *elect* had occupied their stations, and “*the table was furnished with guests!*” All were at their *alarm-posts*—the *sanctum sanctorum* was instantly filled, either by the *Orators*, whose order of speaking evidently appeared to have been previously arranged; or by persons, who, by their outrageous acclamations, shewed the purpose for which they obtained priority of admission. It seemed to us as if the *Lordly* Chairman called on the speakers just as prescribed by the people around him! And really, we could not resist the idea that “*The fraternal Society*,” alias “*The Knights of St. Patrick*,” had sent, (perhaps by “*particular desire!*””) a strong detachment from their patriotic body, to form the *Cordon Sanitaire* around the “*Defenders of the Faith!*”

(To be continued.)

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

THE accounts from the South of Ireland are truly alarming—the country is in an awful state! The rebels, notwithstanding the existence of the insurrection Act, are burning and destroying every thing before them, constantly plundering for arms, cutting down whole groves of young ash trees for *Pike-handles*, and carrying the system of terror to its utmost height, in order to drive the Loyal Protestants out of the country. That such is their object there can be no more doubt, than that the sun gives light. In the neighbourhood of Donerail, and also in the immediate vicinity of the city of Cork, the spirit of disaffection seems ready to burst into open Insurrection. The *Cork Advertiser* says, that “*The Journals of the South*

of Ireland," with but few, if *any* exceptions, either "conceal the truth, and pervert it, for the vilest and worst of party purposes—soften down the atrocities, from a misdirected love of moderation, a culpable timidity, or a constitutional scepticism—or else, by an excessive caution, for the sake of maintaining their credit, wait almost in every instance for evidence little short of what would be acceptable in a court of law!" The same paper adds, "That a great number of the outrages perpetrated, remain as much a secret to the nation as if they were committed in *China*!!!"

Such is the return for Protestant generosity in preserving that very district from the horrors of famine! Matters will come to a crisis, perhaps the sooner the better. Let Government beware how they *tamper* with the only friends of the Constitution. But at the same time, we entreat the Loyal Protestants not, through a *childish pet*, to think of remaining neuter. Whatever may be the *policy* of Government, it cannot surely be to aid and assist who are sworn to overthrow them.

FULL REPORT OF THE TRIAL OF MICHAEL KEENAN, FOR RIBBONISM.

(Continued from Page 115.)

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S SPEECH.

The act of parliament, upon which this indictment is grounded, is the 50 Geo. 3. c. 102. entitled "An Act for the more effectually preventing the administering and taking of unlawful oaths in *Ireland*: and for the protection of magistrates and witnesses in criminal cases." I shall state particularly the nature of the offences created by this statute, as well with a view to the facts of the case before you, as to the general law growing out of the act itself. It recites, that divers wicked and evil disposed persons have from time to time attempted to seduce several of his Majesty's subjects in *Ireland*, from their duty and allegiance to his Majesty, and to associate them under the pretended obligations of oaths un-

lawfully administered; and it then enacts, "That any person or persons who at any time after the passing of this act, shall administer or cause to be administered, tender or cause to be tendered, or be present aiding and assisting at the administering or tendering, or who shall by threats, promises, persuasions, or other undue means, cause, procure, or induce to be taken, by any person or persons in *Ireland*, upon a book or otherwise, any oath or engagement, importing to bind the person or persons taking the same to be of any association, brotherhood, committee, society, or confederacy whatsoever, in reality formed or to be formed for seditious purposes, or to disturb the public peace, or to injure the persons or property of any person or persons whatsoever, or to compel any person or persons whatsoever to do or omit or refuse to do, any act or acts whatsoever, under whatever name, description or pretence such association, brotherhood, committee, society or confederacy shall assume or pretend to be formed or constituted, or any oath or engagement importing to bind the person taking the same to obey the orders or rules or commands of any committee or other body of men not lawfully constituted, or of any captain, leader or commander (not appointed by, or under the authority of his Majesty, his heirs and successors) or to assemble at the desire and command of any such captain, leader, commander, or committee, or of any person or persons not having lawful authority, or not to inform or give evidence against any brother, associate, confederate, or other person, or not to reveal or discover his or her having taken any illegal oath, or not to reveal or discover any illegal act done or to be done, or not to discover any illegal oath or engagement which may be administered or tendered to him or her, or the import thereof, whether such oath shall be afterwards so administered or tendered or not, or whether he or she shall take such oath

“ or enter into such engagement or not, “ being by due course of Law convicted thereof, shall be adjudged guilty of “ Felony, and be transported for life: “ and every person who shall take in “ Ireland any such oath or engagement, “ importing so to bind him or her as “ aforesaid, and being by due course of “ law thereof convicted, shall be adjudged guilty of Felony, and be transported “ for seven years.”

The first part of the act relates to the tendering, administering, or causing to be tendered, any oath or engagement for any of the above purposes, and is referable to the existence of a seditious association. The latter part extends to the taking, &c. of the oath, whether the association be seditious or not; and then follows the penalty, the being adjudged guilty of felony, and transportation for life or for seven years—the former against the party administering, and the latter against the party taking the unlawful oath or engagement. I have thus particularly observed upon the construction of this statute, for the purpose of having it generally understood by the public. For though we have in this instance stated in our indictment, and shall shew by evidence, the seditious nature of the society in question, yet persons who enter into such associations are not to persuade themselves, that if they can conceal the objects of them, they shall be able to screen themselves from punishment. How carefully soever they may involve in secrecy, the views of their confederacies, they are nevertheless exposed to the penalties of the law. Thus much I have deemed it my duty to state, not because it is necessary for the purposes of this case, but because it is of importance, that there should be no misunderstanding upon the subject.

I shall now, gentlemen, proceed to explain to you the nature of the association referred to by the present indictment. And it is with great pain, that I feel myself called upon, in the exercise of my official duty, to lay before the public the very odious, dangerous and disgusting conspiracy, by the machina-

tions of which this country has been for some time infested, and its tranquillity exposed to hazard. For some time past, (how long, I am not exactly aware—more—I believe considerably more than two or three years,) a plan has been formed in *Ireland* for associating the members of the community by unlawful oaths and engagements, to resist the laws, disturb the public peace, and overthrow the Established Government. The machinery by which it is sought to effectuate these purposes, is one of a very complicated nature and evincing much consideration and contrivance. Its construction is extremely artificial, and far beyond the capacity and abilities of such persons as will appear to you to have been engaged in it. The course was, first to have lodges formed, the number of men in each of which was not limited, but seldom exceeded thirty or forty. Each of these members was bound by an oath, to be of the society, to conform to its rules, not to reveal or divulge its secrets, and to obey the order of his superior. Each of these lodges had a master who was to represent his lodge in the baronial committee: from these baronial committees delegates were appointed to represent the counties; and from these, delegates to attend at provincial meetings; and from these again, delegates to the national meeting; thus finally composing a general association, affecting to represent the entire community. Gentlemen, it is a great satisfaction to me to be able to state, that to this confederacy no person of any consequence or consideration has been discovered to belong. It consists only of men in the humblest class of society—persons who while they confine themselves to their proper situation, are entitled to the protection of the laws, and are both useful and respectable members of the community; but who possess not the place or information necessary to qualify them for the conduct of political affairs—valuable members of the community while they, by the exertions of their honest industry, in their humble callings contribute in their proper sphere

to the public prosperity, by the very means which are best calculated to promote their own interest and happiness—but when they madly rush beyond that boundary, which Providence in its wisdom has assigned to them, utterly incapable of rendering service to their country, though unfortunately quite equal to the task of disturbing its peace, and to a certain degree, endangering its Institutions—in this respect the means of mischief are within the reach of the lowest and the vilest: no intellect is too low to comprehend them, no hand too feeble to wield them. The prisoner at the bar is of as respectable a description as most of the persons concerned in this conspiracy, and appears to have attained the rank of a Provincial Delegate; and what do you suppose is the occupation of this man who has thought proper to make himself a legislator, and to entertain the scheme of unhinging the laws and the government of this country, as exercised for centuries? He is a coal porter, in the employment of a coal factor in the city of *Dublin*. Of a similar class are all the persons leagued in this combination against the State. They consist of carmen, low artisans, and others who, though not perhaps the dregs of society, are far below the order of persons competent to take a share in regulating the concerns of the State; at the same time it is to be remarked, that neither the prisoner at the bar nor any of the persons who are involved in this conspiracy, appear to have entered into it under the pressure of want, or to have had the excuse (however inadequate) of being driven to such pursuits from inability to maintain themselves or find employment in the ordinary occupations suited to their station in society.

You will naturally ask, how persons of this description have been able to frame a machinery, so complicated and so well adapted to revolutionary movements, as that which I have detailed. The reason, gentlemen, as I take it, is this. You all probably recollect the unhappy commotions which agitated this country in the years 1797 and 1798,

and which subsequently disturbed it in 1803. It was by reference to these unfortunate transactions that the whole system of the present machinations was founded. The plan for the formation of societies, degrees, ranks, &c. is similar to those then adopted, the model of which was derived from another country. Though those disturbances were put down, the form and skeleton of their system remained: and it will appear that at the meetings of the association which is this day the subject of inquiry, the plans of the former societies of United Irishmen were found, and suggested the scheme of operations.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTMAS DAY.

By the Rev. E. TIGHE GREGORY, A. M.

CHRISTIANS, with rev'rence hail the Day,
Which gave your Saviour birth;
Each thought to Heav'n should fly
away,
Nor sojourn more on Earth!

This morn appeared Sion's King,
Salvation He proclaim'd;
To him all praise, all homage bring,
The Saviour for us made!

To him who left the starry sky,
Your voices gladly raise—
To him who's now enthron'd on high,
Sing solemn hymns of praise!

For all his Mercies freely giv'n,
Our thanks, our love are due;
He op'd for us the Gate to Heav'n,
To God for Man did sue!

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